# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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## WITH UNCLE SAM'S BLUE JACKETS AFLOAT.

*By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.*

ONE bell in the morning watch! Rolling in heavy surges, inky black save where a curling wave-top throws out a white gleam of foam for a moment, the mighty ocean stretches on all sides, heaving in long swells and dashing its great billows with hollow boom and crash of flying spray against the staunch steel sides of our gallant ship, ploughing her way in silent majesty through the stormy seas. High above us the weak light of a waning moon strives in vain to penetrate the fleecy masses of flying scud, and the wind sighs and moans through the rigging and hums in the hollow of the great foretop-sail, double-reefed and curving outward, hard as iron. The light burning in the chart-house under the after-bridge, reflects dimly in the wet and slippery planking of the spray-drenched deck, and the figures of the men on watch loom, shadow-like, up out of the gloom beyond. Forward, on the narrowing forecastle and on either side of the bowsprit, the lookouts stand, alert and vigilant, while on the deck near by the stalwart sergeant of the guard, white belt and polished steel side-arms catching a stray gleam from the masthead light, paces up and down with measured military stride in spite of the rolling of the ship. Groups of the men of the watch stand or lie about in sheltered corners, wrapped in their pea-jackets and with watch-caps pulled well down on their foreheads; up on the forward-bridge the officer of the deck, rubber-coated and booted, sou'-wester hat strapped under chin, leans with folded arms against the hammock nettings, peering out over the wide dark waste of waters; and the quartermaster, the light from the tarpaulin-covered binnacle striking on his weather-beaten features, stands motionless at the wheel, his eyes fixed on the compass before him. A ward-room "boy"—as all the officers' servants are called—climbs up the ladder to the high bridge, balancing a cup of hot coffee on a tray and hands it to the officer, who, without leaving his post, hastily swallows the steaming beverage, and, with a hearty slap of his mittened hands on his broad chest and a growl of approval, casts his eyes seaward again. We join him, and after a word of greeting stand silently at his side, looking out over the heaving ocean and occasionally taking a short turn to and fro across the wide bridge.

Gradually the gloom about us grows less profound, objects near at hand become more distinct, and a gray light steals slowly over the surface of the sea. There is a movement among the men on the deck, hoarse orders from the boatswain's mate, and the daily recurring task of washing down the decks com-

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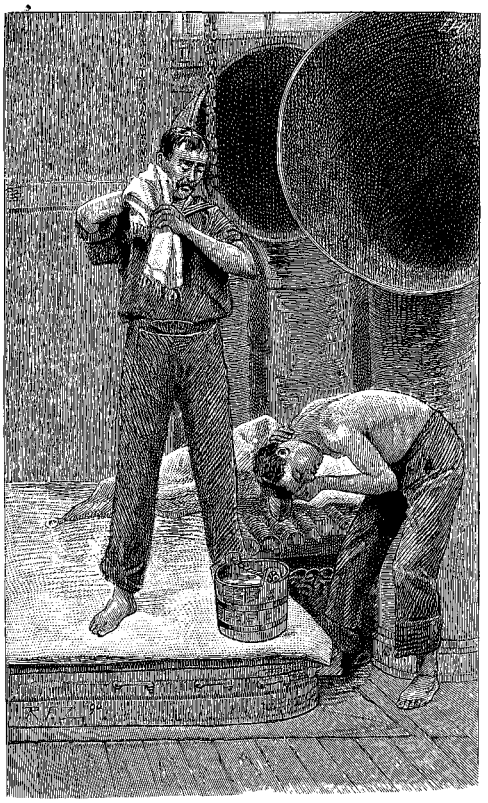
mences; a pump is working somewhere and the water from the hose is splashing on the planking. Now and then some early riser from the sleeping crew below pokes a dishevelled head out of the hatch forward and looks about him; the ward-room steward comes limping forward in slippered feet, walking on his heels to keep his feet out of the wet, and shivering in the stiff, cool breeze, that blows the spray in showers of salt drops over the high bulwarks. Far on the horizon ahead of us the sky takes on a paler hue, then a faint rosy flush like the reflection of a distant prairie fire. Now the low-lying cloud-banks glow with streaks of bright red and gold, a shaft of yellow light shoots far up to the zenith, and out of the heaving waters ahead of us, dazzling our eyes with his glory, the sun rises, tipping the crests of the waves with gold and bathing the white sides of the ships of the squadron, rising and falling to the swell of the ocean on either side of us, in a flood of warm yellow light.

"Bos'n's mate there! call all hands! Call in the deck lookouts! Lay aloft the lookout to the mast-head!" the orders follow in rapid succession. "Turn off the spar-deck circuit!" and the great red and green lights on the port and starboard sides of the bridge and the light at the mast-head are extinguished by the touch of a button in the "dynamo room" below, while a sailor goes "tripping up aloft" to the foretop-sail yard, simultaneously with a long-drawn shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe, echoed on the gun-deck by others, and the hoarse cry of the boatswain's mates calling: "A-a-ll ha-a-nds! *Up* all hammocks!" The great ship is waking up, and out of the hatches the men come tumbling one after the other—sailormen, apprentice boys, firemen, marines, cooks, and "all hands"—each with hammock neatly rolled, ready to be placed in the nettings in the bulwarks. Brawny, bare-chested, bare-footed fellows, most of them; regardless of the cold wind blowing and the wet decks, they run nimbly to their appointed stations, some clambering up and opening the nettings, while the others pitch their hammocks in and stow them away and out of sight for the day. As we lean over the rail now, and look down, the scene is an animated one. The deck forward is swarming with men, and "Jackie" is making his morning toilet and preparing for breakfast and the day's routine. See that gigantic young coxswain yonder as he souses his well-soaped neck and face into the cold water in the bucket before him, spluttering and blowing away like a grampus, then rubbing and polishing his muscular, sun-burned neck and broad white back, and hairy chest with his rough parti-colored towel. With his little circular mirror perched on a coil of rope another sailorman is carefully parting his thick curly locks, while a shipmate looks over his shoulder and gives a final twist to his black silk neckerchief, and a marine brushes his coat and hums softly to himself meanwhile. The steam from the galleys



"Jackie is making his morning toilet."

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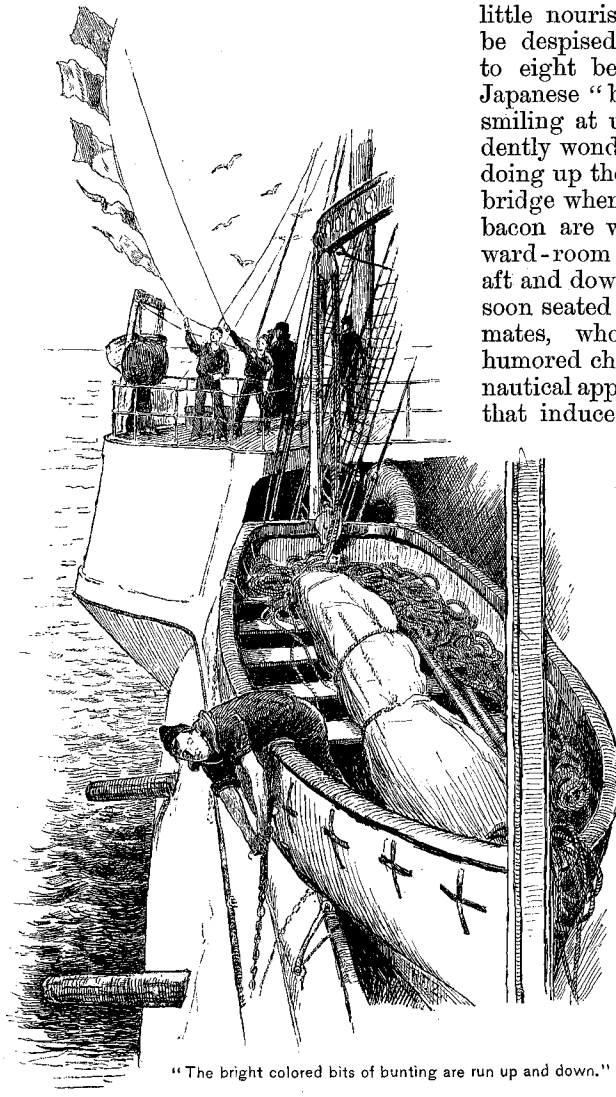

"The bright colored bits of bunting are run up and down."

is rising out of the hatches, and with it—mingled, it must be confessed, with a smell of oil and grease from the engines—an odor of hot coffee and broiling bacon, and the boatswain's whistle is heard again piping to breakfast. The men off duty troop down below, while the watch, some drying up the decks, others polishing the brass-work on the bridges, await the moment when they will be relieved to take the morning meal in their turn, with appetites sharpened by the free sea air they have been breathing since four o'clock.

We also realize about this time that a little nourishment is something not to be despised, and—as it is "close on" to eight bells and our own particular Japanese "boy" has been blinking and smiling at us from the deck below, evidently wondering what on earth we are doing up there on the wet and draughty bridge when hot coffee and a rasher of bacon are waiting for us in the warm ward-room below, we make our way aft and down to the berth-deck and are soon seated at the table with our messmates, who indulge in some good-humored chaff at our expense anent our nautical appearance, and the enthusiasm that induces a man to turn out for the morning watch when he don't have to.

How brightly the sun is shining when we go on deck again; scarcely a cloud to be seen, and the wide ocean vying with the sky in the brilliancy of its hue. A stiff breeze is blowing and our accompanying ships are bowling along with us under sail and steam, courtesying to the waves and dashing clouds of snow-white spray up from their sharp prows. The Boston, on our starboard quarter, stands out a silhouette against the sunlit space beyond; the Atlanta, on our port quarter, is bathed in light, her sails white as milk, the shadows of masts and rigging cast against them in deep-blue masses, while away out on the end of her main-yard a sailor is perched, engaged in some work. Directly astern of us the beautiful yacht-like Yorktown gracefully rides the waves, the foam at her bows flashing back a silvery gleam to the sun's rays. Our own vessel—the flagship Chicago—moves steadily onward, answering with easy roll to the heavy swell of the sea. To windward on the quarter-deck—"that part which sacred doth remain to the lone chieftain"—the admiral is walking; hands clasped behind his back, his long iron-gray whiskers blowing about like smoke in the fresh breeze,

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he paces to and fro with a firm, long stride that might put many a younger man on his mettle to keep up with; on the after-bridge the flag-lieutenant, glass in hand, is signalling to the other ships of the squadron, and obedient to his orders the bright-colored bits of bunting, flying out straight from the halliards, are run up and down from the bridge to the main-yard by the attentive signal-boys. At the standard compass—perched high above the deck in order to remove the sensitive needle as far as possible from the magnetic influence of the great mass of steel and iron composing our ship and her armament, and to serve as a standard to which the steering compass at the wheel forward may be referred, as the latter is frequently placed of necessity in closer contiguity to the disturbing metal—a quartermaster is stationed, ready to answer any hail from the officer of the deck. The men on watch are variously engaged, some in the boats secured to the davits or inboard to the skids over the deck, some in the rigging, some splicing a rope here, overhauling tackle there, or polishing the "bright work" anywhere and everywhere; while the "after-guard sweeper" is mopping up some spot on the deck, which has offended the eye of the apparently omnipresent and indefatigable "executive officer." A difficult position to fill that of first lieutenant—as Jack loves to designate the executive officer—of a big war-ship like this, one requiring tact, experience, judgment, a cool head, and ready wit, firmness, and patience. His duties are manifold; on him depends, under the orders of his chief, the maintenance of discipline; he is the senior of the line officers, and all the details of the management of the ship's company—in fact, of the ship herself—are executed by him. Every complaint, however trivial, every privilege asked for, every one of the thousand and one necessary wants of the ship and her crew, pass through his hands, and scarcely any moment of the day can he call his own. His presence is required at the drills, the formations, the "functions" from the "coming up of the sun until the going down thereof," and almost as frequently at all other times too. From the hour in the morning when the delinquents for the past twenty-four hours are mustered by the faithful master-at-arms on the port side of the gun-deck, near the main-mast, to pass a "mauvais quart-d'heure" in the dreaded presence of their captain, and to answer to him for the offences reported by the executive officer, until the drum beats the retreat at evening quarters, he is constantly occupied. Even at his meals, where he sits at the head of the ward-room table, the messenger-boy or trim marine orderly may appear at his elbow at any moment, with official message or inquiry, and, should he throw himself down on the sofa for a few minutes nap, he may expect to have his slumbers broken by the same disturbers of his peace, with the same official: "Sir, the captain sends his compliments and wishes to know," etc.

A half-hour passes, when, suddenly and without a moment's previous warning, the sharp rattle of a drum is heard, electric gongs clang noisily, loud and peremptory orders mingle with the rush of hundreds of feet as the crew hurries to "general quarters." To the inexperienced eye, what seems to be a scene of disorderly confusion now takes place. That portion of the crew whose stations are on the upper deck, come swarming up the hatches; the marine guard, hastily grasping rifles and buckling on accoutrements, falls in; the keys to the magazines and shell rooms are produced, and stewards, servants, cooks, and yeomen rig the tackle over the ammunition hatches in readiness for the work of hoisting shell and cartridges. The gun-crews cast loose the great guns, and the death-dealing Hotchkiss revolving cannons and the machine-guns; hatches are hastily put on, ladders torn away, and the decks turned "topsy-turvy" in an instant. Rifles are handed out from the armory, accoutrements, revolvers, cutlasses caught from their places, and in an incredibly short space of time order rises from apparent chaos, and every officer and man is at his post, and the ship is ready for action. Very business-like it looks too, as we stand in the semi-obscurity of the gun-deck; the long six-inch rifles run out of the ports, and the men standing motionless

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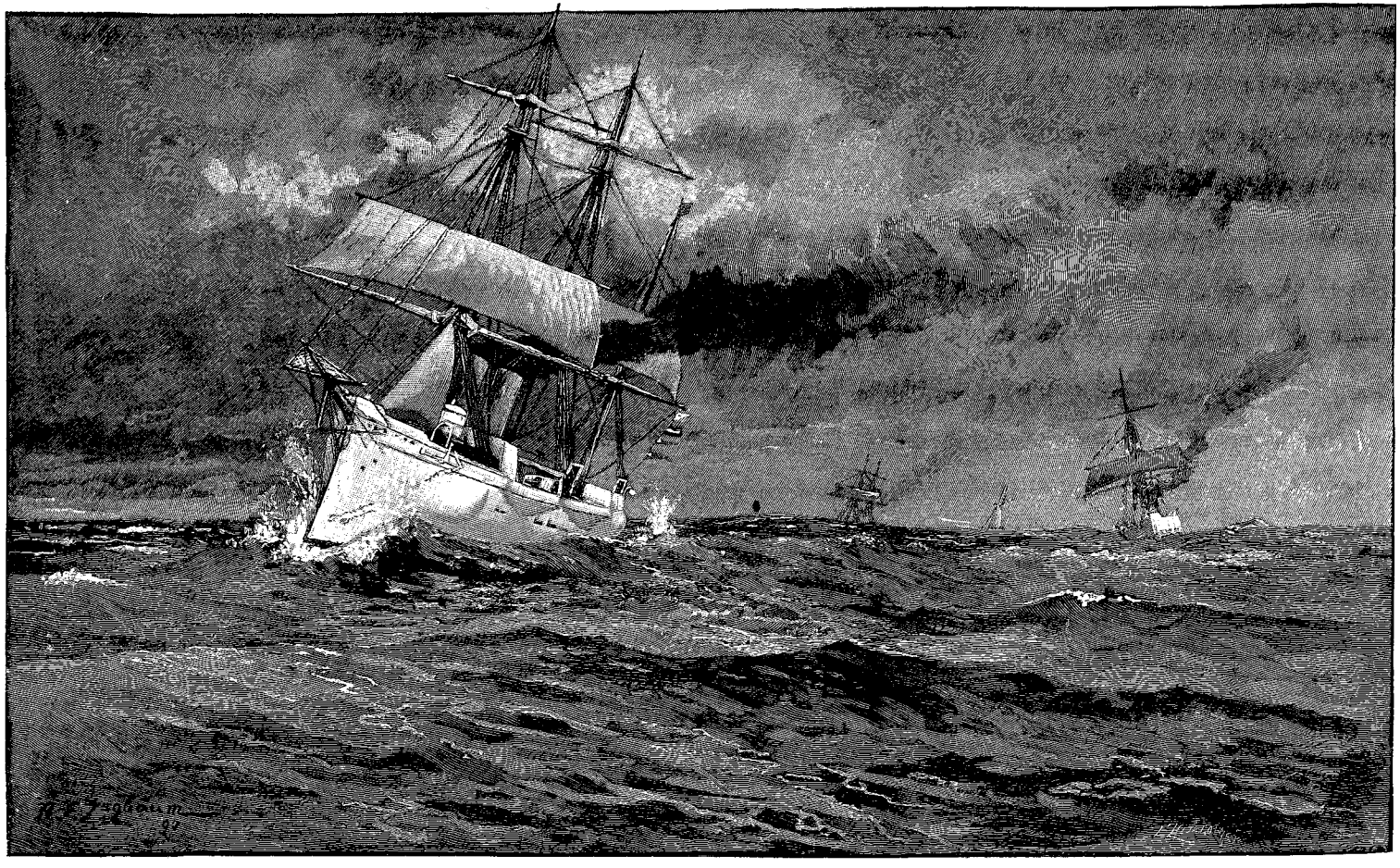

"The White Squadron" in Mid-Ocean.

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around them, awaiting the orders which quickly follow one after the other in rapid succession, now in one part of the ship, now in another, the crew going through the motions of loading and firing the guns, or, with rifle or revolver and cutlass in hand, boarding or repelling an imaginary enemy. All this, however, is to Jack a mere matter of routine duty, drills of one sort or another taking place every day, whenever the state of the weather permits. The call to "general quarters," or to the equally exciting "fire quarters," may be sounded at any moment of the day or even at night, for a man-of-war is always "mobilized," to use a military term, and always kept in a state of efficiency for war even in times of profound peace. A full supply of ammunition is stored in the magazines, the guns, small-arms, and every necessary equipment for fighting purposes are kept ready for use at a moment's notice, so that the ship may be ready to go into action whenever required to do so. Every modern war vessel is essentially a sea-going fighting-machine.

The old sailing frigate and the great line of battle ships, with towering masts and enormous squares of canvas, their long rows of guns, tier upon tier, their crews of several hundred men, have disappeared in the mists of the past along with the heroes of Cooper and Marryat. The smallest vessel of our squadron, with her six guns, her powerful engines, and all the appliances of defence and offence, that steam and electricity, in short, that modern science contributes to the safety and efficiency of a ship and a ship's company of the present time, would destroy a whole fleet of "saucy Arethusas."

With the change in the ships, a change in the life and training of the sailor has come, a change so great, that one of Nelson's old sea-dogs, or even a Jackie of our late war, would be dumfounded at the manifold duties required of a modern man-of-war's man. Jack must be a soldier nowadays as well as a seaman. He must understand the intricate mechanism of the revolving cannon, the delicate sights and complicated breech apparatus of the heavy guns with their hydraulic mountings, the manual and care of his magazine rifle and his self-cocking revolver, as well as how to go aloft in a gale of wind and "pass the weather earring," to pull an oar in a boat, or to knot and splice a rope. In a man-of-war's crew of to-day, many of the men must be specially trained for the peculiar kind of work falling to their share in the general tout-ensemble of modern scientific appliances that are necessary to insure the efficiency of the ship as an instrument of warfare, and to provide for the comfort and welfare of those serving on board of her. For example, the Yorktown, which at the time of the writing of this article is probably the most thoroughly equipped with the newest appointments of any of the vessels of our new navy now in commission, comprises in its crew of one hundred and eighty men—exclusive of her line officers, surgeon, engineers, and paymaster—several expert electricians to run the dynamo and keep in order the electric appliances; machinists—one of whom is a boilermaker, and the others qualified for duties connected with the running and repairing of the complicated engines, the distilling of the drinking-water, the heating apparatus, and the many uses that steam may be put to; an apothecary, several so-called yeomen as assistants to the paymaster, engineers, etc.; besides a blacksmith, tailor, painter, carpenters, sailmaker, and others. As already referred to, the comfort and welfare of the crew—which is, so to speak, the life and soul of this floating fighting-machine, the modern man-of-war—must be provided for. Jack is certainly well fed and well clothed, and to the paymaster and his assistants falls the duty of caring for and issuing the various supplies, clothing, etc., which are necessary for his use. Clothing and so-called "small stores" are issued monthly, under the requisitions of the officers of the different divisions into which the ship's company is divided, at rates based on the actual cost price to the government of the articles required, among which may be mentioned underwear, shoes, mattresses, rain-clothes, tobacco, knives, razors and straps, soap, whisk-brooms, forks, spoons, plates—in short a variety of goods and wares such as might go to make up the stock of a regular "country store."

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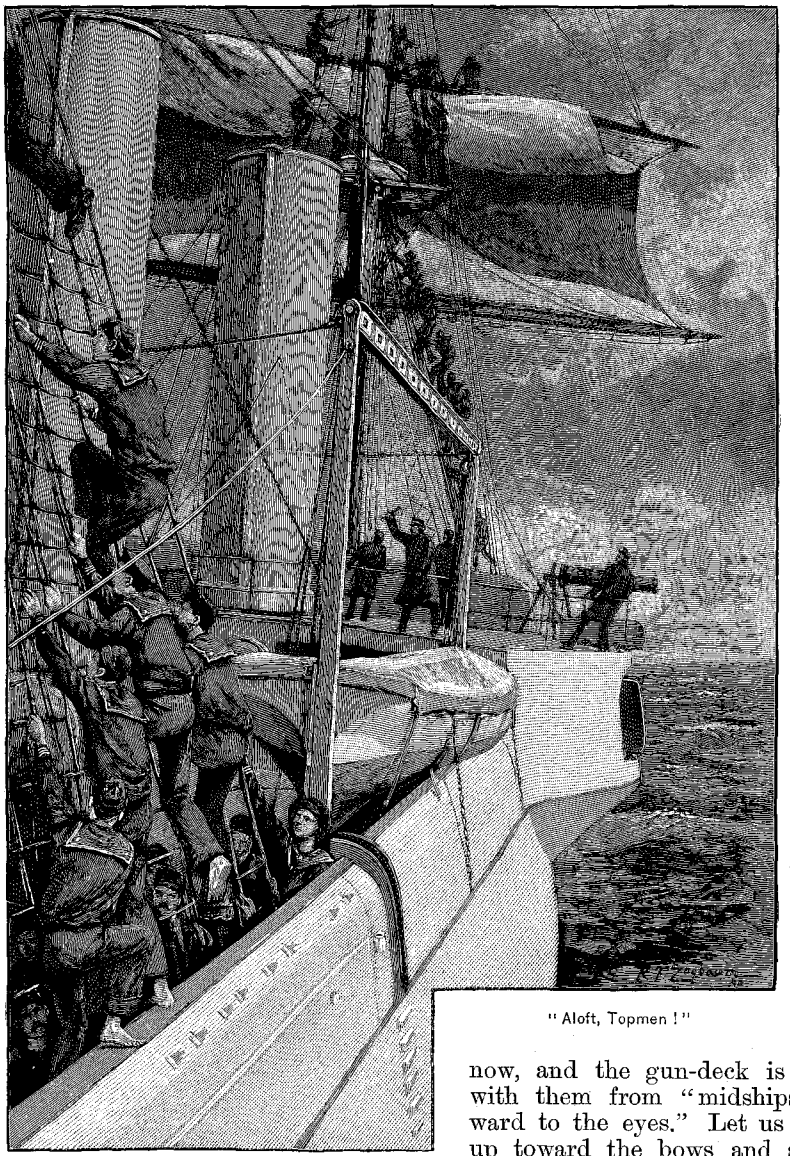

"Aloft, Topmen!"

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and certainly the majority of the crew of our handsome frigate are anything but dull, on the contrary, it would be difficult to find a more intelligent or "likely" looking set of men; and, although often called upon to do work of the hardest description, Jack has plenty of time to himself, and may pass the hours off watch and when not at drill pretty much as he pleases. The men's dinner is over some half-hour or more now, and the gun-deck is filled with them from "midships forward to the eyes." Let us stroll up toward the bows and smoke our afternoon cigar among them, and take a look at the life between decks on a fine day at sea.

The ship has a slight heel to port, but the wind is favorable and the big sails are drawing well and serve to steady her, so that she rolls but slightly and with a slow, easy motion. To windward—in the sponson where the Hotchkiss revolver is stationed, and further on, where the brown six-inch rifles thrust their tarpaulin-covered muzzles through the ship's sides—some of the ports are

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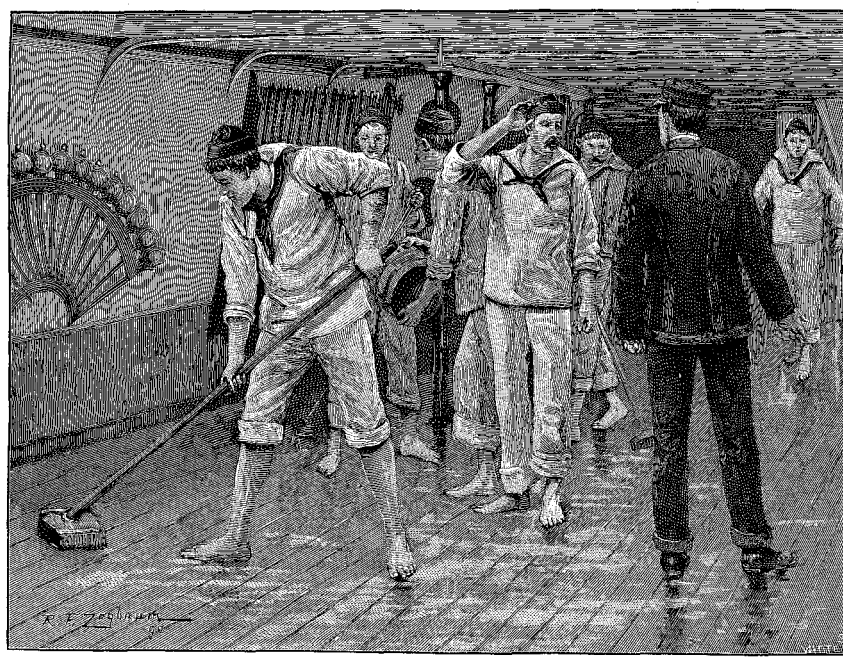
open and the sunlight streams through them and the fresh sea-air circulates freely. On a locker by the arm rack—drum and bugle hanging from the top, bronzed-barrelled rifles of the marine guard standing in a long straight row—a sailmaker in duck working-suit is sewing away with sailmaker's needle and thimble at some piece of canvas, possibly a hammock for some messmate, while at the open port beyond an apprentice, seated on his ditty box, portfolio on knee and head bent low down over his task, pens a letter to some friend or fond parents in far-distant America. An old fellow with weather-beaten, wrinkled face and bristling white chin-beard sits beside him, spectacles on nose, and moving his lips as he spells out some story from the well-thumbed pages of the cloth-bound book drawn from the ship's library, in his seamy knotted hands, regardless of the chips and shavings flying about from the carpenter's bench standing on the deck before him, and where one or two of the carpenter's mates are engaged in work; and a young sailor is endeavoring to fit a photograph, his sweetheart's portrait perhaps, into a neat frame he has been carving. Huddled about on the deck between the guns are groups of the men, playing at games of various sorts, reading, writing, some smoking and "yarning" to one another; a hand sewing-machine is going there, where the ship's tailor crouches, cross-legged, before it, and one old chap has just brought a hot flat iron from the galley stove and is pressing out a pair of well-worn trousers, sucking away meanwhile assiduously at a very short clay pipe; and a gigantic young negro, black as a coal, is deftly weaving a knife lanyard from a mass of white threads secured to the grating covering one of the electric lamps.

White-capped, white-coated cooks are busy about the galleys, peeling potatoes, cutting up meat brought from the refrigerators near by, and preparing generally for the evening meal; and ward-room boys and mess servants—Japanese, Portuguese, Italians, and any other nationality but Americans, if we except one or two colored men—are occupied in various ways; while, seated astride of a bench, the admiral's cook and the



"Jack is hard at work."

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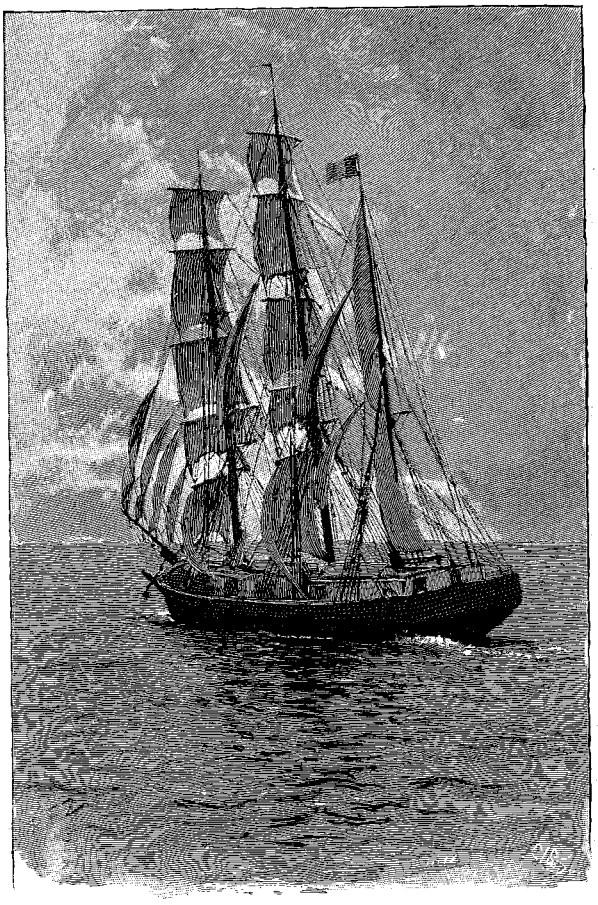
steward, a piece of old canvas on which a number of rudely drawn squares are painted in black and white between them, are deeply absorbed in a game of checkers. Further forward the barber has a corner for his chair, and is shaving one of the petty officers, gossiping meanwhile, as barbers will do on shipboard as well as on land, with his waiting customers seated or standing around him. Among the great anchor chains some of the sailormen are lying asleep on the hard deck, others are overhauling their ditty boxes, small wooden chests in which Jack keeps his more precious belongings.

At the foot of the ladder by the forward hatch a marine stands on guard, white-gloved and with side-arms, while a corporal moves about fore and aft, ready to check the least infraction of the many disciplinary rules of the ship. Now and then the boatswain's whistle is heard on deck and his rough voice growls out some order, and it is curious to note how everyone suspends his occupation for a moment and turns a listening ear in the direction of the sound, lest the order should perchance have reference to some duty or work every sailor may expect to be called upon to perform at any time. Above the low hum of the voices, the occasional trampling of feet on the deck above, the swish and splash of the waves outside, a constant, never-ending hollow sound seems to fill the atmosphere, and one feels the throb of the great engines, in the depths of the ship away below, moving in a rhythmic, measured beat like the heart of some huge living creature. Let us go down the ladder to the engine room, looking to our footing carefully lest we slip on the greasy steps, and visit the engineer on watch for a minute. Along the narrow passages we make our way gingerly, we are unaccustomed to the close neighborhood of these enormous masses of metal, moving with admirable precision and regularity, smoothly and with gigantic force. There is not the shred of a uniform about the engineer officer as, clad in overalls and a "jumper," he good-naturedly pilots us through the intricate maze of machinery down to the furnaces under the huge boilers, and shows us how the great fires are fed. The stokers or firemen are working hard, the perspiration streaming from their foreheads. The heat is intense and the smell of oil and grease not particularly agreeable, and, although we cannot fail to be interested in the working of that force that is so untiringly and faith-



"Now and then we sight a sail."

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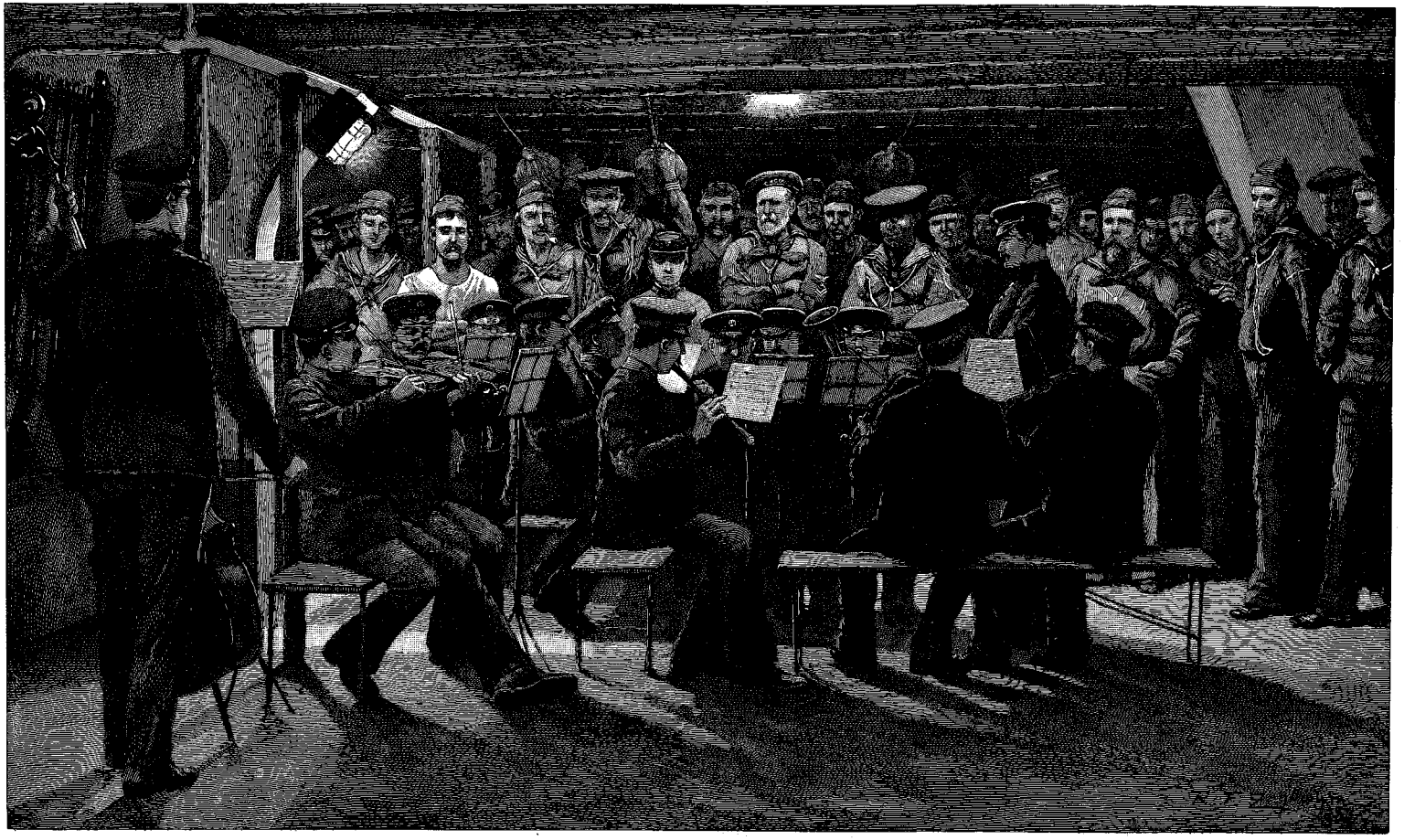

"When the band discourses sweet music."

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fully propelling our noble frigate over the trackless ocean, under the watchful care of efficient and experienced men, we are glad to get on deck again, and to the cooler, fresher atmosphere above. The marines are putting up their swinging mess-tables now and are preparing for supper, so wishing them *bon appétit*, which the hardy fellows undoubtedly possess anyway, let us go upon the spar-deck again for a tramp up and down as a "constitutional," before we in our turn prepare ourselves for the dinner hour, when the entire mess, with the sole exception of the officer of the deck, and possibly one of the engineers, assembles around the well-covered table. And right good fellows, too, are this little company of officers, hearty and straightforward as seamen seem to be all the world over, and their heartiness tempered with a genial courtesy and ready hospitality toward the landsman, their messmate for the time being.

The wardroom of the Chicago is a large, handsomely furnished apartment. The long table runs athwartships the entire width of the deck, and the staterooms of the officers, in two rows on the port and starboard sides aft of the table, open on a roomy space, well lighted and ventilated, and are models of convenience and comfort. Stern discipline holds its sway, however, even here as well as forward where Jack swings his hammock, and punctually at ten o'clock the master-at-arms makes his appearance, cap in hand, and respectfully but firmly intimates that lights must be put out. An extension may be granted, however, to officers desiring to burn a light in their own staterooms, but those who are reluctant to "seek the seclusion that their cabins grant" as yet, or who wish to find consolation in the fragrant weed, are compelled to climb the ladder to the gun-deck, there to while away the time in the smoking corner until it suits them to turn in. Many a pleasant hour have we passed there in the society of one or two congenial companions, listening to the yarns and stories of many an exciting or humorous episode of sea-life, told in low tones and with the eloquence born of adventure. Where two marine orderlies keep constant vigil day and night, a light is burning by the enclosed skylight hatch that ventilates the wardroom on the deck below, and serves as an opening to pass up the ammunition for the spar-deck battery. All the way forward along the deck the hammocks of the men are swinging, and we can hear their deep breathing, and the mutterings of some honest fellow as he dreams; while close by—almost over our heads—a number of young cadets sleep the sleep of youth and health in their swinging canvas beds, undisturbed by our presence. Occasionally the midshipman of the watch slips noiselessly down the companion-ladder and consults the barometer swinging in the passage leading to the admiral's cabin.

Sometimes at this hour, when the sea is calm and the moon is shining, we lean against the machine-gun in the sponson and look out of the open port. Oh, the glory of a moonlight night at sea! The sides of our ship gleam ghostly white against the deep blue of the water, and the foam, as she sends the surges billowing away from her, is bright as burnished silver, and casts waves of reflected light up to the top of the high bulwarks, while the shadows of the great guns, thrust out of the ports, slide up and down on the wave-crests, or lose themselves in the black hollows of the seas. Directly ahead the ocean is a mass of glittering light as of electricity, while away off on our quarter the lamps of the Atlanta and Yorktown gleam brightly over the dark and heaving waters. Like some vague shape of night gliding over the sea seems the Atlanta, as a gleam of light, like a great eye opening and shutting, flashes from her sides. She is talking to us, and the flashes of light are from her electric night-signals spelling out a message to the flagship.

But it is the hour or two after dinner, when the excellent band "discourses sweet music," and before tattoo ringing out sends Jack to his hammock, that to officers and crew alike are perhaps the most pleasant of all the twenty-four. Everybody off duty congregates on the gun-deck to listen to the music, and to pass the time in social intercourse before bed-time. The sailors gather forward of the mainmast in a compact mass near the band, the electric lights shining on their attentive faces



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and bringing them into sharp relief against the gloom behind them. Manly, honest faces most of them, from the wrinkled-browed, rough-bearded, weather-beaten old quarter-gunner, to the wide-eyed, smooth-faced, curly-pated apprentice; from the handsome soldierly marine sergeant—firm mouth, shaded by the long military mustache drooping toward the square chin—to the pale, haggard-eyed stoker, released for a time from the parching heat of the fire-room. The band is playing a waltz, and Jack and his mates are dancing together away forward there, by the dim light of a lamp, dancing with a grace, an ease, an elegance that many a ball-room swell might strive in vain to emulate. See the airs of that youngster there, the "lady" of the couple, and the coy manner in which he rests on his partner's shoulder and points his toes out, tripping lightly in the "mazes of the dance," and mimicking, with comical accuracy, the pretty affectations of some "bud" at her first ball, to the intense delight of his grinning shipmates. Or that other fellow there, dancing by himself in a little cleared space, with one hand on his hip, the other arm raised in graceful curve above his head as he cuts a pigeon wing or glides with careless ease and long sliding step, like a "ballerina" of the ballet he is so fond of attending in the many ports he visits. But Jack is at his best in the art terpsichorean when—the band having dispersed and the seductive strains of a Strauss waltz no longer urge him to fanciful flights of mimicry—some shipmates produce a banjo or two and an accordion or a concertina, and the lively notes of a hornpipe resound on the deck away forward. Then he brings forth all his originality, agile and quick and dancing all over, with head, hands, body, and feet, stamping on the deck with resounding thwack of his feet and rattling with his heels in rhythmic accompaniment to the music with the regularity and finish of the rolling of a drum, until, glowing and breathless, he gives one final spring into the air and makes way for another. With the stroke of two bells — nine o'clock—the bugle sounds tattoo, followed immediately by taps. Out go the lights forward, some one or two remaining dimly burning, and Jack, healthfully tired, swings himself lightly up into his hammock, and, on the gun-deck silence reigns fore and aft.

And so the days pass, with blue skies and favorable winds, and everything is comfortable and pleasant alike with officers and crew in the enjoyment of life at sea in fine weather. Drills of one kind or another are of daily occurrence—gunnery, small-arms, cutlass, and revolver drills, and theoretical instruction of various natures. The chaplain gives a lecture to the apprentice-boys now and then on the geography and history of the foreign countries to be visited by the squadron. Divine service is held on Sunday mornings, which those of the crew who desire to do so may attend. Seated on rows of benches facing a lectern, placed on the gun-deck at the foot of the companion hatch, the men—cleanly shaved and in their best and neatest uniforms — are gathered, while ranged on the port side the officers group themselves; and as the chaplain reads the solemn ritual of the church, the heads of the congregation are bowed in reverence, and many a stern face softens as a prayer goes up to the Almighty for the safety and welfare of wife and little ones, for the dear ones at home. Blue skies and favorable winds with an occasional shower, and even a rainy night or two, but that does not take anything from Jack's comfort. His oilskins and sea-boots are proof against any ordinary wet weather, and he makes nothing of it, jogging along through the daily routine, contented and happy, as long as he behaves himself. Punishment — swift, sure, and stern — follows any misconduct on his part; but take it for all in all, Jack and his superiors "get on" swimmingly together, and the close companionship of officers and men, which must of necessity exist in the confined space of a ship of war, is productive of a certain feeling of acquaintance, not to say friendship, with one another, that goes a great way toward softening the harshness of discipline. "Lor' bless you, sir," said an old quartermaster to us once, when the officer of the deck reiterated an order in language more forcible and emphatic than elegant, "*that* don't mean nothing! Mr. Blank

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is one of the finest gentlemen in the service; he only wants to wake the men up!" However, blue skies and favorable winds are not always present to cheer Jack on his voyage across the trackless waste of waters; he is frequently called on to battle with wind and waves for his very existence, and at no time does the training that fosters and develops all his most manly qualities, his courage and his skill as a seaman, show itself to better advantage than when he is called upon in time of storm and danger.

The breeze is freshening and a strong swell causes the ship to roll heavily. Although the sun shines out from the masses of swift-flying clouds, hurrying across the sky with the speed of an express train, the barometer has been steadily falling, and the officer of the deck, walking up and down on the high bridge forward, the long skirts of his ulster-shaped great-coat flapping about his legs in the wind, glances often to windward, where cloud-bank on cloud-bank is steadily rising, and whence the wind comes in puffs and squalls, one stronger than the other.

The vessels of the squadron are pitching heavily, the sister-ships Atlanta and Boston sticking their noses into the waves, and apparently burying their forward decks under water only to rise again bravely and dash snow-like clouds of spray high over their superstructures. Away astern, the Yorktown rides like a white seagull, now hidden almost out of sight in the deep hollows of the seas, anon gliding bird-like on their very crests, saucily bidding them defiance and spurning them aside. Stronger and more frequently come the bursts of wind, thicker and more threatening grows the horizon to windward, and still our ships move steadily on under sail and steam. The captain is on deck, and a messenger boy comes jumping aft and, with jerk of forefinger to visorless watch-cap in salute, reports from the officer of the deck, that "the wind is freshening, sir!" and the order to reef topsails is given. Instantly the hoarse cry is heard: "A-all hands reef tops'ls!" and the whole ship is alive in a moment. Up from below springs the executive officer, speaking-trumpet in hand, and takes command of the deck. The others follow immediately, hurrying on their great-coats and pulling their cap-peaks well down over their eyes as they emerge from the hatch into the sharp cutting wind, and the sailormen come bounding up the ladders and run nimbly to their stations. With a voice that rises clear above the noise of the wind, that now howls through the rigging, the "first lieutenant" shouts out his orders. "Reef tops'ls! Man the tops'l clewlines and buntlines, weather tops'l braces! Hands by the lee braces, bowlines, and halliards!" The men jump to their work, quickly and without confusion. "Clear away the bowlines, round in the weather-braces! Settle away the tops'l halliards! *Clew Down!*" The orders are taken up and repeated, the boatswain's whistle pipes cheerily; a hundred brawny arms stretch at the ropes, and the huge yards swing round and are lowered to the caps, the great sails flapping in the wind with loud reports like pistol shots. Eager as hounds held in the leash and waiting for the word to start, the topmen are huddled together on the deck at the foot of the shrouds. "Haul out the reef tackles! Haul up the buntlines! *Aloft, Topmen!*" Away they go, scrambling up on the bulwarks and racing up the shrouds hand over hand, swarming into the tops. "*Lay Out!* Take in two reefs!" and out on the long yards the agile fellows climb; some of them—old Jackies—have kicked off their boots and cling like monkeys to the man-ropes with their stockinged feet, while all of them grasp the stiff sail with muscular fingers, hauling it up fold on fold and reefing it securely; and the wind buffets them and sways them about, plucking off one or two caps and sending them whirling high up in the air away off to leeward. "*Lay In!*" Back to the mast they all scramble again. "*Lay Down from Aloft!*" And down the rigging they come, any way and every way, sliding down the backstays and tripping down the great shrouds to the deck again. More orders follow, the topsails are hoisted away again, the yards are trimmed, bowlines steadied out, and the boatswain's whistle once more "pipes down." On the horizon the clouds gather more thickly, the

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sun, glowing angrily red behind, shoots out a fiery gleam across the raging waves from a rift among them as he slowly disappears. The sea is rising rapidly and the wind tears the crests from the waves and whirls them in smoke-like masses of vapor across the waters, almost shutting out our consorts from view. Down below the ports are all closed, and the gunner is inspecting the batteries to see that everything is secured. There is not much danger of any of the heavy guns, with all their modern appliances for fixing them in their places breaking loose even in a ship that rolls more violently than does ours, but on a man-of-war no precaution to guard against a possible accident is considered unnecessary; and it can be readily understood that if one of these great engines of war, weighing with its carriage and shield in the neighborhood of twenty tons, should become parted from its fastenings and be rolled uncontrolled about the deck or dashed against its sides, a catastrophe might result endangering the safety of the ship and of the lives of her crew. In the ward-room the racks are up on the table and the dishes and glassware slide about in a most inconvenient manner for hungry naval officers, and many a glass is spilled and appetizing morsel dropped in the effort to eat and drink, and to keep one's chair from sliding away from under him at the same time. The band cannot play this evening—some of the bandsmen, to judge from the pallor and woe-begone expression of their countenances, don't want to very much—and we gather together in our accustomed nook on the gun-deck to smoke and chat, and to hold on to what we can grasp to prevent ourselves from sliding over to leeward whenever the vessel rolls. The hatches are all covered up—battened down in one or two places—and we can hear the waves crashing against the sides and the spray falling on the deck above. The storm is evidently increasing, and we are not surprised to see the executive officer emerge from the ward-room hatch, clad from head to foot in his oilskins, and to hear the command of: "To your stations, gentlemen!" and the boatswain's cry of: "A-all hands shorten sail!" Up and out to the windy deck above everyone hurries, and the same evolution that took place before sunset is executed again, except that now all sails are taken in. The gale is upon us in all its fury, and the wind roars through the rigging with the rush and thunder of a mighty cataract. The darkness of the night is intense, and we can just distinguish our topgallant masts wildly swaying high above us and can hear the banging of the sails. We can see nothing of the men that we know are out there on the yards, but now and then we can hear the sound of voices, torn and muffled by the wind, as some order is given. We are signalling to our consorts too, and as the red and green balls of fire dart up into the air, they throw a weird light on objects near at hand, bringing out the forms of the signal officer and his assistants with a startling vividness against the gloom about them. The shouting of orders, the shrieking of the wind, the ear-piercing piping of the boatswain's whistle, the trampling of hundreds of feet, and the booming splash of the waves, make up a very pandemonium of noise. Rapidly the work of taking in the huge squares of canvas is accomplished. Snap! away go the lanterns that have been swinging from the yards, and over all and through all the salt spray is flying, stinging our faces and rattling like fine birdshot against our rain-clothes, as we cling to the rails of the after-bridge and strive to keep our footing on the slippery planks.

The Yorktown is away astern; her lights show dimly for a while, then disappear; she has signalled for permission to heave to—that is, to bring the head of the ship to the wind and thus ride out the storm—but no anxiety is felt on her account, full confidence being felt in the judgment of her commander and the ability and skill of her officers.* The lights of the other ships can be seen waving about in the gloom away off on our quarters, now and then an answering

* The Yorktown joined the squadron in Lisbon Harbor two days after the arrival there of the fleet. From the account of some irresponsible person, with more imagination than regard for the truth, a report of her experiences was published in some of the newspapers which gave a description of the "heroic" conduct of an imaginary quartermaster, who was said to have saved the ship by a remarkable exhibition of presence of mind. This account was cut from the whole cloth, no such occurrence having taken place. The ship was at all times under the absolute control and management of her officers, and at no time considered in any danger.

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fire-ball shoots up in reply to our signals, and the white foam seething on the angry billows throws out gleams of phosphorescent light.

We are quite contented to climb down below again to the warm space between decks, scarcely less wet under foot than what we have just left, for the seas dash with such force against the ship that the water spurts in through the crevices in the gun-ports, although they are closed as tightly as screws can fasten them. However, Jack has swung his hammock as usual, and "turns in" regardless of the storm, confident in the vigilance and experience of his shipmates on watch. And so we too climb into the high berth in our state-room, and creep in under our warm blankets, not to sleep much, however — the ever-increasing rolling and pitching puts a veto on that—and we lie there swaying from side to side in our bunk and listening to the creaking and groaning of the woodwork, the noise of the storm, and the voices of some of the officers, who, as they may be called upon perhaps at any moment for some duty or other, have congregated in the smoking corner near the door of our room.

What a mess we are in the next morning! We had supposed we had secured everything for the night, but, somehow or other, things had gone adrift; a big sea had struck our air-port, letting in a volume of water, and as we look down from our berth to the floor of the room in the gray light of the morning, clothes, shoes, toilet articles are heaped there together, soaking in a little pool, that moves gurgling about the room with every motion of the ship. However, others are as badly off as we are; there is a defective scupper or two in places; one of the midshipmen hasn't a dry piece of clothing to his name, and one of the ward-room officers was deluged by the carrying away from its fastenings of a twenty-gallon water-breaker—as the barrels containing fresh water are called —which bounded into his room through the open doorway, and spilled its contents over everything before he could say Jack Robinson.

A tremendous sea is running when we go on deck, but our staunch cruiser rides the waves beautifully, coming back from a long roll to leeward slowly and gracefully; everything is taut and shipshape, and the entire crew none the worse for a little discomfort, that Jack looks upon as part of the regular course of events in his sea-life.

Gradually the gale moderates and the sea goes down; blue skies and favorable winds again, warm breezes from the Azores. Now and then we sight a sail, and once a little Portuguese schooner glides right into the midst of the squadron, dipping her colors again and again in polite and respectful salutation to the great white war-ships speeding past her.

We expect to make the land within another twenty-four hours or so, and Jack is hard at work scrubbing, polishing, and painting to make his ship "pretty," as he would say. Water and sand, scrubbing brushes, and "squilgees" are making the planks of the decks as clean as new pins. The sailors are everywhere, most of them barefooted, with trousers rolled up to their knees; some of them are in their undershirts, bare arms covered with all sorts of devices tattooed on the white skin in red and blue, and all of them are "buckling down" to their work, rubbing and scrubbing, splashing the water, and "hustling about," active as cats. There is a wonderful feeling of life in the movements of a well-trained man-of-war's man; he springs to his duties at the boatswain's mate's call, loose, easy, and agile, unconsciously graceful in his attitudes and picturesque in the manner of wearing his clothes, the tilt of his cap, or the tie of his neckerchief.

The sea lies blue and sparkling in the sunlight, scarcely a ripple disturbs the smooth surface. We make signal to slow down to half-speed and to determine compass deviations by swinging ship. Each vessel steams in a circle by itself and the bearing of the sun is taken as she heads for some minutes on each point; the comparison of the actual bearing of the sun — which is established by computation — with its bearing by compass, gives the deviation for each particular point. A table of such deviations is made out, and the navigators have only to refer to this to know how much to allow in order to steer the correct course.

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The greater part of the day is thus taken up, and with the gathering shades of evening our bows are pointed eastward again and we are slipping through the water on a course laid straight for Lusian shores.

One bell in the morning watch again! Gently heaving in long, undulating swells, dark to the horizon save where the lights of the ships cast silvery gleams down into its placid surface, the great ocean stretches astern and on either side of us, lapping caressingly the white sides of our beautiful frigate lying at rest on the smooth and peaceful sea. High above in the blue vault of heaven the stars shine down upon us with a soft radiance, and a warm breeze fans our cheeks and brings with it a fragrance as of a summer night. Up on the forward bridge a group of the officers stands; one of them—night glass in hand—points to a distant bright light, a point or two off our starboard bow. "Cape Roca light," he says, "and yonder lies the mouth of the Tagus." Bang! bang! signal balls flash from the after-bridge, and a rocket describes a graceful fiery curve up toward the sky, and bursting, scatters a myriad of brilliant sparks through the darkness. Slowly our screws revolve again, slowly and simultaneously the ships turn to the northward, and we steam for a while at half-speed up the coast, which we know is lying to the eastward, and then lie-to again waiting for daylight to come.

Gradually the night slips away; a soft warm light creeps over the surface of the sea; far on the horizon to eastward the sky is brightening. A black, low-hulled propeller glides noiselessly like a dark shadow between us and the cloud-like mass rising out of the sea over yonder, and as we look, lo! there—outlined in softest and purest purple against the sky, now glowing with a golden fire heralding the approach of the god of light—"Cintra's mountain" greets our hungry eyes.

Up comes the sun like a ball of red fire, flushing everything with a rosy light, and, trending off north and south and melting into the clear atmosphere, the "delicious land" of Portugal stretches its fair shores before us, and we get under way again, heading for the Tagus.

Slowly steaming, we move ahead; past seaward-standing fleets of fishing boats—huge lateen sails, high prows, some of them with the semblance of an eye rudely painted on either bow, as in the bygone days of their Phœnician or Carthaginian prototypes—past a pilot boat, signal flying, but which we ignore, our officers being directed "by order" to act as pilots for themselves; past a large Italian bark, every sunlit white sail set, flying before a favorable wind. Slowly we steam along, past the high crags of Cintra, with its old castle crowning the top, the rolling hills beyond patched with the stone-walled fields, and dotted with groups of houses and rows of white-towered windmills; on over the bar—the heavy swell lifting the ships—opening up the entrance to the great river, out of which a sharp-bowed, black-hulled steamer—flying the flag of the British naval reserve, and dipping it in salute—comes smoothly gliding. On past the old fort of St. Julian on our left, its gray ramparts rising from behind a cloud of spray from the great breakers roaring on the shoals before it; past the stone circular work on our right—Fort Bugio with its high light-tower—and in through the narrowing opening on to the smooth-flowing but rapid yellow tide of the Tagus. Slowly steaming we move up the river, past old Belem tower, whence nearly four centuries ago Vasco da Gama embarked, and behind which now tall chimneys from the gas-works of Belem town vomit out dense clouds of black smoke; past high bluffs on the opposite shore, fortress crowned, and where in a deep ravine a white-walled village around a church tower is nestled. The health-officer has come alongside in his dingy steam-launch; pratique—or permission to land—has been granted us, and as our engines are stopped and we gradually lose headway, our anchors are let go and the huge chains rush roaring through the hawse-holes, and we swing broadside to in front of sunlit Lisbon, resting in tier upon tier of gray-walled, red-roofed houses on her many hills. Then, as the round ball of bunting run rapidly up to our main-truck, bursts out in folds of blue and white, and the stand-

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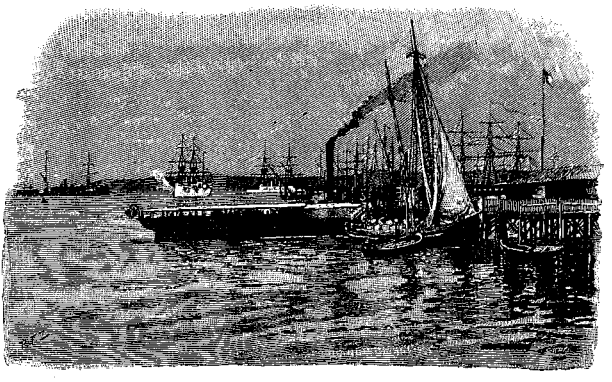
ard of Portugal waves in the breeze, gun after gun booms in salute, re-echoing from the ancient walls of the town, and rolling in thunderous reverberation over the surface of the water, as our batteries give proud greeting from the young giant of the New World to a friendly people of the Old.



## DIRGE.

*By Frank Dempster Sherman.*

Let a tender song be sung;
Let a prayer be said;
Let a solemn bell be rung;—
Love is dead.

With the early buds he came
When the snows were fled:
Lightly lisped the leaves his name
Overhead:

Sang the birds a sweeter strain;
Troops of roses red
Followed in a laughing train
Where he led:

Brighter beamed the stars above,
And the soft winds sped
Whispering the secret—*Love*
*Soon shall wed!*

Rang the bells a merry chime
When the promise spread;
Poets strung with beads of rhyme
Fancy's thread.

Fragrant petals softly fell
Where his feet might tread;
Blossoms that he loved so well
Were his bed.

There he slumbers, pale and cold:
Let a tear be shed;
Let a solemn bell be tolled;—
Love is dead!

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# JERRY.

## PART SECOND (CONTINUED).

### CHAPTER III.

"Necessity, whose sightless strength forever
Evil with evil, good with good must wind
In bands of union which no power may sever:
They must bring forth their kind, and be
divided never."

JOE listened silently to Jerry's report, first of the notice, then of the determination of the people not to work for the doctor; and finally of all the evil things they said of him. Then he laid down his pipe and leaned forward with a hand on either knee.

"I've been a-tellin' him ever sence I knowed him," he began in a slow, conclusive voice, "as he were a-helpin' orl the p'isenest mean trash in the country, an' I says, says I, 'Doctor, the least leetle wind'll blow trash in folks' faces,' says I," then with a long-drawn breath —"Cuss their measly hides!" and he took up his pipe again.

"Of course it is all right for the doctor," Jerry said, as if convincing himself, "all right for him to do as he has done."

"To speckylate in lan'?" and Joe paused once more in his smoking; "I 'llowed as youuns jist 'spised sich doin's; the papers says youuns do, an' Dan Burk 'llows thet youuns do, an' as youuns is got the rights on it."

Jerry pushed his hair from his forehead nervously. "I mean that the doctor will do it in the right way," he answered, anxiously, "the doctor will not speculate; he has bought the land for some good purpose."

"To gie it away?" Joe suggested sarcastically, "pay fur the lan'—pay to lay it out, an' gie it away?" He shook his head. "The doctor's mighty easy fooled, but he's got mo' sense ner thet."

"He may put the lots at a very low rent," then Jerry left the fire and went out into the darkness. He did not want to talk about this matter yet, for in his own mind he had come to no conclusion. Up and down he walked on the level bit of path that the doctor had trodden so slowly, when years before he spent the day at Joe's house to watch that the life came back to Jerry's poor little body.

Up and down in the darkness, trying not to judge his hero, his friend, his exemplar and help to all that was good and true; putting away forcibly all thought of self, and of the position the doctor had allowed him to take; pausing in his walk where the doctor had paused to say—"If God will ever forgive me!" that short, pathetic prayer that told so much and yet so little—just there Jerry paused and said—"He cannot do wrong!" then he went in again to where Joe still smoked by the fire.

"It must be all right, Joe," he said, sitting down slowly.

"I ain't never blamed him yit," Joe answered; then more patronizingly than he had spoken to Jerry in years, he went on—"I ain't got much larnin', Jerry, but I'se knowed a heaper folks sence I kin 'member, an' one thing I jest will say, thet no man ain't a-goin' to gie away liker fool fur moren twenty yeer, an' orl of a suddint turn roun' an' cheat folks fur money as he don't need; I don't b'lieve it no more'n I'd b'lieve a p'inter dorg as tole me he couldn't smeller mink. It's no use a-talkin' to me thet away," and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe with unusual vehemence, packing it again as if protesting against the need of any justification of the doctor. "An' youuns, Jerry," he went on more quietly, "as knows the doctor bettern mos' folks; youuns kin stan' by him better." Then more slowly—"If I didn't hev sicher sighter work on han' darned if I wouldn't lay out the lan' fur him myseff!"

Jerry did not answer, for Joe's mention of his work made him think for the moment of the mystery in which he lived between these two unknown lives.

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"Pore doctor," Joe said at last, bringing Jerry back from his musings, "ain't thar no way of youuns a-heppin' him, Jerry?"

Jerry shook his head.

"I will go and see," he answered, "but if he had wanted my help he would have told me long ago, and have stopped my writing." The words were said unintentionally, and Jerry was angry with himself for having exposed this sore place, especially to Joe, whom he felt, somehow, would be glad to widen a little the distance between himself and the doctor. Joe blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Youuns dunno the doctor yit," he said with a little grunt that might have been a stifled chuckle, "he never blazes no road behind him, he don't, an' he ain't a-goin' to persuade youuns not to bust yer brains out agin a tree, if so be youuns hes a mind to do it; an' he never splains nothin', ner axes nothin'."

Jerry listened and had no answer; rather, his heart grew cold within him as Joe went on, because of the confirming truth in the old man's words:

"An' he'll gie youuns cloze, an' wittles, an' firewood; he'll gie youuns as much as a house, but youuns mus' sot thet house right fur over yander, right fur, 'cause he don't want no pusson's shed j'ined onter hisn's, you bet; he gies away liker fool; but, Lord! he don't want nothin' a-trailin' atter him; but orl the same, I 'llowed as youuns mout he'p him." They were hard things that Joe had told, but they were true; he knew they were hard too, but it was not in his humanity to refrain from this little exposition of the man who had for years supplanted him in the life of "his boy"—he had taken the second place very quietly, but he felt a little triumphant just now.

And the next afternoon when Jerry made time for his visit to the doctor by giving a half-holiday, he remembered all these hard sayings of Joe's, and would allow to himself only that he was going to explain his own action, and to warn the doctor of the feeling that was out among the people. Several leading men had been to see Jerry during the morning, and from them he had gained his view of the state of the community.

All were angry and indignant, and very impatient to make known to their late friend this new feeling which had developed toward him. That morning an angry notice had appeared "declining to work for the doctor at any price—no one would lift a finger for the man who had deliberately cheated the town out of all it had hoped to make by the railway,"—and the notice was signed "The citizens of Eureka and Durden's."

Jerry had read it angrily, for he knew that the baffled speculators were at the bottom of it. These slow-thinking, shiftless natives—as in his heart he called his own class—would never have had the energy nor the sense to make a combined move; they might be keen at a bargain, but they had to be taught to think, taught that sin was hidden in land speculations. And he became more angry with them—naturally, but unreasonably so—when he remembered that he had taught them the chief lesson on this point.

His object and his work had been true and right; but, like most honest men who long to be benefactors, he had done too much; or perhaps his pupils had pushed his theory too far.

He had denounced the Government for selling its land, and the people saw the reason in this; he had denounced the people who had bought this land as a speculation to the detriment of their fellow-creatures, and the people followed him here also; but he had not thought of providing for the contingency of an honest man buying this land for honest purposes.

"And who would have dreamed of such a thing!" he said to himself, with unconscious sarcasm and in much bitterness of spirit, when he found out who the mysterious buyer was, and that the people had applied all his teachings to him. "Who would have believed such a thing!" and the people showed their faith in his judgment by refusing to believe it.

Hurriedly and angrily he tramped along the road; he wanted to have a long talk with the doctor, and the time spent in reaching his destination provoked him. After much argument with himself he had determined to explain to the doctor the position he had taken, and why he had taken it. It had been

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a hard decision to reach after Joe's words, but he felt that he could not be silent now, and so be identified with the people's notice; but beyond all these motives he had a hope that the doctor would let in some light on his own action, and he longed for this light with a great and loving desire.

Alas, he reached his destination to find the doctor indefinitely absent, and a note as his only alternative. And the writing of that note was the hardest thing he had ever tried to do. If he still believed in the doctor, as he assured himself that he did, what had he to say? Say that his articles in the newspaper did not point to the doctor—say he was sorry for the doctor—say he hoped that he would be just about the land, or say that he knew he would? If he believed in the doctor any of this would be worse than folly—if he did not believe in him?

And he laughed a little bitterly at himself because he wanted to say all these things, at the same time asserting violently that he believed in this friend of his life!

He pondered long, then left only a few lines to say that he had seen the refusal of the people to work for the doctor, and had come over to put himself at the doctor's service. He made no comment, only the simple offer, then went his way slowly, feeling himself in a more complicated position than before.

He could not retract his own opinions—he could not explain the doctor's position, nor could he publish the fact that he had offered his services to his benefactor and so take a decided stand by him, for this would seem like parading his gratitude—he could only stand still, and probably be misjudged by both sides; and this was hard.

All the way home he turned the matter over and over in his mind, but could see no way to better things; he must wait, and if the doctor sent any answer to his note, abide by that.

"Well," was Joe's greeting when later he came in and found Jerry standing by the fire with a troubled look on his face, "well, is you an' Paul agoin to start to work to-morrer?"

Jerry turned away.

"The doctor was out," he answered shortly, putting the supper on the table, "and I had to leave a note."

"An' Jim Martin," Joe went on, drawing up his chair; "Jim Martin he come along a-steppin' jest as swonger, and a new feller alonger him. Says I, 'Hardy, Jim, whar's the railroad a-comin'?' says I. Says 'e, 'Joe Gilliam,' says 'e, 'we are cheated,' says 'e, 'an' the road ain't going to do no good.' 'Why, Jim,' says I, 'I hearn as youuns done mader pile anyhow,' says I. 'Lord, Joe,' says 'e, 'who on airth telled youuns sicher spin as thet?' says 'e. Says I, 'Jim, I hearn it,' says I, 'I hearn as youuns buyed orl the spar' lan', 'cause youuns done saved orl the money the doctor's been a-givin' youuns ever sence he come.' Whoopee!" and Joe laughed as Jerry had never seen him laugh before. "Youuns orter seen him, Jerry; he looked like he'd been a-settin' oner nester ants, he did." Then more slowly, "It's jest what I'se been a tellin' the doctor, a he'ppin' orl the trash in the country, an' notter man to he'p him now."

"I hope he will let me do something," Jerry said, but his hope was very small, and died the next morning when he found on his desk in the schoolhouse a sealed note from the doctor thanking him for his offer, but saying he had telegraphed for workmen; which fact Jerry was not to mention. Very short the note was, but it was some comfort to know that the doctor trusted him to this extent even. This was his first feeling, then the news in the note made him thoughtful. Telegraphed for workmen; and Jerry pondered over this fact as, lighting a match, he burned the note.

That was where the doctor had gone the day before; he must have ridden day and night to have reached even the nearest post-station, and must have sent a man on from there with his message. And what would Eureka say; and what would Durden's say?

The doctor had education, talent, money; of course he would triumph in the end; but what would he have to go through with and contend against before that end came?

And was it right?

Jerry broke the pencil he was sharpening.

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He taught very vigorously that week, so that the children made tremendous strides in learning, and the one small tree behind the school-house was denuded of almost all the hopeful branches it had put out during this eventful spring. This outward vigor was the sign of the growing excitement and anxiety in Jerry's mind. Looking back he could not understand how Eureka, kept so long in the background, had come so suddenly to the front. Durden's story was common enough. The mine had been discovered by a poor man, who had come from a poor community in the Eastern States; the rush of people consequent on this discovery had come from the same part of the country; they brought no capital, and the scheme failed. This was the reason given by the doctor. The story Jerry heard from old Joe made the failure seem unaccountable; the mine was a good mine, Joe said, but haunted.

That a superstition should so sway people was strange; it was true that the people who had come were simple, uneducated, agricultural people, not ambitious, and contented with very little. Still, it was strange that they should not dig for the gold that Joe said "lay all about in Durden's mine." And here again the doctor said that, though he had never made an examination, he was sure that the Eureka mine was much better than Durden's. Whatever was the cause, Durden's had failed; then the old story followed, when the people could not get home again and had spread themselves on the plain, and returned to their old habit of planting small "patches."

The discovery of the Eureka mine was the next event; the doctor, who had arrived about that time, united with 'Lije Milton in buying up the interests; they had worked patiently and cautiously, and had been repaid.

All this Jerry could easily understand; but who was it that had *now* made the fact known that the land was full of gold—so full of gold as to bring a railway there? Who had had influence enough to persuade capitalists to run such a risk; capitalists having sufficient power to force the stock up until now, before its destination was reached even, many fortunes had been made by the road. Who could have managed this?

The question had come in the wake of a natural sequence of thought and reasoning, and the answer stared Jerry in the face. Only one man could have done it—one man who had bought all the available land near the town—one man who held most of the interests in the Eureka mine!

True, not an acre of private land had been touched, nor had any such offer been made—only the public lands had been taken. Not a pocket in Eureka had been injured by this gigantic speculation; not a soul in either town could say they had lost a penny, or had missed a penny they would have made—but those who were coming?

"For some good purpose he has done it," Jerry said; "I know it—I know it!" And still he was not sure.

For two weeks—the longest Jerry had ever spent—the towns remained in a quiescent state. The excitement about the land speculation was starving for lack of new developments; the railway excitement had grown old, and the people watched anxiously to see what would come next.

Nearer the railway came; it was known how that many stations along the road had required only a week's time in which to make towns of themselves; and yet Eureka and Durden's had not stirred! Indeed, they could not stir; no one could speculate or make any money further than would come to them from their private lots; and had they not been told that to sit still and hold this land would make them rich?

The people were in a rage, and the speculators in despair; while the quiet prairie, and the grim, untouched mountain-side, where gold was said to lie in lumps, seemed to mock them!

How easily they had been outwitted! and many curses, that were not more than half-smothered, followed Paul and the doctor whenever they rode through the town. Once more Jerry went to see the doctor, and once more missed him; and a nod as the doctor cantered by the school-house was all that Jerry had seen of him. Was he angry, Jerry wondered; did he suspect him of being disloyal? The blood mounted in the young man's

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face, and he remembered Joe's words, that the doctor neither gave nor asked explanations—he could not ask one.

Meanwhile, the speculators worked quietly among the people, and, as the railway neared the town and the excitement increased, they offered higher prices for the land. And in the town there were men who had combined all the teachings given them, making a theory of their own. Thus they stopped work, because in any case selling their land would make them rich; and they did not sell because only to hold the land would make them rich also.

And they waited in vain!

Day by day they scrambled for food while they watched with eager eyes for the promised money to pour into their laps; and the eager eyes grew hollow and hungry. They had defied the doctor, and so could not ask work of Paul Henley or the Eureka engineer; and, not having planted gardens, they were starving.

At last one desperate woman struck the key-note of the position, and, for many, solved the question. She chose a time when her husband was drunk, then sought the land agent; the amount he offered seemed fabulous, and the bargain was closed. The drunken husband made "his mark" before the drunken magistrate, and the land passed into the hands of the agent. Sober, the man made the best of it and of a shrewish wife, and other men sold their lots and houses.

Suddenly the town waked up; the one lodging-house was filled with these homeless creatures; and their old homes assumed a wonderful appearance. They were whitewashed, houses and fences; the lots were ploughed and laid off to look like thrifty gardens; seeds were actually planted, late as it was!

The former owners began to regret; and Jerry looked on angrily.

Then, one day, as the bright May sun blazed triumphantly over the broad plains, a wagon-train turned slowly into the town.

And all Eureka turned out at the doors, even Jerry and his school came out to look; and they said "immigrants." But this was no common party; there was a director to it who evidently knew his business; he stopped his train in front of the school-house and asked his way to the chief engineer of the mine.

Eureka was watching, and saw Engineer Mills come out of his door and point to an empty house near by; then the party turned in that direction, and disappeared from all curious eyes.

Now, indeed, all Eureka was roused; very slowly, it is true; but roused before the next day dawned to the fact that these men were workmen—and had come to do the doctor's bidding!

The town was in a stir. Knots of people, men and women, gathered on the corners and in the shops; and Jerry felt anxious. He went about a little to sound the people, and found the sentiment divided.

The two shopkeepers of the two villages, Dave Morris and Dan Burke, who were leaders, were amiable; for this influx meant trade; and Titcomb, the editor, was amiable also; but the laborers were furious, for this meant that they had been ignored, and that their revenge had failed.

And Jerry began the afternoon session with much trouble on his mind.

How long that day was to Jerry he could not express, but in the evening, when his work was done, he found a new feeling abroad. The shopkeepers had joined the mob; for these workmen did not mean trade; they had brought their own supplies — everything, and more, that a colony would need. Curses were spoken out loud, now that the leaders had turned, and nobody seemed surprised—nobody defended the absent man who had been their friend for all these long years.

Jerry questioned bitterly should he be silent, or should he speak and try to check these things that as yet had not been said exactly in his hearing; for the people still respected his connection with the doctor; but he turned away silent, his words would have no effect now, and if he spoke what could he say? and he made his way slowly out of the town.

Joe listened with the greatest delight to the news of the new workmen, and of their having brought everything with them that they could need.

"Fur onest the doctor hes hed sense," he said slowly, "an' fur onest these

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durned fools will see thet money an' larnin' kin beat 'em orl holler! I'm rale glad, I am; an' I'm glad the doctor buyed the lan' an' started out fur hisn's seff—ceppen if it's fur Paul," he added slowly.

Jerry kicked the fire viciously, and Joe went on:

"But I can't, to save me, see the sin of speckylatin' in lan'," he said. "I works fur another feller, an' I makes my money; an' I tucks thet money an' I buys lan', an' if I kin fin' a feller fool ernough to gim-me twicest as much as I paid fur the lan', thar ain't no sin in thet; less it's a sin to be a fool."

"And there are a hundred people nearly starving," Jerry began wearily, "because they have no land to plant; and you living in plenty, have it all held back for the money it will bring; money you do not need—I call that sin."

"I 'llows as I worked fur the money," Joe retorted. "'Merricky's a free country, an' if I gits 'long faster ner another feller—thet ain't no sin."

"But it's a sin to grind the other down to starvation-point that you may make more than you can possibly want," Jerry went on, but without any enthusiasm in his voice; he was so weary of his own arguments; and his teachings had brought him so little satisfaction. He actually felt a cowardly wish growing on him that he had never said a word on the land question, but had allowed all to take their chances.

"An' if I dunno nothin' 'bout t'other feller," Joe went on slowly, "ceppen what I reads 'bout him, or gits Dan Burke to read 'bout in the paper; fur sartain youuns don't spec me to write him a letter an' say, 'Come out har, an' tuck somer my lan' fur nothin'?"

"That is the very question," Jerry retorted; "if Government holds the land, then every man is free to rent only so much as he can plant, and everybody will be provided for."

"An' if I gits me a steam-plough, as I hearn tell about by somer these new fellers," Joe suggested, watching Jerry's face keenly—"I kin jest plant the whole perrairy, I kin, jester hummin'; an' I 'llow thet won't leave much fur t'other feller?"

"Very well," Jerry admitted, "and you make an enormous crop of corn, and the price goes down; the people who have no land, have no taxes to pay, so can afford to buy your cheap corn; every year doing this, your prairie won't pay for itself; for provisions produced in such quantities will be too cheap."

Joe looked on him with an expression that was as near contempt as he could bestow on Jerry. "I ain't no fool, Jerry Wilkerson," he said, "to plant one thing orl the time 'tell folks throws it away," emphasizing his words with his pipe. "I'd plant 'taters!—'taters, sir, as can't be feed fur mules an' hosses; then the corn'll run up high ernough, I reckon."

"Perhaps," Jerry answered, slowly, looking down another vista of consequences that Joe's words had brought to his mind—the advances in labor-saving machinery. The effect that this would have on all the problems of the day, and especially on this land problem, was a question that needed an answer; and the answer needed much thought.

"Perhaps," he said, then looked up angrily. "You say America is a free country, Joe, but because she is free, is that a reason why she should be without a conscience? Because I am out of prison is that any reason why I should steal and murder?"

Joe looked up in astonishment.

"Is youuns gone plum crazy?" he said at last; "I never spoke no word 'bout stealin' ner murderin', Jerry."

"No, but because you are free to make money and to buy land, is that any reason that you should for the love of gold crowd others out until they die of starvation?"

Joe shook his head slowly.

"If I hed a-been thet mean, Jerry, the buzzards woulder hed youuns longger-go—you bet!"

The argument was useless, and Jerry turned away.

"God will surely bless you, Joe, for what you have done for me," he said; then went outside into the darkness that he might think.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Come near me! I do weave
A chain I cannot break—"

How long we live before we realize that life is the one breath we breathe the while we say "I live—" before we

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are content to draw from every day its fullest uses and benefits unglorified by dreams of to-morrow—before we learn that whatever effort we may make to touch another life, it can but end in a longing that is never satisfied.

Each soul lives and dies alone.

Day by day we knit bonds that bind until the blood flows, but do not join—we tremble for the life of this one, or the love of that one—we feel our hearts die because this life has passed away from our grasp, or that love has failed us in our need—all this we do, fighting through our little day, and when the end comes we must let go, and journey out along the "lonely road" without a footstep timing ours, or a hand clasped in our own.

And now when difficulties began to gather about him, Jerry found that by some strange chance he stood alone. Not only alone, but opposed to the one man who could have helped him: whose views he would have sworn that he not only knew, but held. And when under the test of this crisis the degradation of his class was fully revealed to him—its greed, and its ingratitude—and he realized the immeasurable task he had set for himself in the raising of this class—he acknowledged to himself without reservation, that he had been a fool, and began to look for some way out of the dilemma. Indeed, under the cool shadow of reaction he was tempted to trample under foot all high resolves, and to laugh to scorn all enthusiasm.

But no time was left him in which to beat a retreat, for the next morning he found a crowd collected in front of the school-house; men, and women, and boys.

He stopped for a moment; were they waiting for him—waiting to compel him to face this issue? On a nearer view, however, he found that they were watching the house where the doctor's workmen lodged.

Would there be a difficulty, he wondered; and his step grew slower, for he would not lift a hand against the doctor.

At last he mounted the little platform; for with all his tardiness of gait he reached it at last, and the crowd seeing him coming turned from where they watched for the workmen and gathered about the little porch. There were murmurings and cursings from among them, and as Jerry put the key in the lock a man stretched over and laid his hand on the latch.

"I don't mean no harm, Mr. Wilkerson," he said, "but we want to ask a few questions before you goes in."

Jerry looked about him slowly on the upturned faces, then putting his hands in his pockets stood still and waiting. There was silence for a few seconds, while Jerry's thoughts flashed backward over all he had written and said to these people, knowing that every word was about to be brought home to him now, to force him to take sides; his blood boiled at the thought, but he would not take the initiative. At last a middle-aged man stepped to the front.

"Mr. Wilkerson," he began, taking a piece of tobacco from his mouth, and carefully putting it in his pocket, "had the doctor any right to buy so much lan'?"

"Yes," Jerry answered, "as much land as he had money to pay for."

"An' take it from aller us?"

"Did you intend to buy?" sarcastically.

"Well, yes," slowly.

"Well, it seems to me that you have had time enough," Jerry answered; "the prairie has been before you all your lives, why did you not take it in and work it? All these years you have been free to search the hills for gold; why have you not done it?"

"'Cause it wasn't any use tell the railroad come," the man answered.

"You have known for months that the railroad was coming," Jerry went on.

"Well, an' if we did, we never had no money to plunk down all at onest fur the lan'," and an angrier tone crept into the man's voice, for he felt in a confused way that this was not the Wilkerson of the newspaper. And truly, Jerry was questioning from under the reaction that had come, and the man answering from his life-long views, and not from Jerry's new teachings, which were not enough his to be used.

But Jerry, rejoicing in the slowness of the man, which kept him from saying, "You told us not to buy it," cried out:

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"Nonsense! tell the truth; say that all the money you could have saved you have put in whiskey; and now when a great opportunity has come, a great opportunity to make fortunes, you have no money to put away that you can invest. This is the truth, and you know it!" becoming more excited as he went on, "and all that you have to find fault with to-day is that another man has looked ahead, and has provided himself with money that he can double—double and treble if he will; aye, he can possess this whole country!"

"God made the lan' for all," was called out angrily from the crowd, "an' you said so yerself."

"And why have you been too lazy to take it?" Jerry retorted; "did you expect the Almighty to fence it in for you, and write your names on the fences? is this what you expected? You could have bought this land for fifty cents an acre; but fifty cents would buy three drinks of whiskey, and you wanted the whiskey, and the land would keep."

"An' so it would," was called out.

"And so it did," Jerry cried sharply, "kept until two months ago. I am not going back from anything I have written in your paper: I said there that it was wrong to speculate in land—as wrong as to speculate in water, or air, or sunshine, if such a thing could be, for all these things are necessary to life, and are meant alike for all! Speculating in land is in my eyes a sin, and I consider it every man's duty to warn every other man against a thing that seems wrong, and so I warned you. You had no money to invest, for, as I have said, you have saved nothing; but if you had had bags of gold, I should have done my best to keep you from speculating in land"—and there came a little catch in his voice as he remembered his desertion of his higher principles at the beginning of his speech; and yet, these people were so low!

"But now," he went on, his excitement increasing unreasonably as he realized that already he had taken the position of champion to these low creatures. And as this realization became more clear to him, his words became more harsh—"But now you are not troubled because you think the doctor has done a wicked thing in buying this land; you are troubled only that he has done a thing you were unable to do! You are angry because this man who has been your friend for all these years—who has given you time, and money, and help in every way—you are angry because he has now the opportunity to better himself. You let any smooth-tongued villain turn you against him—you refused to work for him—you take all my words and apply them to him, for whom, God knows, they were never meant!

"My words were meant to warn you against the miserable land-sharpers, not meant for this man, too high and too noble to be for one moment doubted! The doctor has bought in a great tract of land; we do not know yet what he will do with it; but I say, and I mean every word that I utter, that if he had bought the United States, I would be sure that it was for some good purpose—I would be sure that it was for the benefit of the many, and not for his own benefit"—and as Jerry spoke his own full confidence came back to him, and with a great shame that he had for one moment doubted this man.

"Now," he went on, while his voice grew raspingly clear—"if any man has anything to say against the doctor, let him remember that he has Jerry Wilkerson to fight," and taking out one pistol he laid it on the low, flat rail that went round the little porch, and put his hand on the second, that was still in his belt.

The crowd swayed a little, and backed away from the evil-looking weapon, and from the shining eyes of the young man, looking very dangerous as he stood in the level rays of the morning sun, holding his fast-cooling audience at a dreadful disadvantage. It was no rare thing in Eureka for men to be shot on much less provocation than this, and the day was not yet far spent enough for any excitement to have culminated, or for the men to have recovered from the drinking of the past night; their nerves were still tremulous, and they moved away from the platform.

"We never meant no harm to you, Mr. Wilkerson," they said, "but all the same it's durned hard lines!"

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Then the door of the next house opened, and the workmen came out in a solid body; and Paul Henley was with them. They stopped a moment on the steps as if awaiting some advance from the mob gathered at the school-house; and in that moment the doctor rode up.

He stopped between the two crowds and looked about him: on the one side Paul, and the clean, respectable workmen; on the other the wretched mob—dirty, thriftless, malignant—people he had worked for but had not bettered; and in the midst, standing high on the platform, with the sun shining full on the pistol he had placed in front of him, Jerry, the one whom for so many years he had carefully trained and taught!

Only for a second the doctor paused, then nodded to Jerry, and rode on to the workmen.

He knew that the feeling of the community was all against him—he knew that at any moment a bullet might find him; but that was nothing. He had held his life with a loose grasp for so many years, that he scarcely remembered to heed any danger that threatened it. If one weighed possible results always, or always feared death, life became only a burden, he said; so that life or death meant very little to him, and he stood in the morning sunlight a ready mark for any man who thought himself wronged or defrauded.

Not long he talked to the men; then Paul's horse was brought, and the party moved off quietly, steadily, almost like drilled men, and everyone completely armed, as could be seen plainly.

The crowd about the school-house was very still; they were deeply impressed by these orderly, strong-looking new-comers; nor had they forgotten Jerry's words, nor the menacing pistol that still glittered under their eyes.

It was not safe to trouble Mr. Wilkerson, they thought, for in no position had he shown any fear. In their eyes he had defied and bitterly criticised the doctor, whatever he might affirm to the contrary; and now he had not only defied and criticised them, but had abused and threatened them also; had stood there one to many, and had not flinched.

But besides all these considerations for keeping quiet, they were also interested in watching a reporter, who stood in the shade scribbling busily.

There was much of deep mystery to them in this man, and it was something far beyond their comprehension that any man should spend his time in writing down everything that was done in the town, and take the trouble to send it away to be put in a newspaper!

And so intent did they become in watching him, that they did not know when Jerry went into the school-house; and realized no more than he did that this retreat was a great boon to the reporter.

"The school-master finding the mob unwilling to make any assault, retired into the school-house."

So the reporter wrote while the dirty crowd watched him; and Jerry, hurt and angry, tried to find peace in his room.

"But it is thought that Eureka will soon see exciting times"—the reporter went on; and Jerry, thinking these same thoughts, but wholly unconscious of his position as a mob leader, determined to wait after school, and warn the doctor: for the doctor could not know, as well as he did, all that was threatened against him.

## CHAPTER V.

"So, one standing strong in the prime of his years,
With his life in his grasp, looketh back through dim tears
To the days of his youth:
To the fair dewy dawn of his fresh young life—
E'er his soul had been stained by the hardening strife
Through which he had won."

JERRY waited very patiently on the school-house steps, with his warning on his lips. Sat there alone, watching the evening light that drifted slowly across the plains; while behind him the mountains loomed black and gloomy, with the patient shadows huddling together about their feet waiting until their hour should come to possess the land. Before him stretched the road that formed the one street of Eureka, where in front of the wretched shop the men squatted in groups and rows, chewing, and hold-

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ing what might be termed "silent converse" with each other; while the women sat in the doorways of the miserable shanties, and up and down the road the children and hogs disported themselves indiscriminately. A wretched, squalid scene; and made more so by the contrast with the few houses which the speculators had been able to buy and repair, and which shone out here and there like the "whited sepulchres" they were. A hopeless scene; yet all about it was the exquisite glow of the evening light; a cloud of light that reached to the black hollows of the mountains. God had not forgotten these creatures, and the place was not so wretched that his glory could not rest there? So Jerry thought—but also—"they heed no light nor beauty, what use to strive with them and destroy one's self for their benefit?"

Alas! All the "warmed over" enthusiasm of the morning had deserted him, and he covered his face with his hands. He would not think of these people; instead, he would think what he should say to the doctor; he tried faithfully, but in spite of all his efforts could only think—"What will the doctor say to me?"

His conscience was clear, and the doctor, if he thought about it at all, must know this; and the old answer that came to all his reasoning on this matter, came once more—"the only thing to be explained was the doctor's course toward him"—and there had been many opportunities for this if the doctor had willed it.

Still, he would wait and warn the doctor: it was all he could do, and however painful the interview might prove, he would do this service; a service the doctor would scarcely value because he did not realize the extent of the danger that threatened not only himself, but his workmen.

So Jerry waited, and, in spite of all reasoning, hoped that his warning might clear the cloud that had come between them.

All was very still save the idle clatter of the children in the street, and the occasional calling of one woman to another:—all was very still, when as the sun vanished the fine, clear tone of a horn sounded through the evening, and Eureka stopped to listen! Clear and sharp, almost imperative, yet sweet; a tone Eureka had never heard before!

Once more it sounded, while Jerry watched the shadows stealing slowly from their dens in the mountains; then the usual noises of the time and place resumed their sway. But it was not long, for they ceased again when the doctor's workmen came walking down the street, and behind them the doctor riding slowly.

"He has sent Paul home for fear of danger," Jerry thought, and the loneliness about his life seemed to enlarge and to join hands with the creeping shadows on whose edge he stood, waiting to warn this man he loved so well. Quietly the men moved, seeming to pay no heed to the sights and sounds about them; talking among themselves, and to their leader who had a horn slung about his shoulder. They did not look like common workmen, now that he saw them more nearly, and he wondered what was their station in life.

He waited patiently while the doctor gave directions, and talked with the men, then as he turned to ride away raised his voice:

"Doctor!"

"Well, Jerry"—how sweet that name sounded on his lips!

"I wish to tell you, sir, that there is more danger in the threatenings of these people than you may suspect"—his words came quickly enough at first, then more slowly as the doctor watched him with a look as if only politeness made him listen—"they mean some of the things they say."

"I have no doubt of it," was answered quietly.

"And you will be careful, Doctor?" almost pleadingly.

"I am never very rash, Jerry," drawing his hat on more securely, preparing to start, "but I am very much obliged to you for your warning; good evening"—then Jerry stepped back and said no farewell, because he could not.

However much we may think ourselves prepared for a great sorrow, or a great pain, when the blow falls there is in it always a keener cruelty than we expected. There seems to be always



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some additional refinement of the agony that we had not looked for, and that makes us say—"If it had been done without this, I could have borne it." No matter how widely we may have spread our lines of defence in order that the poor heart hiding in the centre might be somewhat protected, the blow when it falls seems to break through every guard. For who can measure the force of a stroke which another is to deal us?

And so, though for a long time Jerry had been conscious of the fact that he represented to the doctor only a part of his duty, he now found to his hurt that all along he had had in his heart an unrecognized hope that he was something more. A hope that he knew only when he looked on its dead face as the doctor rode away. Mechanically he took up his dinner-bucket and books, and began his homeward journey. He could not realize all at once what had happened to him—he was not sure that anything had happened. Only he seemed again to be the lonely little child, cast loose from all his moorings. Had he read the doctor's actions aright, and did they say—"You are old enough to take your own path—my duty by you is done?"

For years he had listened to and learned from this man; for years he had looked up to him and been guided by his counsels — had made him his ideal and hero — had loved him with that strongest love that man gives to man—and now all was done. Either by the vile insinuations of enemies, or by idle reports—by a simple misunderstanding, or through indifference — this man he thought so strong had been turned from him.

His life seemed shattered; for he was young and trustful still, and had grown up to this love and influence as the flowers grow up to the sun. He had had no great sorrows since his childhood to take the edge from his feelings—no betrayals to loosen his faith in mankind; on the contrary, all had so fallen out in his life as to make him trust implicitly and love unquestioningly, and this revelation of the mutability of all he clung to was very bitter. He had been taught the most liberal views; had been encouraged to tell fearlessly his opinions; had been told that the truth must be spoken at all costs, and adhered to; had learned from watching the highest life that had come within his experience, that all lives are lost that are not lived for others. And now on his first essaying to champion the right; to teach what he thought were the highest, purest principles—his teacher and exemplar turned from him!

He could not understand it nor realize it all at once, and had no feeling save a great sorrow that was deepening down into a corroding bitterness.

He hated himself for being so sorely smitten by the loss of this friend who could so easily cast him aside; and he determined that no eye should see his sorrow or realize his humiliation.

He did his evening's work quietly, almost mechanically; told Joe, whose keen old eyes watched him questioningly, of the gathering at the schoolhouse; of his speech; of the fact that he feared a real difficulty, and had warned the doctor. Told even of the horn that had sounded so "thin and clear" to call the workmen home.

He seemed to hear it now, sounding through the beautiful tinted air—sounding all to rest—sounding the last hour of his love and trust!

It seemed as if he would hear those high, clear tones through all the coming years.

And he hastily opened a paper Joe had bought from Dan Burk—a large, important paper from the far away outside world. He paused a moment, for facing him, in huge type—heading the telegraphic column, was his own name.

"*J. P. Wilkerson*—" then, on the next line—"*Great and continued excitement in Eureka! Townspeople in Arms! Mass Meetings held by Wilkerson*, the schoolmaster, and leading man of the town! Dark threats against the imported workmen! *Notwithstanding* his immense interests, which may be seriously involved, Mr. Paul Henley and his guardian, supported by Engineer Mills of the Eureka Mines, keep a firm front! Grand article from the Eureka *Star* written by Wilkerson! Base ingratitude of the latter's position!" Then followed a garbled version of one of Jerry's articles.

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Steadily he read it all through while Joe watched him—steadily to the end; then he laid the paper down without a word, and sat quite still, looking into the fire.

So this was what was being said of him; this vile caricature was what had turned the doctor from him. It could not be possible; it was so absurd that even in the midst of his anger it made him laugh almost. The people *were* armed, but that was a custom; who would think of going unarmed in that wild country? And there *were* threats against the workmen; but the enormous falseness of his position as ungrateful and a mob-leader, was manifest—must be manifest to the doctor. Then his face grew darker; Paul held up as a model of manly firmness—Paul, who on every occasion quietly stood behind the doctor!

"Notwithstanding his immense interests"—ah, that was the keynote! Paul owned all that vast tract of land; Paul would be master of immense wealth—this was the keynote; this was what made people call him manly, and brave, and calm! Money bought all these golden opinions—money threw a halo around his boyhood's enemy—ah, the power of this pitiful gold!

For a long time they sat silent; Joe smoking slowly, and Jerry gazing into the fire with the bitterest of bitter thoughts surging through his brain, and a mass of hatred and anger gathering in his heart that would suffice to wreck his life.

At last Paul had gotten the better of him. It made no difference that he had followed with unfaltering zeal every suggestion that the doctor had ever made to him; it made no difference that he had studied and worked beyond his strength sometimes; it made no difference that he had admired and loved so faithfully; all this made no difference; Paul had won the day.

There was some freemasonry among these well-born people; a birth-mark that made them understand each other; a class-brotherhood that made them stand by each other. He was one of the "common herd" and must stand back; a duty had been done by him; a life-long obligation laid on him that held him fast—bound him hand and foot. They could push him to one side and go on their way; but forever he must watch that no act of his crossed their paths or wishes.

He hated himself—he hated his position—almost he hated Joe because he had not left him to die on the roadside.

"Well," Joe said, as he carefully picked out a suitable coal to light his pipe, "how does it suit youuns?"

"It is all a stupid lie," Jerry answered, with deliberate slowness, as if afraid to say too much.

"Dan Burk says it's orl true," Joe went on, "an' thet orl the country jest swars by youuns," rubbing his hands with much satisfaction, "an' he says as youuns could make the people do anything youuns likes."

Jerry sat silent; he was sore and hurt, and did not wish Joe to see how much he had been humiliated.

"An' it beats me," Joe went on, "why youuns don't jest tuck the people an' make things go youuns' way. I'd jest tuck aholt of Durden's an' play the devil alonger Eureky an' thet Paul Henley;" then with a chuckle—"Dan allers names him 'Polly,' he do."

Still Jerry sat silent, and Joe could not read him; but Joe's suggestion took hold of him with a sweeping grasp: why not take this power offered him—the power of the people—and match it against the power of money? why not take hold of the opportunity now before him, and make the first bold stroke for his fortune? why not take the lead and be the 'people's man'?

So he sat and brooded, while Joe smoked diligently and spoke occasionally of the brilliant future that might be before Jerry.

"An' Durden's Mine is jest fuller gole"—he said at last, as if to himself. There was something in the tone that made Jerry think Joe had unintentionally betrayed himself, and he looked up suddenly into Joe's eyes; but after one little flicker of the eyelids they did not flinch. Steadily the men looked at each other, and many things surged into Jerry's mind—steadily he looked with knowledge growing in his eyes and shining on Joe—steadily, until Joe rose restlessly and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

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"It's time to turn in," he said, and left Jerry sitting in front of the dying fire.

Long he sat there revolving many things: piecing together many tiny circumstances; mere straws of circumstances that now pointed straight through the mystery he had not allowed himself to try to solve—the mystery of Joe's money. He remembered quite distinctly the night Joe had first shown him a piece of gold, how he had heard other pieces jingle in his pocket; he recalled the strange stories that were kept afloat as to the horrors of Durden's Mine, and he remembered that Joe had offered to buy land for him; and yet Joe worked neither in Durden's nor in Eureka.

Joe had never trusted him—the doctor had turned from him—yes, he was alone.

Slowly the cinders fell and were buried in the gray ashes; slowly the great logs burned through and broke, sending wild flurries of red sparkles up the broad chimney—slowly the night waxed and waned. The long procession of his days passed before him and left him longing for a weary, ragged, silent woman with gentle eyes. He turned from this first real problem of his life that stood up and faced him so relentlessly, and almost he longed to return to the dense ignorance of his childhood, if so he might touch again the love that had died for him. He seemed to hear the thud of the blow that killed her, and his blood crept cold and tingling through his veins!

"Mammy—mammy!" he whispered, while the dead ashes piled in gray heaps, and the cold dawn crept under the door—"Mammy—mammy!" with a death-like longing to hold the poor work-hardened hand in his.

What were all the world without some love on which to base his life?

## CHAPTER VI.

"Great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty."

The next morning the crowd was about the school-house door again, and the reporter standing in the shade scribbling. Jerry regarded him now as a personal enemy; for he must be the one who gave such false pictures of him and of Eureka to the world. And yet, should not he thank this creature who had swept away the film of imaginary friendship which had blinded him?—clearing his eyes that he might more fairly judge of this friend who, when he cried for bread, gave him a stone?

Jerry did not linger this morning, but kept up his long swinging stride until he reached the school-house door; and when the people closed about him, he did not take his pistols out.

"Well," he said, looking about him; and the spokesman of the day before came to the front.

"These fellers," he answered, pointing to the house where the doctor's workmen lodged, "these fellers gits two dollars an' a half a day."

"Do you pay it?" Jerry asked.

The man shook his head.

"That ain't the question," he answered; "the rale thing is jest thisaway: day in an' day out we men have been a-payin' the doctor at the price of a dollar a day when we worked out a sickness;" then pausing a moment, "I do 'llow that there was never no charge for widders and orphins; but I ain't no widder," with much animation, "an' I've worked for every blessed baby at a dollar a day!"

"An' me!"

"An' me!" came from many in the crowd.

"And what work did you do for the doctor?" Jerry asked, determined to be just, and feeling bitter enough to humanity at large to keep to his determination.

"We chopped wood."

"Any negro could have done that."

"An' raked the yard," was called out.

"Or that," Jerry added, scornfully.

"An' worked on the road."

"And that did you as much good as it did the doctor," Jerry cried.

"An' hauled rock."

"But did not get the rock out."

"No," fiercely, "but I'm a man, I am; an' if my work ain't wuth but a dollar a day, there ain't nairy a feller that is wuth more."

"Very well," and Jerry put his hands in his pockets; "it has taken me more

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than ten years to learn enough to teach this school, and do any of you pay me a dollar a day?" looking around scornfully—"one dollar a month is what the richest man in Eureka pays me for teaching his child; and when a man sends me two children, he pays me one dollar and a half a month to teach them both. Did it take you ten years of hard work to learn how to rake a yard, or to chop wood, or to haul stone? You know that it did not—you know that there is no fool who can say it took him more than one day to learn these things; and yet you claim a dollar a day. You say your time is worth that much, and you know that is a lie; for if you had not been working for the doctor, and paying him for curing your wives who support you, you would have been lounging about in Dan Burk's or Dave Morris's shop, and drinking up at least fifty cents a day. You are not worth a dollar a day, anyone of you, and you should pay the doctor for keeping you away from whiskey. Now I do not want to hear any nonsense about this land question; I said it was a sin to speculate in land, and I say it still. But I say it is a blacker and more damnable sin to drink; to starve your children; to work your wives to skin and bone, and then to kill them in some drunken fury!"—his eyes flashed viciously on the crowd; it was only a few hours ago that in the early dawn he had recalled the thud of his mother's death-blow. "Have none of you ever beaten your wives until they could not move? Have none of you shed the blood of an unoffending fellow-man because you were crazy with bad whiskey? I know you have: and there is not one man in this crowd whose wife is decently clothed this day, or his children decently fed.

"These men who have come to work for the doctor are men who have paid much money to learn to work as they are working now, and they deserve what pay they get. You," with infinite scorn, "could no more do this work than your miserable cur dogs could, and you know it. I am not afraid of you, and I will tell you the truth if I have to kill you afterward, for my pistols are better than yours, and I shoot equally well," putting his hand on his belt. "But this I say: you would be greater fools even than I take you to be if you attack the doctor or his men. You have lost this chance for making money, but I will see that another opportunity comes to you. Only save your money and do not sell what land you own; promise me this and I will be your friend through all."

"It's all blamed true," the spokesman acknowledged, "an' if you'll watch for us we'll be satisfied—eh, fellers?"

"There's been some damned hard words said," one man demurred.

"But p'isen true," another amended.

"If you say much more, Jim Davis," Jerry cried, "I'll flog you like a dog!" He was bitterly angry; he hated his kind; he would have liked to beat and beat, like a brute and cruelly hurt something. The words he had said helped him because they were so venomously true. He scarcely knew himself, so vicious was the change that had come over him; and he stood glaring at Jim Davis and almost longing to see him step into the ring that at his challenge the crowd had instantly formed.

And the reporter across the road watched, and listened, and scribbled, and Jerry thought what a fine heading he was making. The least thing that could be said was that he was whipping the mob into his views.

And at last, when Jim Davis backed down, Jerry longed to thrash the reporter.

"Well," and he looked around the ring of disappointed faces, "you won't fight if I have said hard words; I think you are sensible, although I will be honest enough to say that I should like to beat somebody to-day."

"Good for you!" was called out.

"I would," Jerry went on; "I would like to whip that man over yonder who is writing lies about us to the Eastern papers."

The crowd turned instantly, and as the clear voice reached him the reporter looked about anxiously for a place of retreat.

"But none of you must touch him," Jerry went on—"do not dare to touch him, for his lies are going to help us. I only want you men to keep sober; to save your money, and to save your land;

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and the day will come when we can show that Eureka and Durden's have men in them as good as can be brought here."

"You bet, Mr. Wilkerson!" and a cheer went up from the crowd.

"And if the strangers determine to build up one town, we will build up the other, and if you will help me, I know the race will be an even one."

Again the applause rose heartily, and the young man felt the thumping of his pulses and the surging of the blood in his veins.

"But you must trust me," he went on, "and if the time of waiting seems long, you must not grow impatient. I will promise to watch and to work honestly, for I long to see things change in these towns. I came here half dead, and one of your number took me in; and the doctor saved my life as he has saved the lives of many of you. No man must touch him; no man must dare to lift a finger against him or his, for I promise to kill the man who does," pausing while the crowd swayed uneasily; then more slowly, "and you know I am not afraid?" looking about as if waiting for an answer—an answer that did not come. "I have nobody in this world, and death means very little to me; but while I live I shall try to help those about me. I am one of you; I am as poor as you are; I belong to the same class that you do, and ever since I have had sense enough to think, I determined to do all in my power to help my own class."

"An' we'll stand by yer, Mr. Wilkerson."

"I hope you will," more slowly, "for if you will not help yourselves, I cannot help you. I do not wish you to come here to the schoolhouse again, but I want you to work. Take work from anyone who will give it to you, and put up your money somewhere else than in the whiskey barrels. Now I must go to my work; and remember, I do not get a dollar a day."

He turned and went into the schoolhouse with all the excitement gone from him, and a weariness creeping over him that made him long to lie down and die.

What a fool he had been! what a wild scheme this was that had laid its hold on him, and how could he dare to make any promises to these people?

He shook himself savagely; his scheme was as good as many schemes of which he had read—schemes that had succeeded. The doctor had taken Eureka as his hobby; all of his and Paul's investments had been made there; why should not Jerry take Durden's? It was only two miles away; it had plenty of land about it that was still untouched; it had gold!

Eureka would fill up rapidly and overflow; these men who promised to stand by him must be made to buy the land about Durden's—must be made gradually to sell their lots in Eureka. And some day—if he could possibly without ingratitude or treason—he would open a grand new speculation that would make Durden shoot far ahead of Eureka! He put his face down in his hands—for the children had not come yet, and his scheme grew and grew before his covered eyes—grew and glittered with applause and gold, and he saw himself a great financial and political success!

But behind the gilded picture a far-off memory came of a dull, gray evening, when the ghastly snow-clouds hung low, and the wind cried up the gorges like a human creature; of a wild leaping stream that wailed as it fell, and wrung white, helpless hands; of a child whose soul went out in dim, unrealizing sympathy for the water that came from the far sun-lighted heights to the gloom of the valley. Had it come to him then, some dim foreshadowing of his life; some prescient dream of the failing from the high endeavor to die on the sandy plain? The path roughened and the gorge darkened in the picture, and the blackness of desolation gathered about it and the water that dropped forever! Never ceasing, never failing; dropping on and on, and never making a stream—dropping on the stillness like a sob or a sigh—heavy, regular, slow. He could hear it now with the broad morning light all about him, and he tried to shake himself free from the vision of the drawn dead face that had so terrified him years ago. He was nervous from loss of sleep; he was weakly superstitious; he was a fool!

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And he was glad when the children, trooping in, brought him back to the tiresome reality of his life.

Maybe the gold and the success did lie down among the dead in the darkness; still it was more enticing, more worth than the narrow, high path of duty he had imagined himself travelling when he put his shoulder to this educational wheel. Who would ever realize the earnestness of his labor? who among these careless, ignorant little beasts would ever look back on him as anything more than the man who had taught them their letters? who would know the sublime truth of his endeavor, the great end he tried to put them in training for? Among the hundreds of thousands of schoolmasters, how many had been even thanked or reverenced—how many remembered?

So he reasoned from the gospel of Justice—scarcely knowing the *gospel of Love*.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge."

It was a bold, wild scheme that he had thought out in his long night's vigil; and one too rash for any but a young and practically ignorant man to have imagined. He had no realization of the difficulties that stood in his way; he had no conception of the mass of work to be done, nor of the great confidence he must not only inspire but retain before he could make even a beginning.

He had no thought but of the bitterness and anger that had sprung to life in his breast under the injustice of the doctor's treatment, and the insulting patronage of Paul's manner. He would succeed, he would obtain this power and hold it; he would make these people, who scorned and distrusted him, at least remember him.

But how should he begin?

The question was a momentous one; one wrong move at the beginning and he could never recover himself. And yet he must begin at once; he must take some steps to keep up the feeling he had inspired already. The people were in an excited state, and unless something were done to fix them, their energy, born of disappointed avarice, would disperse in a series of street rows.

He must formulate his scheme at once, and make his first move.

He taught absently, and dismissing his school earlier than usual, walked down to Dave Morris's shop. A little crowd of loungers were grouped about the door, and sitting on the counters; the long, narrow room was dark and dirty, and pervaded by the mingled smells of rancid bacon, bad whiskey, and stale tobacco smoke; and the floor almost could have been ploughed and planted, so dirty was it.

Dave Morris's shop was, in truth, the most miserable specimen of a poor country store; and its frequenters seemed to be among the lowest of the low.

There were women there, too, lounging and drinking as the men were; and girls, and boys, and little children. Involuntarily Jerry paused on the threshold; it was the first time he had seen his class in one of its natural and favorite lairs, and the sight was a shock to him. Joe and the doctor had kept him from even the sight of these things while a boy, and since he had been his own master, he had never thought of investigating this place that had been but a name to him. He had read of such places, and had heard this special place discussed; but he had not realized the degradation of his fellows.

For a moment he felt ashamed of having come there at all, or of having in any way associated himself with these people. Then the thought came back to him, that when first he had looked forth to his life in search of a worthy work, he had intended to help these people. He had intended being a benefactor; now the scene had shifted—his motives had changed, and he intended to be a master. Still this memory of his high motive comforted him a little. He had not begun his mission in the way he had at first dreamed of doing, and it was well that he had not; for he found that to work for these people for love or for charity was simply to insure a loss of all their faith. They were incapable of understanding any such high

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motives, and what they did not understand they would not trust.

In all the years that the doctor had worked for them, they had come to look on him only as a person whose learning had had some strange effect on his brain. It had taken many years for them to learn to trust him; and at the last, it was only because some leaders like 'Lije Milton and Dan Burk had stood up for him.

It was hard to convince them that a man in his right mind would have done all he did for them for thanks only. They had never been brought firmly to believe it, and the last few months had made them know, to their own satisfaction, that their distrust was not misplaced. Now they hated him; while Jerry unconsciously had made himself a hero by taking his honest and uncompromising stand on the land question. They saw, too, that Jerry was not afraid of them; he had not spared words, and if the occasion came, he would not spare bullets.

He was the town's talk, and the people's hero!

Jerry was not aware of this when he stood in the doorway of Dave Morris's shop; but through all his reasoning and excuses he was aware that he had let go the only thing that could excuse his being in that low place—he was lowered in his own sight, and felt penetratingly the disgrace of using such tools as these. And yet, though the moving motive of his schemes was no longer their elevation, yet the success of his scheme must elevate them.

He paused a moment in the doorway, thinking angrily how ugly these men and women were. Seeing them one at a time in the sweet sunshine of the plains, or in the shadows of the mountains, they were not so revolting; their surroundings were not fitted to them, and so in a manner mitigated their wretchedness. But here, where everything had been selected with a view to suiting their tastes—where everything was an outgrowth of their own natures, the picture was horrid in its degradation and filthiness.

"Mr. Wilkerson, you do me proud," and Dave Morris, the proprietor, stepped forward—"what will you have, sir?"

"I want the latest paper you have," and Jerry laid a small coin on the counter.

But Morris was not as yet, nor in small coin, to be paid by this rising man; and he spun the little piece of money back to Jerry, and slapped the greasy paper down in front of him.

"Notter cent, Mr. Wilkerson; notter cent, sir," he said, grandly, "I'll be damned if Dave Morris is the feller to take 'spons' from the friend of the people, sir; no, sir!"

The little coin still rolled as he spoke, and Jerry with his hands in his pockets watched it as it neared the edge of the counter and at last dropped on the floor at his feet; then he looked up.

"I came to buy a paper," he said, with a slow disgust that even these people could see, "and not to beg one, nor to hear you swear at yourself," and he turned away, taking the paper up carefully because it was greasy, and leaving the money on the floor.

In an instant Dave Morris was over the counter, and standing in front of his customer; Jerry stopped and looked full in the bloated, brutal face, and the thought flashed through his mind that this was not the wise "first move" he had intended to make. But it was unavoidable, and if it ruined his influence in the towns? The thought was like a reprieve—if it ruined his influence he could get out of this wretched position. "Well," he said; and the crowd made a ring as if they had been drilled to it.

"Do you think because you've got a little damned learnin' that I'm agoin' to take your impidence—durn you!—you——"

There was one swift blow that scattered the words which would have been spoken, and a heavy thud as Dave Morris measured his length on the floor, and Jerry dropping the paper stood with a pistol in either hand.

"I want fair play," he said, looking round him in the dead, startled silence that followed his quick blow; for the crowd was as much stunned almost as Morris. "You can help Mr. Morris up, if you like," Jerry went on, stepping back a little, "but I want all to understand that I will take neither words nor favors."

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His words rang clear and angry, and the reporter in the doorway and the outsiders in the street paused to take in the meaning. "Take no favors!" this man was crazy. But Jerry did not think of them as he stood over his fallen foe, who would not get up. Several moments he stood there; then with a scornful smile he put away his pistols, and picking up the paper turned to the door. "I shall be in town all day to-morrow," he said significantly; and the crowd made way for him to pass. He felt more disgusted and angry with himself than ever; he felt dirty and low, but he knew that the people were looking at him from every hovel — for the noise of the fray already had sped from lip to lip—and that even in the midst of his self-contempt he must appear as if nothing had happened; so he opened his paper.

Involuntarily his step slackened as again he saw his words and his name heading a column. Fiery words that he had not written, vile actions that he had never contemplated committing.

He read on and on, walking slowly, while his temper got up and his self-disgust died a natural death, and as in the morning he longed to beat somebody; almost he could have turned back and again attacked Dave Morris. His first feeling of relief in thinking that perhaps by striking Dave Morris he had destroyed his own growing influence, and so had freed him from the difficulties which were gathering about him, had vanished; and the consciousness that possibly he had done the most unwise thing that could have been done for his cause, in thus hopelessly offending one of Eureka's potentates, now added to his irritation.

Dave Morris was a leader; a man who held in his hands the fates of most of the people; for as they were all in debt to him, they were all afraid of him.

Through him Jerry could have swayed the town; could have ruled even the whiskey trade, which was his greatest enemy.

Surely he had made a dangerous first move.

Once out of the town and away from the oversight of his kind, his pace slackened, and he trailed his paper at his side. A dangerous first move; and if it ruined him, would it not be better to live in peace and quiet up among the rocks, pursuing the literary life the doctor had trained him for? live there quietly with his own thoughts and books for company?

Then the sudden recollection came to him that now that he could no longer go to the doctor's library, he had no books. The blood stole slowly up into his dark face: how much he owed that man! how boundless was the debt of obligation!

He folded up the paper and his step became firmer; his scheme must not fall through. Already he had changed too much, changed through learning and unlearning, ever to settle again into the still trustfulness of his past life; and he began to review his latest action more quietly. He had knocked Dave Morris down, thus making an enemy of the chief man of the town; but also he remembered that Dave Morris had refused to get up; and that the crowd had seen this; would not this tell in his favor?—their chief lying prone before them, entirely conquered?

His eyes flashed a little; perhaps, after all, it had been the best and wisest thing that could have happened; and his step became more brisk. At all events he would tell Joe, and hear his judgment of the matter. He made the fire and cooked the supper as usual, and when Joe came in there was no extra excitement either in Jerry's voice or manner.

"I had to knock Dave Morris down to-day," he began.

Joe looked up slowly.

"Dave Morris?" he repeated.

"Yes, Dave Morris," and Jerry poured out the coffee; "he cursed me," he went on, "and I knocked him down. He was afraid to get up," he added, with a little satisfaction creeping into his tone, "and I told his friends that I would be in town all day to-morrow."

Joe took his cup of coffee.

"I'll be thar too," he said, quietly; "Dave knows me, an' he knows thet nobody pesters me ner mine, 'thout thar's a buryin'."

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"You must not take it up, Joe," and Jerry's voice had grown softer; it had been so unexpected, this sympathy—"me or mine"—this man loved him. There was no duty nor expediency here. "I can manage him, Joe," he went on; "you must not get into any difficulty for me, I am not worth the trouble."

Joe cleared his throat.

"Thet's orl right," he said, "an' youuns makes me feel bad, Jerry; makes me feel bad like I did when I picked youuns up out yander," pointing over his shoulder; "youuns kep' on a-cryin' 'Mammy, I ain't got nobody!' an' it jest knocked me orl to pieces, it did," pausing thoughtfully in his eating, but never raising his eyes to Jerry's face. "Youuns talked like me in them days, youuns did."

"And I wish that I had never changed," and Jerry's slim, nervous hand clasped Joe's rough, work-hardened palm. He was tired and excited, and this unexpected championship, coming so quickly on the heels of the doctor's desertion, shook his self-control more than he would have thought possible. "I remember when I began to try to be like the doctor," he went on more rapidly, "and I made a mistake, Joe; I would rather be like you."

"Youuns do me proud, Jerry," was all Joe said, nor did he turn his hand to take Jerry's; his class did not understand this kind of sensitive demonstration; they said few words and made few motions, and both words and motions were clumsy. But this man was true; and Jerry felt it with a force and keenness that became pain. This man had sheltered, and fed, and clothed him for all these years, and now was ready to fight his battles.

A love that had done all, and had asked no return; for the first time this fact flashed across Jerry's mind, and with it the pain that came with the knowledge that he could make no return.

He did not love Joe, and never had; from the first he had felt himself Joe's equal, and later on his superior; but now the relation between them came home to him in a new light, and he realized what it was that had made his life so smooth. And now—love from him to Joe was not natural, and never had been cultivated. All these years he had loved the doctor, day and night his effort had been to please him; but it had gone for nothing: this love had been shivered and broken into invisible poisoning fragments, and would wound him evermore.

Love Joe? The question was a new one, and he withdrew the hand Joe had not taken. He had been a fool to try to climb to any height—did not height mean loneliness? Why had he striven for any more than his class usually needed: was it only because the doctor had led him on? Must there not have been something in him that answered to the impulse: who knew what there was in his blood?

He finished his supper in silence, and when all was put away he spoke again.

"There is no need that you should go to Eureka, Joe," he said.

"Mebbe I knows morer about Dave Morris 'an you do, Jerry."

"Well, he can but kill me," Jerry answered.

"That's orl," Joe granted, "an' killin' wouldn't mean nuthin' to youuns, ner nuthin' to me, rightly; but," taking his pipe out of his mouth, "it'd mean a heap if youuns wuz a-lyin' har, an' couldn't lif' a eye ner a han' when I come home," drawing a long breath, "it'd make a heaper diffrunce," then a silence fell between them until Joe spoke again: "Ever sense youuns usen to squat over thar nigh the fire, an' ax me, 'An' what's a buryin', Joe?'—when youuns never knowed nuthin' ceppen what I telled youuns; ever sense then I ain't been satisfy to steddy 'bout doin' 'thout youuns, Jerry, an' I ain't agoin' to be satisfy."

Jerry rose, and stood looking down into the fire; was it an abounding love that remembered the pitiful sayings of his childhood; or was it that in a life as empty as Joe's, small things would be remembered as long as life lasted? There was no rush of thought nor of feeling to raise the annihilating storms that sweep through lives that are educated and sensitive; there never had been anything for Joe but the monotonous living from day to day. Jerry's train of reasoning failed him ab-

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ruptly, and all the unexplained things in Joe's life rose up before him.

In this common life there was a mystery he had guessed at only, how could he say what there had been? What did he know of Joe's life?

He turned slowly.

"Tell me all about your life, Joe," he said.

For one instant Joe looked up, and there was a thrill in the voice that spoke to him, and a light in the eyes that looked down on him, that he did not understand, and that made him look away.

He could not grasp the longing for companionship that was moving Jerry—he thought only, "Jerry is cur'us, sure!"

His life?

Joe had never summed it up—had scarcely realized that he had had the spending of a life.

"I 'lows as I don't jest onderstand youuns, Jerry," he said, slowly.

Jerry walked across the floor, then back.

"You have lived a long time," he said.

"Moren sixty yeer," Joe answered; "moren sixty yeer; but I dunno rightly the day, not the rale day," and he wondered how this concerned Jerry.

"And how have you managed to live all these years?" Jerry went on, with a hopeless tone creeping into his voice.

"I most allers had ernough to eat," was answered calmly.

Enough to eat.

Jerry walked to the door, and out along the little path that led to the trail. The stars glittered; the wind that came so far seemed to speak to him; and he thought, "Is the soul of Nature the only soul that mine can touch?"

Did he stand alone, in that he reached above the formula—"enough to eat?"

Up he climbed, unheeding the roughnesses, unheading the fatigue; up until he was above the billowy mist that hid the plain—the flat, helpless plain that could not reach to any height.

And for him, was it any use that he should reach up forever? The people he thought to raise, did they have any other wish in life than Joe had; did they know or want any other answer to his question than "I have enough to eat?"

Long ago he had toiled, and journeyed, and hoped, and at the end had found a barren height and the far plain glorified!

All about him, as he stood, the moonlight fell broad and shining; the ragged shadows lay clear-cut and black as ink; the wind rose and fell; the stars looked down like patient eyes, and at his feet the silent mist-waves gathered and broke, noiseless spirit-waves tearing themselves against the cliffs.

Was it any use to leave the plain? Did not the light reach it as surely; did not the streams reach it; and from the heights what else did one see save only the plain glorified?

Money was all that was needed to glorify anything—money.

And up there in the darkness he seemed to see the bewildering glitter of gold; he seemed to remember all the things done and sacrificed for gold since man was made; since the world smiled in its beautiful youth. What caused this enchantment? What had given gold this weird power that so enchained all the world; that brought from men their bodies and hearts—their lives, and honor, and souls?

Had God made all this fair world, and then in all the cracks and crannies put this snare—this bewildering, shining ruin, that the poor souls he had created might destroy themselves for it; delve and toil through all their lives for this one thing that in itself was nothing?

Why should not anything else have the same value; or why should not the world find enough to surfeit poor humanity, and make gold a drug in the market? Think of all the vast sums that had been gathered and lost; think of all that was in use: think of all that still lay hidden in the earth! Why not gather it all together; work it all out; scatter it broadcast through the nations, and so destroy this devilish snare? Scatter it until the world could spend and hoard no more, and it would be like the autumnal leaves, or "like as when one heweth wood;" like the poor chips that are not worth the gathering.

How they would glitter and gleam in the sunlight, these piles that would be gathered for the nations! How coldly they would shine when the moonlight fell upon them!

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He shook himself.

He was losing his mind. He must go home; Joe would want to shut up the house; and he turned and with deliberate slowness retraced his steps. He had climbed a long, rough way without knowing it, and the return was very slow.

He would carry out his scheme; but first he must win the people entirely; and then when all was ready he would tell Joe, and search into the worth of Durden's Mine. Money was needed for the scheme; and it must be saved, or begged, or borrowed; and to what extent would Joe help him?

It was wild and rash, maybe, this fight he was beginning against money and station; but it would be a fair test of the stability and worth of the masses. Money would be entirely absent from their ranks, and the fight would have to be fought before any capital could be won. It was an interesting problem, and one he was beginning to long to work out.

And after?

He drew a long breath: and after would be the gold, and the luxury, and the power which would place him on a level with his rivals—which would let him look the doctor in the face and say, "I am successful, and in my success I thank you, and say, 'I have been true to you always.'"

Success could humble itself and be called nobility—failure could be servile only.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"We are men of ruined blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise,
Fish we are that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy flies."

It was a still, gray day, with an unhealthy coolness and dampness in the air for August. The clouds hung low and heavy; not a leaf stirred in the gloomy gorges, and on the spreading plains there was not a movement—an unnatural, blank stillness, as if the world were dead.

Jerry walked the long way with even, quiet steps; Joe had gone away long ago, but whether to his usual work or to the town, Jerry had not asked. No words had passed between them as to the possibilities of the day, and Jerry thought it not unlikely that Joe had repented him of the rash and generous ardor of the night before.

Slowly he pursued his way, his hat drawn down over his eyes, his pistols well at hand, and his eyes, and ears, and mind all alert for any sign of an enemy; for if Dave Morris struck it would be in secret; a shot from behind some tree or rock.

And what difference would it make? If his life were taken, all this difficulty would pass away with one or two triumphant shouts from the opposite camp, then he would be forgotten save by Joe, perhaps. Would be buried out in the rain-gullied graveyard, near 'Lije Milton, maybe, whose dead face had come to him in Durden's Mine. He remembered so well as he tramped along in the gray stillness, the terror and wonder of that time, and the signs that Joe had read in the circumstances. And the doctor's explanations, that he well remembered explained nothing. The doctor had turned his mind away only; had thrown on him the burden of an explanation.

"Do you expect to buy Durden's Mine?" he had asked, "else, why should 'Lije Milton come to you?" Buy Durden's Mine? how strange it all seemed that now he should want to buy Durden's Mine—and the question came up to him, how could he find out about it, and who owned it now?

The doctor would know, and perhaps Engineer Mills, but they were enemies; could he ask Joe?

He paused a moment: he had had so many suspicions, would it be quite honest to ask Joe? Of course it would; it showed a darker suspicion still for him to hesitate. If he knew where to find Joe he would go back at once and ask him.

He walked on slowly; his school would be waiting, and if he were not there Dave Morris would declare him a coward; and all the unwise impatience which he had shown yesterday, and which he might at this juncture turn to good, would be used against him. Twenty-four hours would make no difference in his knowledge of Durden's Mine.

At last the town was reached, and all was as quiet as if no creature had ever

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heard of a railway. The doctor's corps of workmen stood about the door of their house waiting to start to their work, and up and down the street Jerry could see the children loitering, waiting for the school-bell to ring.

There was no sign of any excitement, and Jerry unlocked the door with a little feeling of surprise that his orders should be obeyed so literally.

Slowly the hours of the morning came and went, and at last the miners' bell for dinner rang, and, the children dispersing to their homes, Jerry opened his dinner-bucket.

He was provoked almost that he had heard nothing of his yesterday's broil; he had expected certainly, before this hour, some threat or overture from Morris, and was a little disappointed at the quiet of the day. Later he would walk up the street and get another paper; the mail came in again this day, and he wanted to see the latest accounts of himself, and of the town.

Would Morris sell a paper to him, he wondered? A knock came at the outer door, a quiet, respectful knock as of one who hesitated to disturb him.

"Come in!" he called.

And hat in hand, Dave Morris stood before him.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Wilkerson."

"Good-morning," and Jerry rose with his hand well round on his hip.

"Hope you don't bear no malice, Mr. Wilkerson?" Morris asked, leaning on the back of the chair Jerry had offered him.

"I have no need to bear malice," Jerry answered, looking him over from head to foot.

"Thet's true," slowly, not looking up, "the knock come from you;" then sitting down, "but I've come for peace today, durned if I ain't."

"No cursing, please," and Jerry before he sat down laid a pistol on the table.

Morris paused a moment, while a dull red heat crept up his face; why did not he kill this young man? But this question found no utterance, and he began slowly:

"I've come to say, Mr. Wilkerson, thet if there's anything I kin do to help you on a bit, I'm ready; I'm your friend, I am."

Jerry gathered up the remains of his lunch and put them back into the bucket.

"An' if you want me to stop the fellers from buyin' whiskey," Morris went on, "I kin do it," looking up slowly; "I heard you the mornin' that you said for the fellers not to put up their money in my whiskey barr'ls; an' I'm agreed to it provided," pausing and fixing his eyes on Jerry's eyes that looked at him so steadily—"provided I know your idea," cautiously.

"I have none," and Jerry cocked and uncocked his pistol carelessly.

By some means—whether fear, or hope of gain, Jerry could not decide—this man had been made auxious to join him, and Jerry saw his advantage. Again the trigger of the pistol clicked sharply in the silence.

Morris moved his chair uneasily; a loaded pistol turned about recklessly in another man's hand is not a pleasant or reassuring sight.

"You had ideas the mornin' you talked to the fellers," Morris said at last.

"And you heard them," Jerry answered.

"I did, but I think I'd like to hear 'em again."

There was a moment's pause, then Jerry answered: "I told them that I wanted them to take all the work they could get, never mind who gave it to them; I told them I wanted them to keep whatever land they owned either in Eureka or in Durden's; I told them that I would watch for them, and that whichever town the strangers built up, we would build up the other; I told them that when the time came we should need money, and that they must save all they could." He ceased, and Dave Morris's small, bleared eyes watched him keenly.

"An' you'll build up a town without no money?" he asked.

"I have said we would need money," Jerry answered, curtly, "and that the people must save it."

"Live at a dollar a day and save money?"

"It can be done easily."

"An' then what?" skeptically.

Jerry looked up coldly.

"I do not know why I should tell you my plans," he said.

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"You don't don't you?" and Morris put a piece of tobacco in his mouth with a swaggering air. "I tell you I kin save more money far you in Eureky than all the men there."

"Do it, then."

Morris looked at him with distrust in his eyes; no man who was not entirely independent would speak so shortly; and he answered slowly:

"Thet's right easy said, Mr. Wilkerson; but I don't know that I'm goin' to stop a good whiskey trade without knowin' what's to do after*werds*."

Jerry was silent for a moment: what Morris said was true; it would be useless to try to save the people's money as long as Morris sold them whiskey; nor could he expect him to stop his chief trade without some prospect of compensation; yet to reveal his plans would be ruin; and Jerry was puzzled.

Dan Burk! the name flashed into his mind like a beam of light. Burk was a higher type, and could manage Morris and Eureka too.

"Very well," Jerry answered carelessly, while his plans formed themselves rapidly in his mind, "if you cannot trust me, you need not help me. Besides, I think my work will lie in Durden's, and there are those there who will do as I wish and ask no questions;" then laying down his pistol, and crossing his arms on the table, he looked straight into Morris's face. "I will give you a friendly warning," he said; "your trade is going to fail you: the men who live here, soon will have no money to spend at your shop, for the new people who come will rather employ the new men who come with them, and there will not be work enough for all. More than this, new people who know what decent things are will not trade with you, and you will be simply crowded out."

Morris's face flamed with color; he shuffled his feet restlessly, while his hand sought the leather belt about his waist. Jerry did not seem to heed him, and only changed his position sufficiently to begin again his idle play with his pistol.

"This place will be taken in hand by great capitalists," he went on quietly, "and the people here can expect to hold their own only a little while longer; then they must move further west, or retreat to Durden's. They have made enemies of two of the leading men, and must expect no favors."

"An' you done it for 'em!" Morris broke in angrily.

"And am glad that I did," was answered coolly, "for now I can put them in a better condition than ever before; and make money faster for them; only they must trust me."

Morris's whole expression changed, and he leaned forward eagerly.

"Is Dan Burk the feller?" he asked, "is he the feller you think of to help you?"

Jerry laughed a little.

"So long as you are not the man," he answered, "I do not know that any part of this scheme is your business."

Morris rose hastily.

"Damn—" then his voice died away in his throat, for Jerry's pistol covered him, and its little mouth looked huge, and the shining hammer was drawn far back! One moment he glared on the quiet, dark face opposite, then sat down slowly; and Jerry, who had not moved, laid his pistol down and waited for Morris to speak. He had not long to wait, then Morris asked sullenly:

"What'll you pay me to stop the whiskey trade?"

"Nothing."

"An' how's it goin' to help me?" anger creeping into his voice again.

"You will be a more honest man," Jerry answered, smiling, "and will allow other men to be more honest and decent, and you will be better in health."

"An' my fambly'll starve."

"Not more than other families you have ruined."

"Mr. Wilkerson—" menacingly; but the children began to come in, and Jerry rose.

"I will be here this afternoon at five," he said, "and to-morrow at twelve if you wish to see me again."

Baffled and angry, Morris rose. There was something in this young man that he could not grapple with; he hated him bitterly for his insults and slights that would have cost any other man his life, but he was afraid of him. Morris had

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killed men for far less. But now he stood twisting his hat about in his hands, while Jerry watched him, and waited for his going—watched and waited silently, with his eyes fixed on the ugly, sullen face. It was only a moment or two he had to wait, then the greasy old hat was donned, and Morris turned to the door. "I'll come to-morrer," he said, and made his way out through a group of children.

Jerry drew a long breath, partly of satisfaction, partly of doubt. Had he been wise to refuse so entirely this man's support and assistance, basing his plans on Dan Burk, to whom he had not as yet spoken on the subject? And would Morris come again to-morrow, or would he form a rival party?

The long, gray afternoon dragged its weary length; the children droned through their lessons; and in the pauses the crickets cried their ceaseless monotone. Nothing stirred in the clouded stillness; and when the tasks were done and the children dismissed; when the gray day showed its death by growing yet more gray and still, Jerry heard the bugle call rise soft and clear—echoed back by the great mountains until it died slowly from the world.

There was an inexplicable pain to him in the sound of that horn, almost as if he had been called and could not answer—could not go. As if he had left all he cared for; as if in some unwilling way he had descended from his sphere and station.

Then with a bitter scorn of self he would remember that he had been born to no station, as the meaning of the word was taken; and the sphere he had moved in until it seemed his by right, had been opened to him through charity. He was only one of the "common herd"—a favorite phrase of Paul's—one who would have to make a name and place; and who would have only such foothold in life as he cut for himself.

He laughed a little bitterly.

"A key of gold fits most locks," he said to himself as he went his way up the rough mountain path.

(To be continued.)

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# THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

## V.—TO HIS OWN PROPERTY.

*By James S. Norton.*

IT is quite beyond the purpose of this article to discuss the origin or development of the idea of property, or the history of the various concessions which the individual owner has been compelled to make to the public necessity. From time to time within the history of the Common Law, the people have secured for themselves safeguards against the exactions of the government, until it has become the maxim of modern civilization that no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; and from time to time the exigencies of society have compelled the surrender of individual preferences, privileges, and rights, to the needs of the government, or the community, until the citizen holds his property subject to the requirements of the State, and may not devote it to any use prejudicial to the interests of the public, or, within certain limits, tending to the injury of his neighbor.

Thus, he may own a city lot, in that he may sell it and appropriate the proceeds to his own use, or give it to aid some benevolent object, or devise it to his family or friends, or build upon it some structure in which he may reside or conduct his business without payment of rent; but if he sell or devise, he must conform to laws regulating conveyances or wills, framed for the protection of titles; if he build he must observe municipal ordinances designed to pro-

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mote the public safety; if he occupy it he must regard the health, comfort, and property rights of his neighbors. He may claim protection by the law in the proper and peaceable enjoyment of his property; but his property must pay its ratable share of the expense of maintaining order, and providing the conveniences of urban life, under penalty of confiscation. The State cannot arbitrarily dispossess him and bestow his land upon another without compensation; but it may seize his property and apply it to the payment of his debts; it may destroy his house to save others, or appropriate his land to public uses, upon payment of compensation to be determined by its legal machinery.

At the present day it would be difficult to specify any class of property held by the private citizen, wholly exempt from the claims of the public as represented by the State. On the other hand, it would be painful to contemplate social conditions under which absolute rights of individuals could be maintained. The power to tax the citizen and his property is one which is granted of necessity to every state by its citizens, and is based upon theories of public necessity and the equitable distribution of the expenses of government. So long as it is exercised for a public purpose and with uniformity, according to the value of property, this power is limited only by the discretion of the legislature. The only security against wanton abuse of it is found in our representative form of government. Those who are chosen for their special fitness to represent the common interests of all; who must suffer in their own estates the penalty of unwise or extravagant taxation; who are responsible to their constituents for every dereliction of their sacred trust, and whose fair fame is, of course, dearer to them than the possible gains of official corruption—such men will hardly abuse this tremendous power for personal advantage.

This is the theory of our government—that legislators and local officers will be inspired by zeal for the public welfare; and there is here and there an optimist who finds circumstantial evidence of this inspiration in the history of his own time—and party. In theory, as it is stated by eminent authority, "the legislature cannot, in the form of a tax, take the money of the citizens and give it to an individual, the public interest or welfare being in no way connected with the transaction." So, in theory, justices of the peace cannot grant divorces; but a Western justice punctured this theory recently by the remark that he knew better—as he had granted several himself.

This power with which the State is so liberally endowed is by it delegated, in part to the municipal and quasi municipal corporations created for the administration of local government; though in some States the power of such corporations to raise money by general taxation is limited to a certain percentage of the assessed value of property within the district of taxation; but special assessments of property for local public improvements, which may be considered as a form of taxation, may be carried to such extent as may be required by public necessity or the local spirit of enterprise; provided only that the proposed improvement shall be of a public character, and that the cost thereof shall be levied on lands according to the estimated benefit to be conferred, or, in some States, in cases of street improvement, according to frontage on the street. The legal machinery by means of which this power of taxation is exercised, is too complex for description here, even with reference to a single state; but it may be said in general terms that it involves the assessment of values or special benefits, as the case may be, by an officer or board elected for that purpose; and that there is, in most states and cities, great scope for injustice by means of excessive and unequal assessments, as well as by extravagant and unnecessary expenditure of public money.

When the extent of this power is considered, in connection with the opportunities for its abuse by incompetent or corrupt officers, it will be seen that the citizen's right to his "own" property falls somewhat short of absolute dominion.

In addition to this power of taxation, there is inherent in every sovereignty the power to take, damage, or destroy the property of the citizen, in the in-

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terest of the public, by the exercise of that superior right of property known as the Eminent Domain.

This power may be invoked for various objects, as for the construction of railroads, canals, public streets, roads and bridges, parks, water-works, ferries, drains, school-houses, cemeteries, mills —in some states—and other works of public necessity or convenience, upon condition that compensation shall be awarded and paid to the owner. In certain states it is provided by statute that the proper compensation shall be determined by a jury, and paid by the state, or corporation seeking condemnation of property, before taking possession, but this rule is not uniform, or essential to the protection of the citizen. In several states the assessment or award is made by commissioners appointed for the purpose, and payment of compensation is not a condition precedent to taking possession, the owner being remitted to his legal action to enforce payment.

Thus the citizen must consider his property at all times as for sale to the city, if needed for streets or public grounds or buildings; to a railroad company if required for its purposes, or to such other of the several public corporations, permitted by the State to exercise the right of Eminent Domain, as may find it necessary or convenient; and at a price, to be fixed by a jury or commission, which is limited to the actual market value of the property in cash: and in case of the interruption or destruction of his business, he may be awarded compensation for injuries resulting directly from the condemnation, but not for others perhaps quite as real and serious, but not clearly demonstrable under the rules of evidence.

Or, if his property be applied to any use, or occupied in any manner, declared by the legislature or the courts to be prejudicial to the public welfare, the "nuisance" so created may be abated by summary means and without compensation, even though it involve the destruction of buildings or render the property practically worthless by prohibition of the only use to which it is adapted.

This "Police Power" of the State, as it is termed, is one of vast scope, and its limitations may not be readily defined. Indeed, certain recent opinions, emanating from courts of high authority, seem to warrant the definition of this power as the general authority of the legislature to supervise and control all business transacted within the State to such extent as it may deem expedient for the public good.

In the year 1876 this question was presented to the Supreme Court of the United States, in various forms, by a series of appeals from state courts in what are known as the "Granger Cases;" and we have but to examine the opinions filed in those cases, and certain later adjudications by the same court, if we would escape the popular fallacy that a man really owns his own property.

In 1871 the legislature of Illinois defined and classified public warehouses, and fixed a maximum rate to be charged for storage of grain. Certain private citizens of Chicago, who had erected extensive elevator buildings and were engaged as copartners in carrying on the business of receiving and storing grain therein at the time of the enactment in question, failed to take out a license under the new law, or to comply with its provisions relating to rates of storage, and were prosecuted. This case necessarily presented certain questions of great importance touching the right of the individual to the use and control of his own property. It was not the case of a corporation, to which had been given extraordinary powers to equip it for public service, and which was therefore subject to control by the public; nor did it present any of those questions relating to the public health, safety, or morals, which would clearly justify the intervention of the police power of the State. The Supreme Court of Illinois, by a bare majority, held the law to be valid, although it was argued with great force on behalf of the warehousemen that it was unconstitutional, in that it operated to deprive them of their property without due process of law. The Supreme Court of the United States affirmed this decision by a majority opinion in which it is expressly stated that the case has received long and careful consideration "on account of the vast



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importance of the questions involved." In that case the court concluded from the facts of record, that the proprietors of elevators in Chicago enjoyed a "virtual monopoly" of a business which was of general interest and public character, and stated the law as applicable to the case in these words: "Property does become clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it *of public consequence, and affect the community at large.* When, therefore, one devotes his property *to a use in which the public has an interest*, he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good, to the extent of the interest he has thus created."

This language has been severely criticised by lawyers and judges, and by none more severely than by the dissenting members of the Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Field says, in the same case: "If this be sound law, if there be no protection either in the principles upon which our republican government is founded, or in the prohibitions of the Constitution against such invasion of private rights, all property and all business in the State are held at the mercy of a majority of its legislature. The public has no greater interest in the use of buildings for the storage of grain than it has in the use of buildings for the residences of families, nor, indeed, anything like so great an interest; and according to the doctrine announced, the legislature may fix the rent of all tenements used for residences, without reference to the cost of their erection. If the owner does not like the rates prescribed he may cease renting his houses."

In a series of railroad cases decided after the warehouse case, and in which the court held that the legislatures of the several states might regulate the rates to be charged by railroads for transportation of passengers and freight, and that, although the roads were entitled to reasonable compensation, the legislature alone could determine what was "reasonable," Mr. Justice Field, in a dissenting opinion on behalf of himself and Mr. Justice Strong, remarks with reference to the warehouse case, which the court had followed as a precedent, that "that decision, in its wide sweep, practically destroys all the guaranties of the Constitution and of the Common Law invoked by counsel for the protection of the rights of the railroad companies;" and again: "that decision will justify the legislature in fixing the price of all articles and the compensation for all services. It sanctions intermeddling with all business and pursuits and property in the community, leaving the use and enjoyment of property and the compensation for its use to the discretion of the legislature." It may be argued, of course, that the declaration of the court in the warehouse case, so far as it applies to other classes of property than that directly in controversy in that case, may be regarded as a mere *dictum;* but as it is a carefully considered statement of the general principle on which the decision is based, and as the same court has not seen fit to modify it materially in any of the later cases in which it has been discussed and criticised, it must be taken as the deliberate exposition, by our highest tribunal, of the relative rights of the public and the individual citizen to that which the latter is accustomed to call his own property.

If it be the law of the land that the citizen who "devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest," or enjoys a "virtual monopoly," must submit to be controlled by the public to the extent of its interest therein, and if even his right to a reasonable compensation for the use of his property or his services in connection therewith means nothing more than the right to receive whatever the legislature shall arbitrarily declare to be a reasonable compensation, it is but a step—if at all—further to the doctrine that the public may also determine for itself, and finally, when property is "used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large," or in other words, when it, the public, "has an interest" therein; and then it may be said, in general terms, that a man's right to his property depends upon the will of the legislative majority. When we consider the infinite subdivision of labor, the interdependence of trades, profes-

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sions, and all the business classes, and the complicated and delicately adjusted mechanism of that great modern engine called Commerce, it is really not easy to say what legitimate, well managed, and successful business may not be considered to be of "public consequence," or to "affect the community at large," and therefore to be subject to public control.

It is possible, of course, that the Supreme Court has gone no further than would be consistent with a proper theory of society, based upon modern conditions. On that question I shall venture no opinion. But tested by the principles and precedents by which it professes to be guided, its language in this case seems to be singularly inaccurate—a fault not often to be found in its opinions—and must inevitably tend to encourage usurpation by legislative majorities. There is indeed some indication of late that the court perceives this, and is disposed to qualify its former doctrine. In a recent case, decided in March, 1890, a statute of Minnesota, enacted in 1887, creating a railroad and warehouse commission, and providing that all charges for transportation "shall be equal and reasonable," and empowering the commission to compel a carrier to adopt such rates as the commission "shall declare to be equal and reasonable," without providing for any hearing before the commission, was held to be unconstitutional, as depriving carriers of their property without due process of law. The question of the reasonableness of the rate charged is said by the court to be "eminently a question for judicial investigation, requiring due process of law for its determination." This is clearly a modification of the doctrine laid down in the warehouse case and the "Granger cases" already referred to—so clearly that Mr. Justice Bradley, in a dissenting opinion, declares that it "practically overrules" those cases, in which, he says, the governing principle was that the regulation of such rates, and the determination of their reasonableness, is strictly a legislative prerogative, and not a judicial one. In this case, moreover, the court appears to modify somewhat its former views as to what constitutes the "property" of the citizen and the "deprivation" which is prohibited by the Constitution except upon compensation and by due process of law; but it has not greatly changed its doctrine concerning the "Police Power" of the State. It leaves wide open still the question as to what business may be subject to public control because of general interest to the community. Indeed, in a still later case, now popularly known as the "Original Package case," three of the Associate Justices unite in declaring that "the Police Power includes all measures for the protection of the life, the health, the property, and *the welfare* of the inhabitants, and for the promotion of good order and the public morals."

Giving full force to the very comprehensive terms used by the Supreme Court, it would be safe to say that the property of the citizen is subject to such control by the public as the latter may be interested to exercise, but hazardous to attempt to define the classes of private property which are or may be clothed with such a public interest as to justify interference by the government. But for the fact that the Supreme Court must be presumed to understand the language of the country, in both its technical and ordinary acceptation, one might guess with some reason that it had been careless in stating the doctrine in question, and that its opinion in the warehouse case ought not to be taken as a precedent, except in cases where property is devoted to a public service. Within this limitation the doctrine has since been extended to "grist" mills and water-works. In the "Civil Rights cases" it was said by Mr. Justice Harlan to be applicable to places of public amusement, since they are used in a manner to make them of public consequence and affect the community at large; but I am not advised of any case in which it has been applied to clergymen, undertakers, or certain others whose services affect the community.

As to corporate property, courts and legislatures have left small room for discussion. If any stockholder needs to be further admonished of the fact that corporations are but creatures of the people, let him await the next judicial utterance on the subject. It will not be

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long delayed; for just now the excellent doctrine of corporate subjection is in the prime of life and asserts itself with frequency and vigor. The president of a well-known railway company recently published an article advocating the purchase and operation of railroads by the government. It was regarded by many as a grim jest; but inasmuch as the government has already assumed so largely the control of their operation, the proposition of the stockholders, that the public should assume also the risk and expense of operating them, is not so obvious a joke as to pass without challenge. It should be observed, however, that the inconsistencies and excesses of the public, in its treatment of this subject, do not necessarily condemn the whole procedure. The old doctrine of the vested rights and sacred charters of corporations was founded on error, and came to be recognized as dangerous to interests far more important than the gains of stockholders. It was time for government to realize that it had no right to abdicate its trust—that it had no power to grant irrevocable privileges, as against the general welfare of the people. At present this newly awakened solicitude for the public weal seems likely to carry us beyond the bounds of temperate action; but it cannot be that we, as a people, shall long ignore the folly of discouraging enterprise, and intimidating capital, by petty restrictions and unjust discriminations. We shall soon cease to regard corporations as the natural foes of good government. We may even come to regard the prevailing hostility to these agents of government as an oblique menace to the State itself—especially when expressed by combinations formed and maintained at the expense of the public.

At the time when these words are written, the operations of a great Western railway are suspended because of a "strike;" and this concerted action of an army of employees is based upon the refusal of the railway company to dismiss an efficient but unpopular superintendent. The public, which has been so eager to curb the rights of stockholders, who draw dividends from the business conducted on their capital, is indifferent to the action of these employees who draw wages for their labor in the same business. If the corporation is held to strict performance of its duty as a public servant, should not its agents, who live upon its business, be held to some account—at least for combinations made to obstruct a public service as a means to satisfy the personal grudge of a few individuals?

There remains but one other right of the citizen, concerning his own property, to be considered. He is permitted to give it away, under certain restrictions. During his lifetime he may bestow it *gratis*, except that he may not thereby impair the rights of his wife or creditors, or divest it of the burden imposed by the public; and dying, he may dispose of it by will, subject to similar charges, and, in some states, certain statutory rights of children, and succession taxes. Observing these proper conditions, the citizen may give away his property *ad libitum;* and it has long been a matter of surprise and regret—at least to the impecunious philosopher—that so few avail themselves of this privilege during their lifetime. The records of our courts teem with cases in which the intentions of testators have been defeated by legal technicalities invoked by greedy heirs; and it would seem that this constantly recurring spectacle ought to deter men from confiding their property exclusively to courts for distribution.

One may excuse the merchant who accumulates to gratify a commercial ambition, and uses his millions as fuel for legitimate enterprise, or the man of any class who seeks to assure the comfort of those dependent upon him; but for those men—not a few—who by inheritance or otherwise have acquired wealth far in excess of their proper need or the need of those to whom they owe the debts of kinship, and cling to it for the mere satisfaction of seeing it increase and feeling the sense of ownership, there ought to be no forgiveness on earth. At such men is aimed the last suggestion of this paper—that the right, with reference to his own property, in which the citizen is least restrained, is the right to give it away; and that this right is of all the most precious, to him who sees the just relation of property to human happiness.

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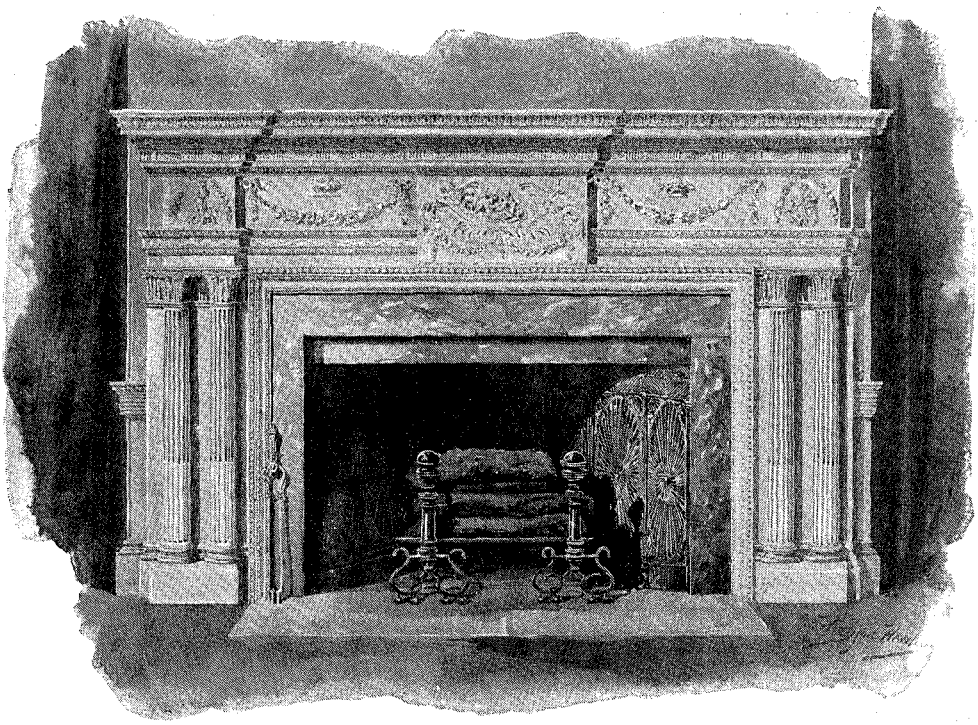

Mantel in the Wister House, Germantown, Pa.

# THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

*By Donald G. Mitchell.*

FIRST of all, in broaching the topic assigned me, I must venture upon a little preliminary talk about what is really meant by the term Country House. There are those in these times who would persuade us that all country houses—as implying country homes—are going clean out of date. It was only a few weeks back that I fell upon the reading of a three-column article in a great metropolitan journal, which set forth the notion that no sensible, well-cultured person ought in future to entertain any purpose of living in the country, or of going there in any domiciliary way, except for a brief outing in the heats of summer; and this "able" writer blew such a cloud of logical dust in one's eyes as caused the trees and the fields to take on a blurred look, and made an old-fashioned man's love for them seem quite disreputable.

Nevertheless, I count it not altogether presumptuous to suppose, and even confidently to believe, that people of considerable parts will continue to establish themselves and their homes in the country, and to wrestle with its disadvantages, through longer or shorter series of years.

It is not of those suburban dwellers that I speak now, who come to the country for their sleepings and their Sundays, but whose interests and engagements hold all their energies to task-work between the walls of city houses. I can understand how these people, who are shot in grooves back and forth between their city working-places and those outside harbors where they anchor at nightfall, should equip these harbors of refuge with a great many of the coquetries of architecture, and lavish upon them much goodly spoil of horticulture; but it is not of these suburban rests (I had almost said roosts) that I am



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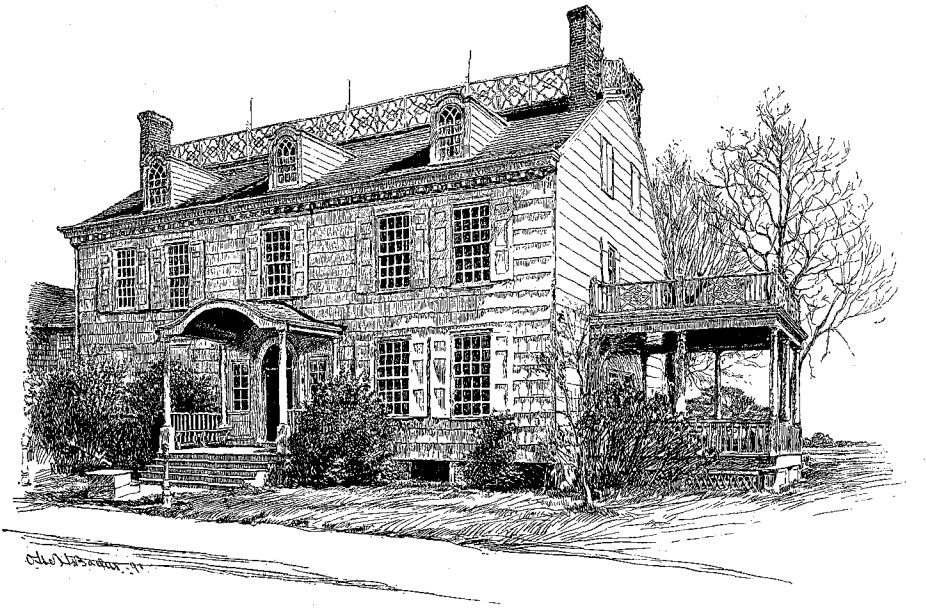
to speak, but rather of those houses, inland, which make more determinate homes, and which involve an acquaint-



Rock Hall, near Rockaway, Long Island.

ance with the summer noonings as well as the summer nights.

Again, it is needful to exclude from present discussion those architectural retreats of the mountains, or by the shore, which are only known to the holders, and only enjoyed during August and September heats; and so — whatever dances may enliven them, or whatever dinners or guests make them gay—never get the qualities of a country family homestead.

I know very many of these summering places are, in these latter years, specially taking on an importance and a fulness of equipment that may even match the city homes of their owners; but if they get every autumn a double fastening of the cupboards, and a padlocking of the gates, and such dispersion of all servitors as forbids any blue pennon drifting from the chimney-tops in winter, and any welcoming bound of the house-dog (if the owner pays visit), they belong only to that category of half-homes with which we are not now concerned. Among the qualities which mark and differentiate the country house and home, as we understand it, may be counted this ever-ready openness—fires that do not go out, portraits of our grandfathers and mothers (if we have them) upon the wall, and gardens that get their belaboring with the spade as surely as every spring comes. A man may indeed divide his honors, if he have enough, and, like Queen Victoria, equip one home with Tudor ancestors, and sanctify another with the Hanoverian portraits; but barred gates and a summer rioting of weeds on house-paths make a desertion in which a sturdy home sentiment, that ought to lurk in all country houses, cannot grow.

Again, it does not appear to me that the good countryish qualities of house and home are to be measured exactly by distance from cities. Garden sanctities and charms may thrive in the very shadow of town steeples; and I can imagine that the wiser ones of the Fox family took infinite satisfaction in the pretty bosky covers of Holland House long after the tide of London brick and mortar flowed clamorously around its garden walls. Many of the most engaging types of our American country houses were planted on roads that became the streets of bustling towns or of

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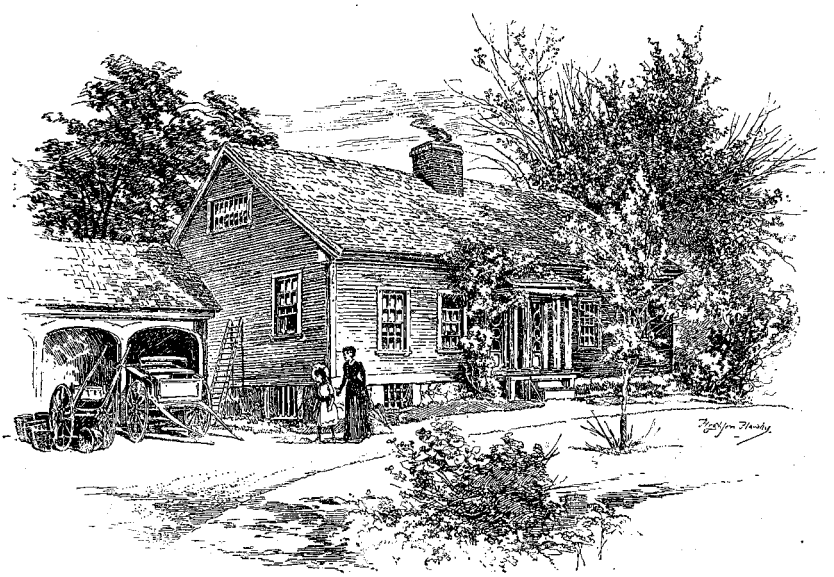
cities. I recall in this connection that old Longworth homestead which for so many years held its dignified rural quietudes of trees and garden in the midst of the noisy growth of Cincinnati ; again, there is the John Bartram house, on the Schuylkill, retaining its country charms of vines and flowers — its birds even — long after city sounds had drowned their songs. I recall also many a quiet old town along the shores of Long Island Sound, or of the Connecticut River, where broad-faced trim houses of a colonial type, with airy halls and balustrades upon their roofs, are still full of a rural invitingness which is made good by their great gardens in the rear, and by their alleys of boxwood in the front. The interjection on the village street of butcher shops and of telegraph offices does not kill the high country qualities of such homes.

Having thus by this prefatory process of exclusion put out of present range the watering-place houses and those suburban retreats from which occupants change from year to year, we narrow our outlook to those houses, of large or small importance, which make permanent homes, and rally best one's rural instincts. There was no lack of these in our early times. Satan had not set up his alluring city sign-boards so thickly in those days. There are lingerers from that old date to be seen everywhere in our Eastern and Middle States. Who does not know those little, one-story, unpainted, cube-shaped, wooden houses scattered all along New England shores, from Marblehead to Guilford, on sandy knolls, on the flank of hills — any site was good, if a woodchuck could dig his hole there without being drowned out in storms ; the big stone chimney in the middle, cumbrous and mighty with its crude masonry, gave space abreast of it for front "entry" way ; on one side a bedroom, on the other the "keeping" room, with a musty smell about it ; and behind the chimney the great common room, kitchen, what-not, with its pantry at one end, and possible cramped stair to a loft under the "half-pitch" roof where a helper in harvesting, and —by proper partitioning—girls in their teens, might get a "shake-down" of straw mattress.

There are lordly men in our history, growing in honors year by year, who have had their rearing in such quarters. The shape was sensible, because it was of the simplest, and met all the necessities of the case (can there be a better rule in any architecture ?). The cover-



Example of Old House in Interior of Connecticut.

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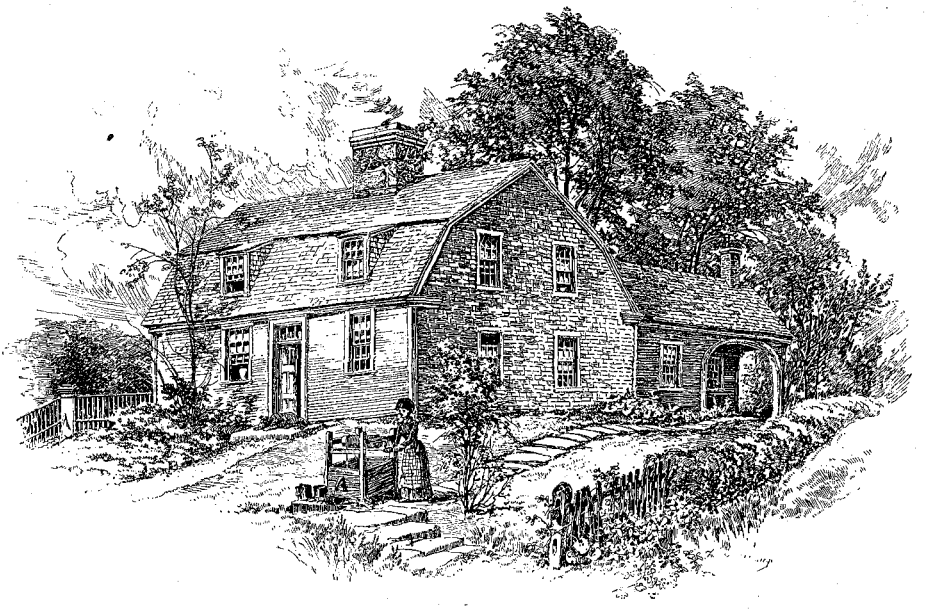
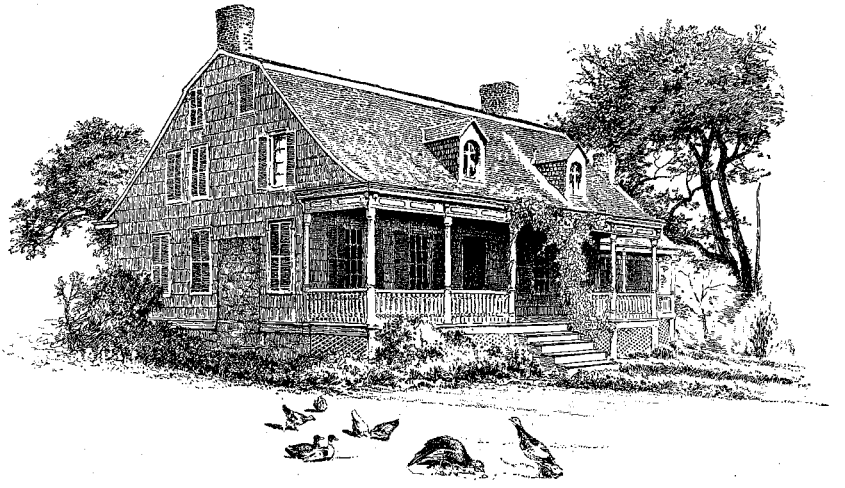


Rhode Island and Connecticut Shore House.

ing was of riven shingles, which in the progress of years and storms gave us that delightful tint of weather-worn wood, which the painters cannot match, nor, I am afraid, the engravers.

Following upon the simplest type came the lift of the roof into that gambrel shape [above] which was token of more room and consequence, and which—so far as my observation has reached—seems to have developed specially on the immediate seaboard; perhaps because its lines were more ship-shape and gave to the roof a faint semblance to a vessel's bottom. A Dutch modification of this form [below] is to be found on Long Island and in New Jersey; while a modernization of the same—with fantastic array of bowlder work—is to be seen in the "Falmouth" cottage [p. 317]. To the original type there came in the early days a jutting out rearward of pantries, milk-rooms, summer-kitchens, spare bedrooms, which involved a stretch



Specimen of Early Dutch Architecture, Long Island, N. Y.

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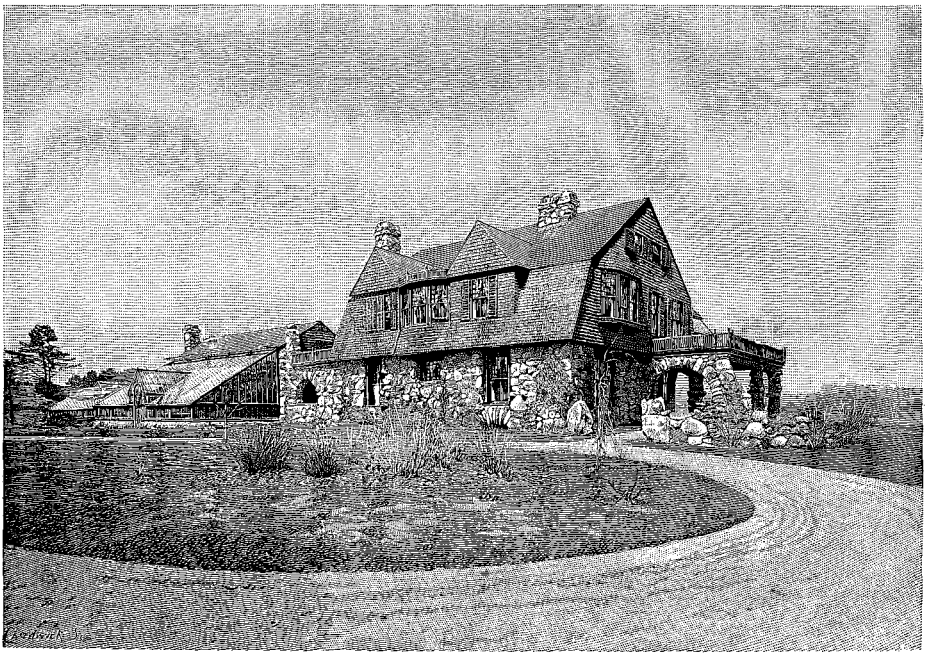
of roof: and of this stretch of roof was very likely legitimately begotten that form of homestead so well known along all the older-settled portions of the valley of the Connecticut, with long sloping roof in the rear, and narrower roof covering the two stories in the front. [p. 318]. And this was eminently a common-sense type of house, giving recognition to the fact, that though a man might need two stories in front, a single one would serve him in the rear, demonstrating also the fact that uniformity of roof and of roof-pitch on both sides were not essential to good effect. Indeed this association of long roof slope and other forms is showing itself with great piquancy in many modern country houses.



Residence of Joseph Hopkins Smith, Falmouth, Me.
(John Calvin Stevens, Architect.)

As for interior arrangements, there was here a great central stack of chimneys, showing good gray gneiss or sandstone at the tops; the stairs zigzagged up abreast of it before the front door, giving space for a table or a cupboard under them; right and left two front rooms—the southerly one having, most times, door opening upon yard or garden—and in the rear the great kitchen, possibly flanked by back-stairs opening on the wainscot, and certainly with a great wealth of closets. Nay, there was hardly one of them, of whatever proportions, but came ultimately to have its extension hipped upon the northern angle, for further exploitation of the home laboratory—for milk, wood, shelter over the well, and for making grateful lee at the back entrance against fierce "Northers." And there was a delightful honesty in this architectural confession of small home wants not to be found in many modern houses. In our electric age there is disposition to ignore such needs and to do away with "backdoors;" hence comes that over-nicety in country-house surroundings, amid which a visitor must look long and drearily for a place where he can knock the ashes from his pipe.

Thereafter came swiftly, abundant modifications of this form: an overjutting of second story, and again of the loft floor, with supporting beams, making crude machicolations, types of which abound in the Farmington (Conn.) Val-

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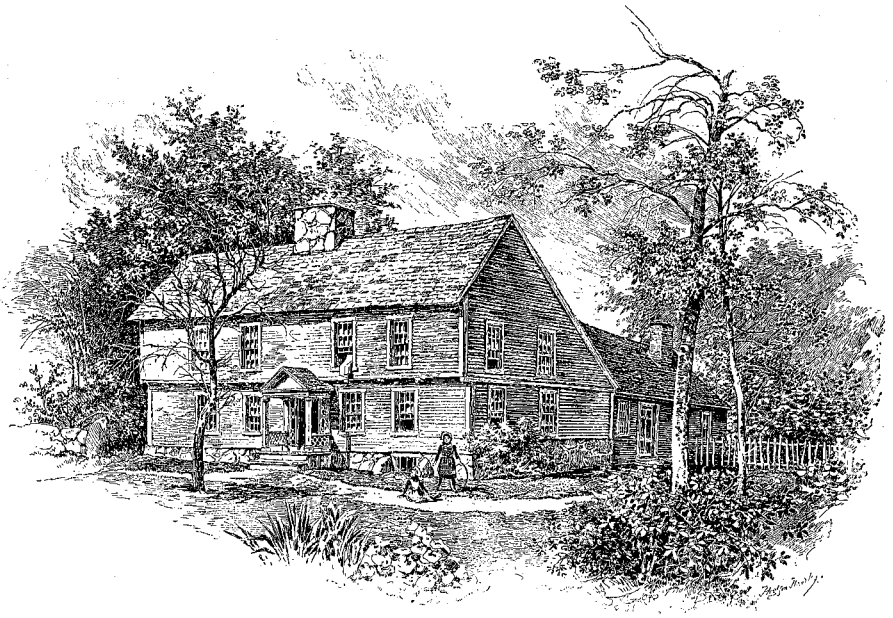
ley. The Avery house [p. 320], built in 1656, a few miles eastward of New London, and still stanch in its timbers, is notable for its quaintness and for having sheltered eight successive generations of the same family. Some thirty years after its erection the proprietor bought a condemned church in a near town and spliced it upon his homestead; and there, in Revolutionary times, when the Avery head of the house had become an urgent "Separatist," public psalm-singing and preaching were heard again. Another curious agglomeration of house roofs, and addenda of even date, but of more importance, is that of the famous Wentworth mansion at Little Harbor. The old "Fairbanks" homestead at Dedham [p. 321] may be named in this connection.



Characteristic New England House, especially in towns along the Connecticut River.

When the central stack of chimneys was divided—increased size of fortune or family demanding more fires—there came about the long central hall dividing the house, through which in August came that refreshing play of the winds which so many old people remember with joy. Many early houses with two gaunt gray chimneys show stair-ways cloven into the side walls of the hall, and closed in by doors; then came the open balusters and the half climb to a great landing, set off with round-topped window at the end of the hall; and as this hall gained in width and importance, heavy wooden cornices adorned it, a great archway divided it, oaken panel-work grew upon the side-walls, and a great flood of light from the big window on the landing showed marvellous landscapes from the Dutch paper-hangers between the wainscot and cornice. Or maybe there was some quiet monotone of color upon the walls, on which hung family portraits by Copley, or Smybert, or the Earles, with a tall clock ticking on the stair-landing or within the archway: very cold straits of passage in winter these great halls made between the blazing firesides in the rooms flanking them, till Nott's stoves and the cellar furnaces came in; but in summer what delightful affluence of breezes, with their flavors of lilies or of locust bloom!

To this fashion of houses belong those so-called colonial mansions which give dignity to so many outlying towns around Massachusetts Bay; great pilasters, may be, at their angles, and marking the interior partitions; *frontons* of clas-

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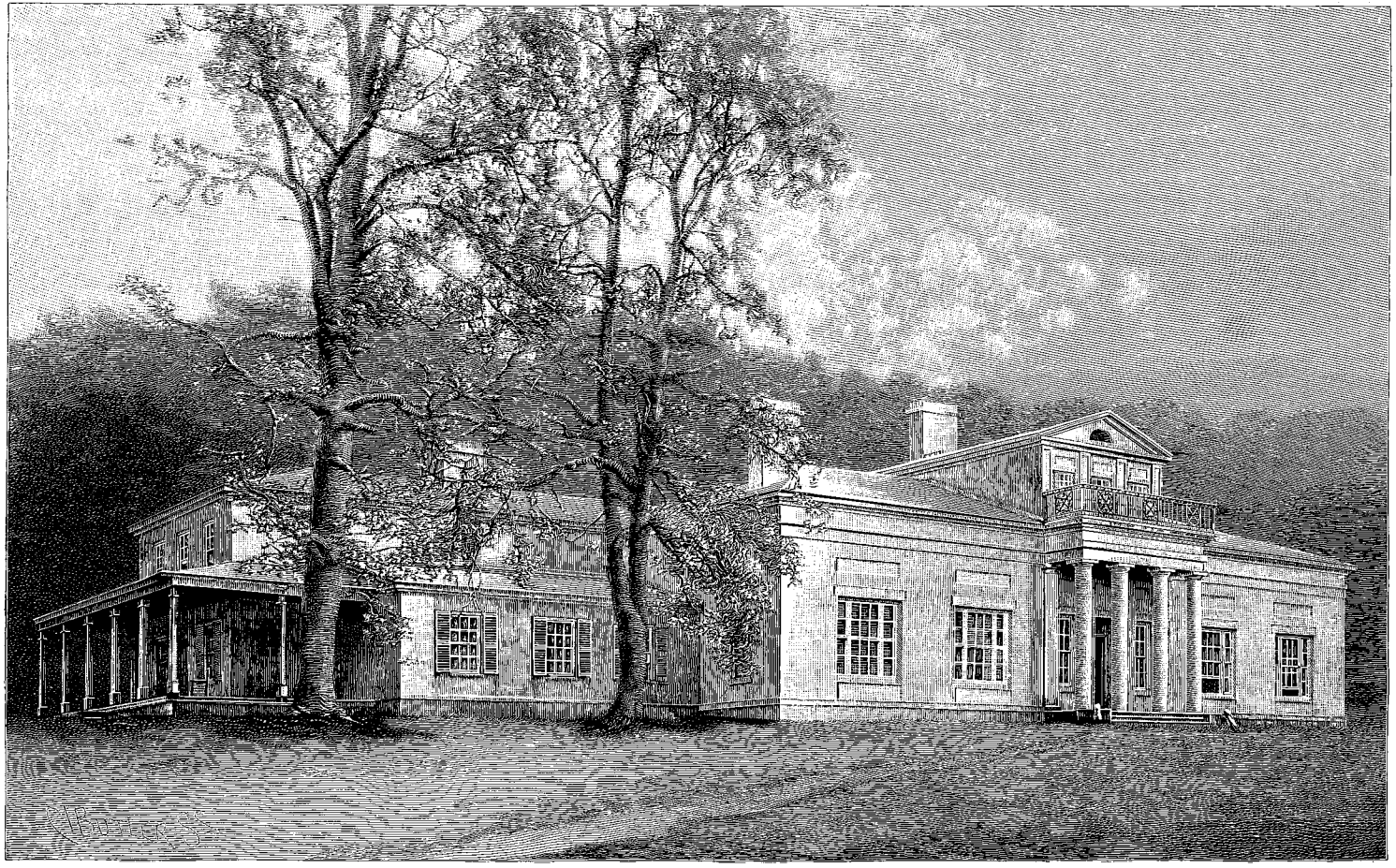

Hyde Hall, Cooperstown, N. Y.

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sic treatment, with central ornamented window; balustrades; perhaps some lifted room at the apex of the hipped roof (as in the Fisher house of Dorchester or the Hazard house of Newport [p. 322]; possibly a labored cutting of the wooden angles into the semblance of stone quoins (as in the Deming House, of Colchester). A great many of these features were repeated in country houses that grew up along the heights of New York Island—among them the Apthorp mansion, now made dreary by neglect. Of a less imposing house in the same region, I come upon this pleasant mention in an old letter * of the time, from Mrs. Thomson, wife of the Secretary of Congress (1786). She is commending a rich widow, with £10,000 in her own right, to a gentleman friend in Philadelphia. She says: "Her house is pleasantly situated; the front has a view of the North River, and from the back you can see the East River. The house is one story high, with attick chambers; there is a Piazza all round the dwelling; the widow is chearful and comely—inclines to be Plump."

Old House of Peter Avery, Pequonnoc, Conn., built in 1656.

Farther up the Hudson (Yonkers) was that interesting Phillipse manor-house, now—if standing at all—given over to civic uses; again, and specially noticeable as exhibiting the classic architectural fervors of the latter half of the last century was the Montgomery Place, at Barrytown, still maintaining its dignities amid its encompassing wood. The well-known Patroon house, of Albany (of latter part of seventeenth century), was less classic, but palatial in extent, and understood to repeat the features of the Dutch homestead of the Van Rensselaers in Holland. Along that valley of the Mohawk—where the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE have of late pleasantly followed Mr. Frederic's war-tale—are still standing many notable country houses of the last century; among them, the home of Sir William Johnson [p. 325] (near to Johnstown), with central round-topped window setting off its upper story, hipped roof, and its two flanking buildings,

* Brought to light in that agreeable reservoir of colonial data, the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*.

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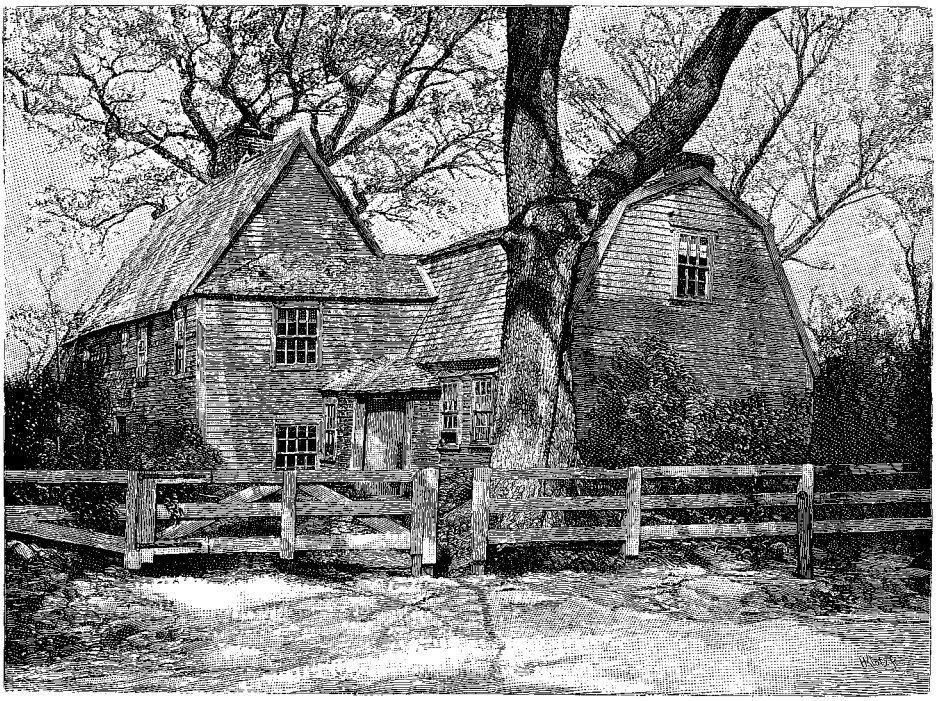
standing apart for offices and bachelor quarters; the old Herkimer house, where the hero of Oriskany died, is yet inhabited; and another noble homestead, simple, grand, and stately (built by Jan Linklaen, in the last century), maintains its dignity and its air of high hospitalities amid the leafy charms of Cazenovia [p. 323].

Farther westward, in the valley of the Genesee, widely known for its beauty and its fertilities, there came as settler, in the closing years of the last century, a Connecticut man (from Durham), who had a keen eye for good land and for good landscape, and who before his death (1844) made the Wadsworth estate known for its great reach, and its abounding productiveness; and made himself known by quiet and large philanthropies. The homestead that grew up there under the fostering care of a son — who found an honored death at the head of his brigade in the battle of the Wilderness — is more essentially a country home than the others we have brought to view [pp. 328–9]. It is situated upon a slope of those gently rising, broad-surfaced hills from which there is wide valley outlook over groups of forest trees and fertile meadows. It is not specially noticeable for its architectural lines, except that a great profusion of them, in shape of oriels, gables, porches, chimneys, give promise of comfort; the stretch of fields and of trees make the divorce from city and suburban things complete. Even a meeting of the hounds there does not tempt the derisive smile which is provoked by the artificialities of a "hunt" at Newport.

Reverting again to earlier phases of American country life, I am tempted to speak of that great estate which, in pre-Revolutionary days, William Alexander — known as Lord Stirling — equipped, at prodigious cost, near to Basking Ridge, in New Jersey. There was a huge mansion, with imposing drawing-room and banqueting-hall, with stuccoed ceiling; a long array of offices, with coach-houses, bake-houses, brew-houses; all these skirting a paved quadrangle, and showing gilded vanes disporting over the



Fairbanks House at Dedham, Mass., built in 1636.

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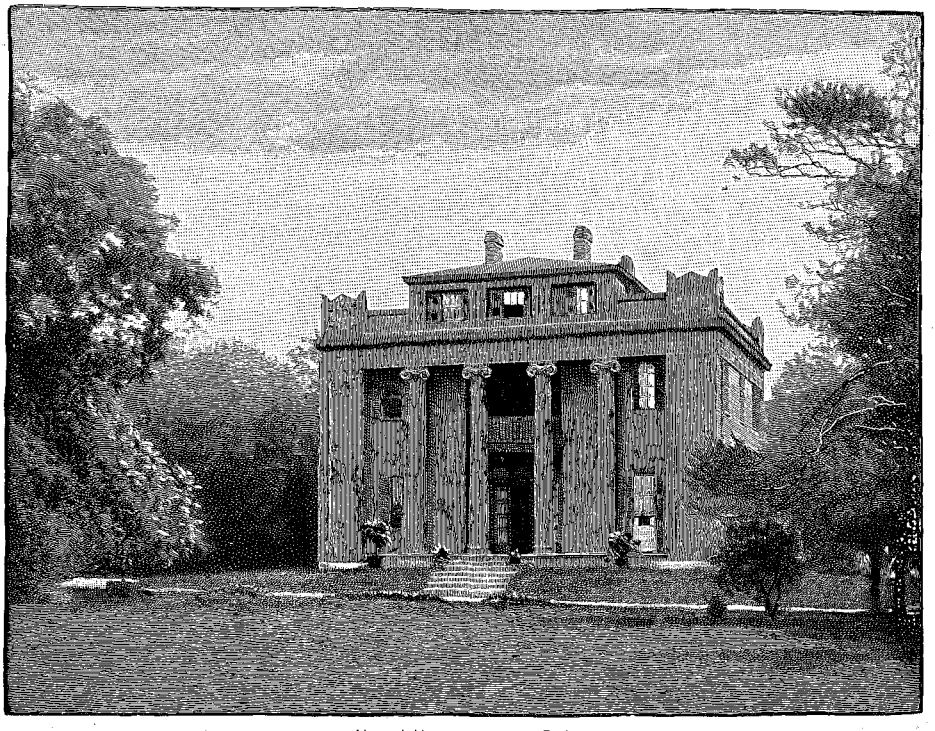
cupolas. Judge Jones, the loyalist and historian (who had himself a great country house near South Bay, L. I., still held by the Floyd-Joneses), says that Stirling "cut a splendid figure, having brought with him from England horses, carriages, a coachman, valet, butler, cook, steward, hairdresser, and a mistress." This Lord Stirling, however, is said that the beautiful Miss Bingham lost her heart — carrying therewith a great slice of her father's landed estate —to Lord Ashburton. The ground-plan shows lack of all lesser offices, which were established in octagonal buildings flanking the main house, but slightly in the rear, and connected with it, originally, by corridors [p. 324]. Magnificent



Hazard House, Newport, R. I.

fought bravely on the patriot side, and held Washington's esteem ; but the war, his absence, and lack of trading shrewdness, brought his fortune to wreck, and before the end of the century the Basking Ridge establishment was in ruins. All the aspects of this, in its palmy days, and its management, must have been rather foreign than American. The same is also true of the country estate near Bordentown, one while occupied and improved by Joseph Bonaparte.

Another New Jersey country establishment of a more strictly American type, and still showing its hugely timbered barns of American pattern, is the so-called Bingham House in Oceanic. At a dance in its great banqueting-hall it trees still belong to the site, and a great lawn (cut athwart by a *ha-ha*, beyond which cattle feed) sweeps from its front to a shore where some leafless remnants of old forest bear up ospreys' nests, and the ocean beats and thunders.

The great simplicity of the ground floor, with no kitchen involvements, was characteristic of most Southern country homes, to which dinners came in steaming from without. The Stratford (Lee) house [p. 326], with its low roofs and curiously grouped chimneys, is an example of this, dating from about the middle of the last century. Another notable Virginia house, Mount Vernon, all the world knows of ; and the tall, massive colonnade supporting the extension of its long roof

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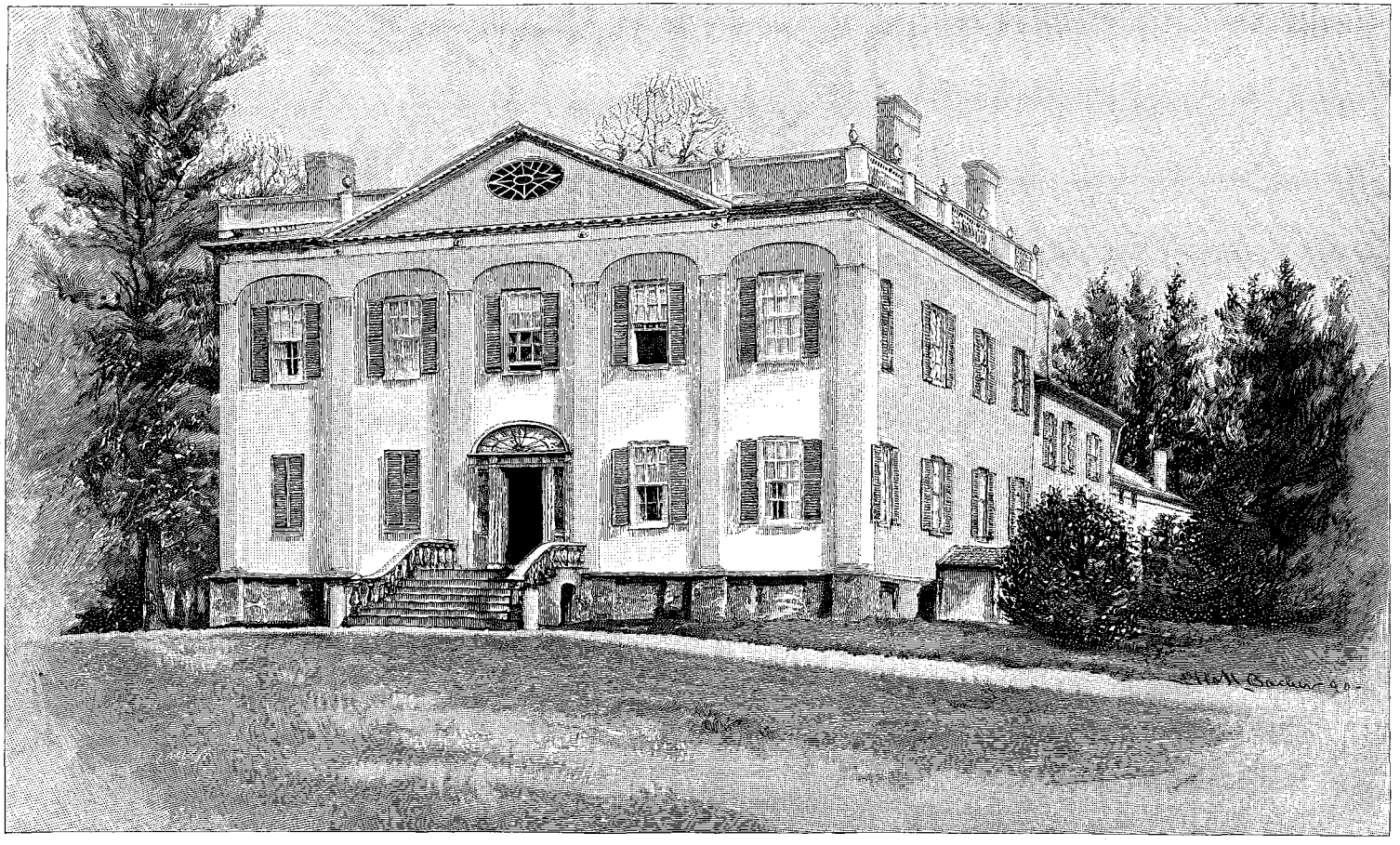

Linklaen House (eighteenth century), Cazenovia, N Y.
(Built by Jan Linklaen, agent of the Dutch Government.)

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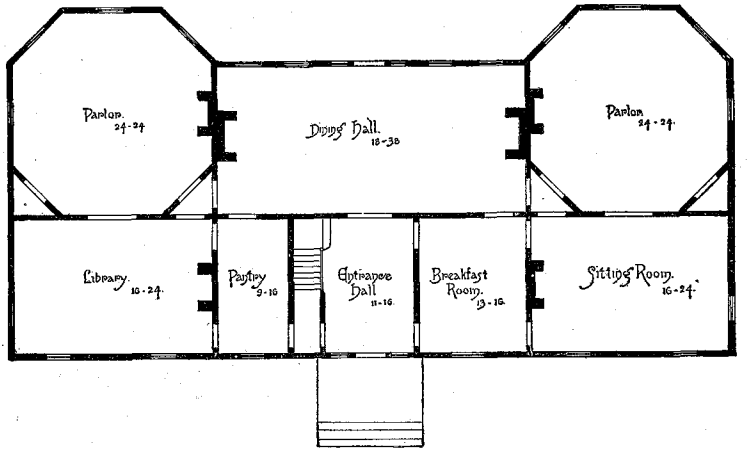
had its *replicas* in climates not so well suited to such defence against the sunbeams. Thus General Huntington—Washington's Collector of Customs in New London—built there a commodious house, upon a gentle height, then outside the town, with massive brick columns of quaint form supporting the overreach of roof upon three sides. It has been well preserved, save that within a few years a bay window and an oriel of modern demonstrative carpentry has been thrust across the Mount Vernon extension of roof, showing how bumptious common-sensical notions about light and air will cut clean through and destroy the charms of traditionary form.

Early country houses in lower Virginia, between the York and James Rivers, were built more after accredited English forms, and the materials for them were largely imported. The same is true of early houses in South Carolina; and there are roof-tiles covering outbuildings and stables in Charleston, still in good condition, which were brought, more than a century ago, from Holland. So were the bricks and Portland stone which went to the making of the Alston house (known for its vaulted drawing-room), and to the walls that hemmed in the great garden where it was planted. The material in Drayton Hall, built in the middle of the last century (1747), and almost the only important homestead along the Ashley River which escaped the scathing times of the war, is also of British origin. It is without cellar, and for sanitary reasons—like most country houses in the lower Carolinas—is lifted high above the ground, and amid a lusty overgrowth of vines and shrubs shows a dignified front and a hospitable amplitude.

The inland "up-country" homesteads—even of those who planted largely—were generally of much more modest pretentions, the original and humblest type being the log-house—perhaps doubled, with an airy, roofed corridor between the couple. The coupling might run to three or four; and these, when built with care, and weather-boarded and painted—with roofs stretching over into long verandas—with a near white-washed group of servants' quarters, and here and there a guest's cottage, or that of the doctor or of the chaplain, upon a neighboring wooded knoll—were not without their invitingness and importance. Instances of extraordinary expenditure upon some of the upland places were not unknown. Thus the late Governor Manning built, and equipped luxuriously, a great establishment, "Milford," in central South Carolina. It was a grand surprise for a visitor — after toiling through silent stretches of pine woods—to come upon a great *fronton* of imposing Greek columns, ponderous doors of rosewood, lofty frescoed ceilings, silken bell-pulls, and Parisian *bric-a-brac*. Yet the dreaded "country fever" compelled the abandonment of all this, by both master and guest, so soon as the May sun smote hotly the spongy surface of the near cypress swamps.



Plan of Bingham House at Oceanic, N. J., owned by Dr. Ehrick Parmly.

Country houses in the Southwest, upon the river banks above New Orleans, formed a type of their own—great ve-

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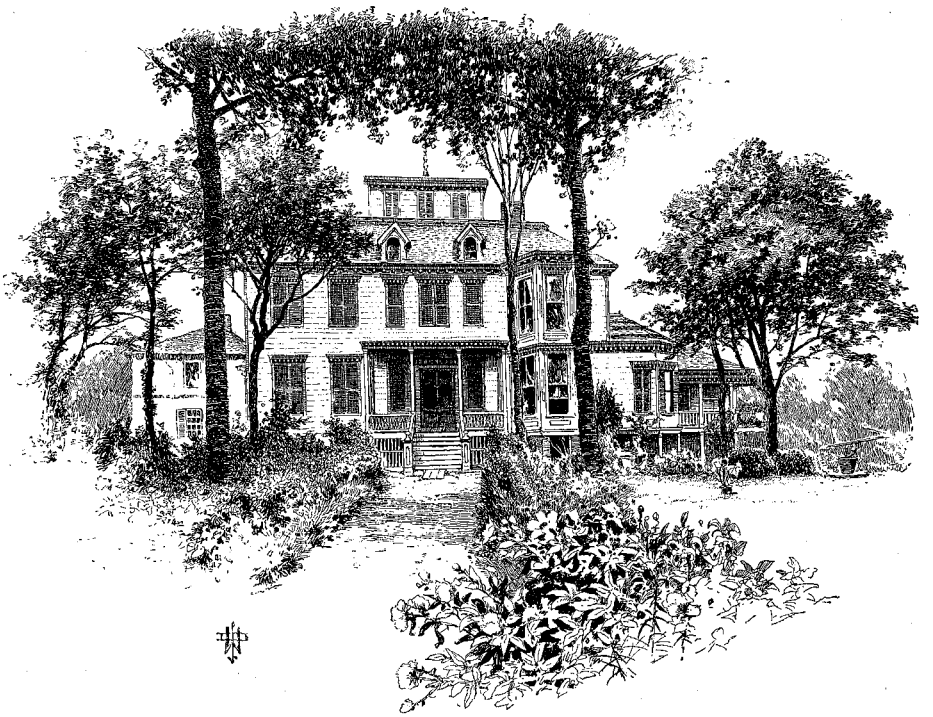

Johnson Hall, Johnstown, N. Y., built in 1764 by Sir William Johnson.

randas with blooming things scrambling over them making part; so did the magnolias and pecan-trees. There was a large grouping of outside offices—sometimes also of school and chapel, in connection with neatly organized quarters—which together made a little hamlet.

The English quadrangle system of country-house establishments never came to great vogue in America. It belonged to a mediævalism that has left its musty odors only about some of our educational buildings. Even the "walling in" cumbrously of courts or gardens is rarely seen. Our hot suns of summer do not favor the use of such protection; wall-fruit is not the success here that it is in England; even in the case of open espaliers (always associated with old British country houses) there is need for keeping a leafier growth than is admissible under the leaden skies of the Old Country.

There must be opportunity for some quite new and rare development of rural buildings under the conditions belonging to life on the great ranches of Colorado and California. The family of the red-woods furnishes rare material, if the old adobe be not brought to noble uses; and no setting for whatever roofs, cupolas, cattle-pens, barracks, olive-presses, can be imagined finer than the snow-tipped mountains of Colorado, or the verdurous ones of southern California.

The question of site for a country home, is an important one, East or West; and involves other and quite different conditions from those to be considered on a suburban street. The vagaries of our climate within the last half dozen years have somewhat disturbed the old notions about shelter from northwesters; but I think there will be general agreement that the flank of a hill is better for site than the extreme summit; and the opinion is well supported that a southwestern exposure (and slope for ground) is, of all, the best, and cheeriest, and kindliest, whether for house or gardens. The perfect drainage which every wise man will seek for in a country house, is, of course, more easily secured by elevated site; and the old closed cesspool is giving way to one

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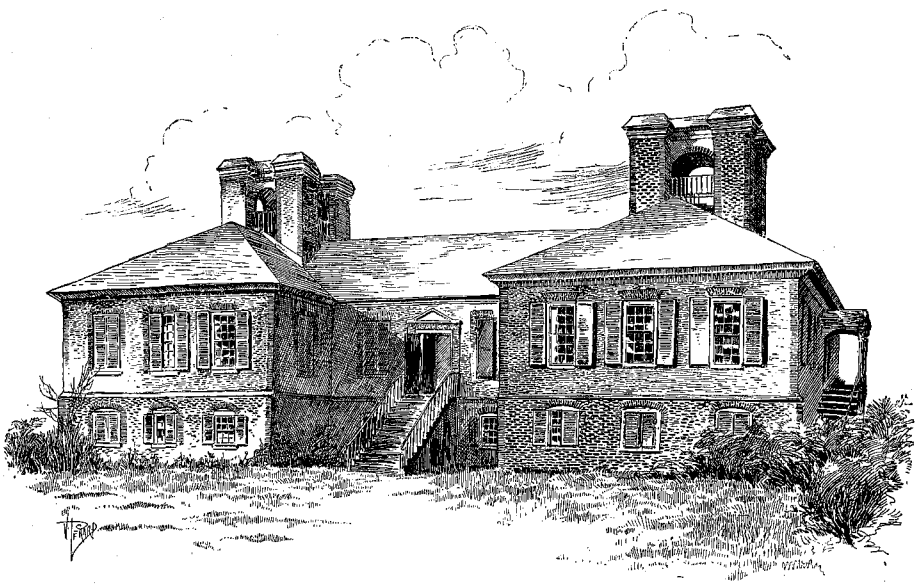
which shall serve as the distributing reservoir for a system of subsurface tiling. The distribution may be secured at short periods by the action of a siphon, or by flushing the reservoir from the rain conduits.

Of the material for the construction of a country house there are divers opinions and practices; but there is a growing (and wise) disposition to use homely material, nearest at hand, if sound and effective. The old bugbear that stones made a damp house is disproved by those who build, with such "furring off" of inner walls as insures dryness as well as warmth in winter, and best protection of all against fierce sunbeats. If house walls are not wholly of stone, multitudes show that bold use of it in the ground-story which has gone perhaps to make it too popular; by this I mean that its opportunities tempt finical littlenesses of treatment. I have seen this effect by use of oversmall stones, perhaps, of regularly recurring sizes, nestled together like child's work; and again by undue care to give all stones the same form, or same lack of form; both these methods being bad, and defeating that sensible purpose—simple as it is sensible—to make a stanch wall, wholly sufficient, and without those affectations of *petit maitre*-ism, in quality or tone, which defeat every aim of honesty and all heroic simplicities. An exaggerated rudeness—specially in use of rude material — is as bad as an exaggerated finesse; and is it not an overstrain of plain bowlder work to lay it up in columns with Pelasgic hugeness for the support of a veranda, or mere umbrage roof of whatever sort?

Not least among the advantages of this use of stone for the ground story is its invitingness for vine growth. I know there are some sticklers for the old notion that such growth promotes dampness; but the shelter of the leaves, and the evaporation from them of such moisture as the little rootlets have taken up



Stratford House, Westmoreland County, Va.

(Built in the eighteenth century, of brick sent over from England, for Colonel Thomas Lee, great-grandfather of General Robert E. Lee. This house is the birthplace of General Lee.)

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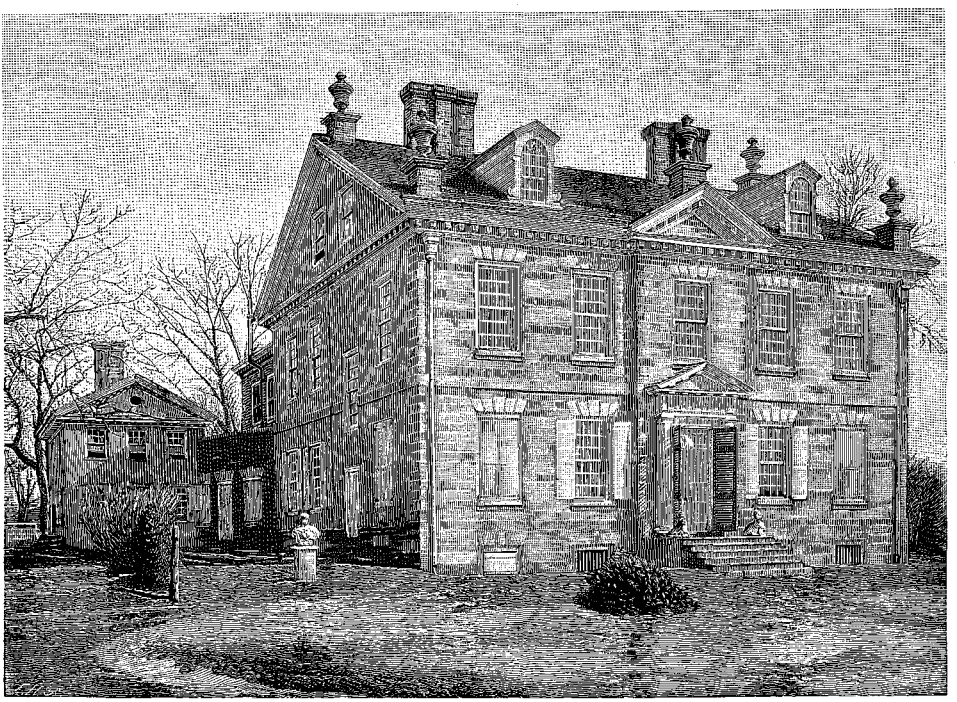
from the stone and mortar go far to disprove the old belief, if long and actual test had not shown contrary result.



Chew House, Germantown, Pa.

Shingles have been latterly put to greatly increased uses in covering walls as well as roofs of country houses, and with the variety of good stains now available have excellent effect; but it is a questionable, and, architecturally, indefensible use which puts them to the cover of supporting columns to a porch, or to the dressing of an arch in carpentry. Among the stains that have come into use appears a very clever counterfeit (as respects color) of those delicate gray-green lichens which age puts upon many old houses; but shall an honest country home carry even so pretty a falsehood as this upon its roof?

Of course the selection of material for country building will be largely governed by the general outline and style; those imposing, dignified, half classic, colonial houses, of which we spoke, and which have some rare qualities for comfort, would not admit of a jumble of stones and timber, or of any tricks for the picturesque; yet that old Connecticut-River type of a long slope in the rear roof, and of overreach, with show of supporting timbers of the upper floor, would sit very well upon a good honest ground story of stone-work, incorporated with some massive chimneys piling up to the height of the ridge. And that upper story could be happily married to the ground by a heavy timber porch at its door, with its inviting seats; or, if need were, some more closely wrought lee against northers for the visitor in waiting. Every country house demands a porch of some sort; dignity and hospitality both demand it; but the *porte-cochere* is of more doubtful necessity; it may be made to take abundance of picturesque attitudes indeed, but is very apt—save under quite exceptional treatment—to put unwelcome shadows and gloom about an entrance, suggestive of lingering damp at the step, or of long unmelting annoyances of ice. Cheer, warmth, sunshine ought to be flung with full hands about the grand and chiefest opening to a home. 'Twere well, therefore, to relegate this coach sheltering (and a country coach ought to brave

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Wadsworth Homestead in the Genesee Valley, Western New York.

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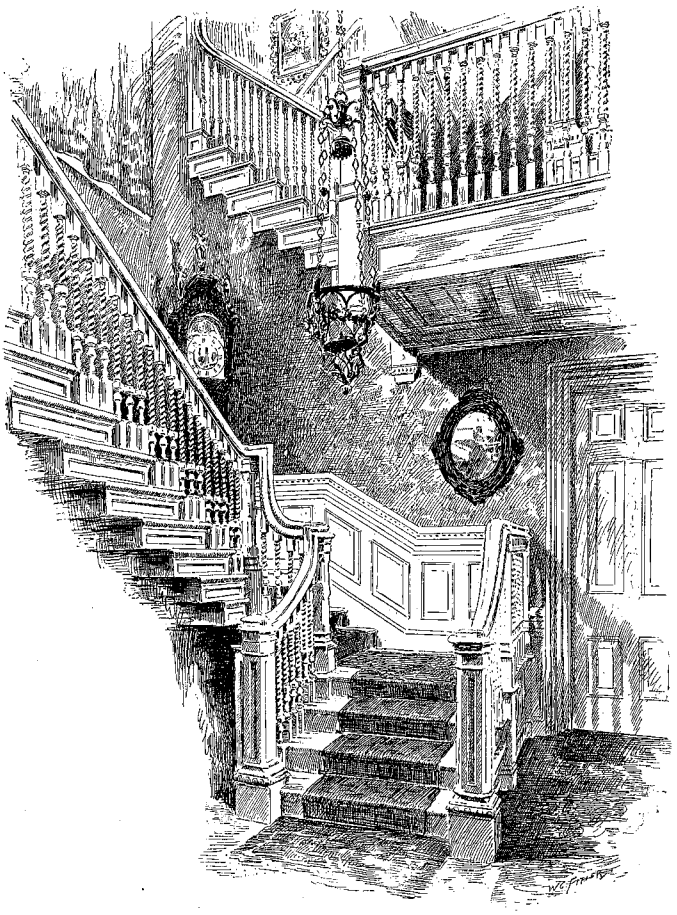
a good deal of honest, hard weather) to a secondary and side door, where the shadows of its long overreach will not tell harmfully.

wants; but I have seen one of the great piazzas flanking a country house of the Revolutionary type, which, having taken on its winter (movable) wall of glazing,



Staircase in Wadsworth House, Geneseo.

As for the windows of a country house, the demand should be for largeness, and, again—largeness; indeed some corridor with walls of glass is not a bad accompaniment for a flank or angle. Our sanitarians are getting, at last, to understand the glory and the goodness of a winter's sunshine, and that it is no way needful to journey to the tropics for it. Whether the large glazing which will insure a good sun-bath can be associated with good flower-growth is more doubtful; succulent plants, at least, for their fullest growth require a humidity of air not good for human giving shelter to certain tough bits of green—such as a rampant ivy, or a group of aspedistas, or some tall fellow of the palm family in his tub—make an uncommonly welcome place for an after-dinner smoke, or a booklet (in the hammock), or an idle listening to the canary which swung out of Tabby's reach, and sung the snows to shame.

What now shall be said of the hall of a country house, except that it should make good the welcome of the porch and of the sunny windows and of the chimney-tops? For this it should never



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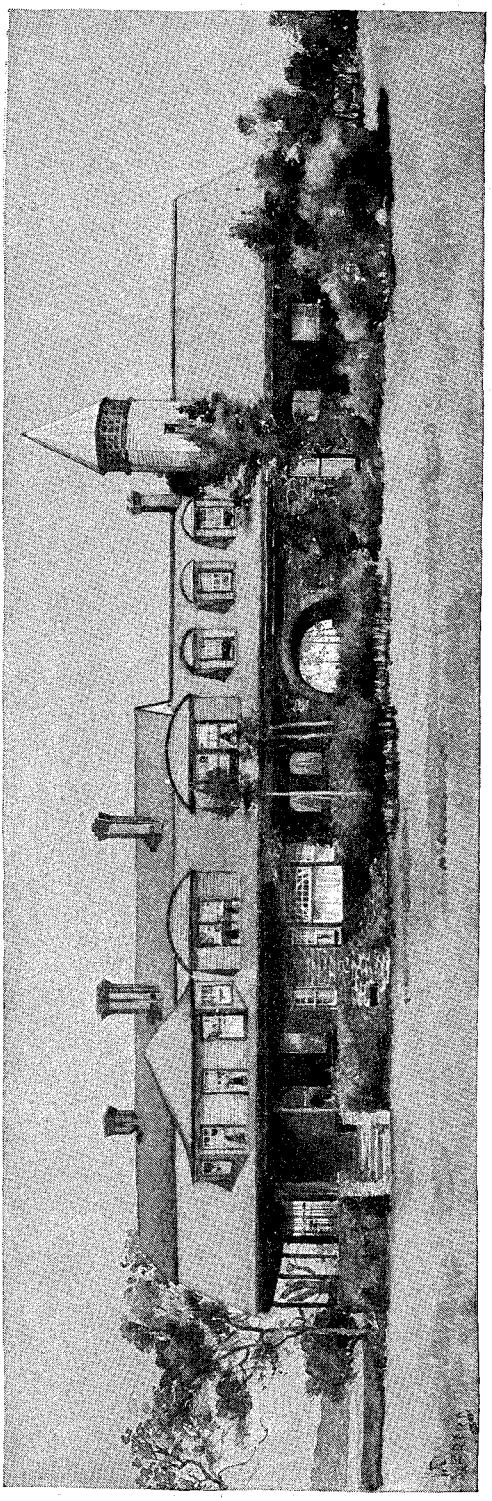

House of Lyman Josephs, Newport, R. I.

be cramped: that is a pinch at the very vitals of a home. And yet fair proportions must be guarded: it offers tempting place for an architect to lavish his skill; but neither its extent nor appointments should dwarf the house; as if a host were to spend his forces in an unctuous shaking of hands, without any larder to back up his welcome!

Shall there be fireplace in the hall? If never to be used, and set there—in however piquant dress of oak and brazen trappings—only as a symbol of a warmth which never shows tongue of flame, emphatically no. Doubtful even if the lighting only on far apart festal days could justify it; but if the logs are to glow or smoulder on that altar (as weather may bid) from the ides of November to those of April, or if its flames are to light the mornings of a belated spring, or warm the nightfalls of a frosty October, it is an unmatchable glory of a country house; unless indeed the rollicking blaze play of a library fire or of a breakfast room matches it. A country house without its fireplaces, or something with a blaze in them, is like a man groping for treasure with eyes put out. As for smoky chimneys, there is no reasonable excuse for them; the main points are a narrow throat, and a good cushioning of air behind it for any sudden down draught: to this end a slant forward of the rear wall is best, and a good splaying of the jambs.

Of course there may be exterior reasons for bad draught—in presence of a near overtopping building, or dense wood, or sudden rise of hill—which causes of trouble are oftenest circumvented by an embranchment of chimney-tops, as pleasantly explained and justified by M. Viollet le Duc, in his agreeable "Story of a House."

Next, stairs. To many a poor woman who has toiled a half life out upon an eight-inch "rise" of stair, a lessening of the height by two inches (six and one-eighth inches is best) will seem like putting

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step on the road to Beulah. A steep stair everywhere, and everyhow—except in a ship's steerage—is an offence and a blight and a curse. But for an easy, hospitable, broad, cheery, inviting stairway flanking a country hall, or engrossing one end of it, or dominating it by a great swing of its galleries or landing, what a noble chance is given to the architect! What woody rioting there may be in balusters—in screens lifting up to the support of great beams in the ceiling, in arches disguising the changing levels, in flashes from mosaic windows, pouring glories on the floor! We might fill our pages with pretty illustrations thereanent; but from all we should very likely come back to a quickened love for those old simplicities which associate perfect ease with severest of lines.

As for collocation of rooms in country houses, there is happily no occasion for all those Chinese puzzlings and dove-tailings of parts which city architects find it needful to study. There is, or should be, space to thrust out a room or a bay or an L, where we need it; and as for the sun, windows may be set to welcome it. The morning sun, by all means, should come to the family room, to the children's room, and to the breakfast-room; as for the afternoon sun, let it strike where it will. In all our latitudes, south or north, the southwest angle of a house is, I think, the treasured angle—most to be coveted for chambers, for work-room, for (if it must be) sick-room. The sun stays there longest; the blues vanish fastest.

The wants of children, too, must not be left out of sight, unless we determine to legislate them away, and make Mr. Malthus our saint. There's no indoor romping-ground for a child like a great garret, with dormers to let in sunlight like a deluge. The quaint, big old houses, we have shown, had them; and a healthy child, without chance for rainy-day forays in such, must grow up with a large domestic element of its nature undeveloped. Home ties of those young folk grapple to a bare roof-tree in the top of the house very clingingly. And if country life is not to be subverted altogether, and turned adrift on the wastes of cities, it must be the clinging child-love, wakening in manhood, and re-awakening in age, which is to insure and ennoble its best development.

By the same ruling there must be out-of-door regalement and comforters of the child-age. "Out-of-doors" is a very large part of a well-balanced country house; this is an Irishism, maybe; but it is a wholesome one to consider and act upon. "Out-of-doors" in cities does not tie to the dwelling; it lacks privacy; it lacks consecration; it is every man's; and so no man's. There should be tennis-ground; there should be coasting hill; there should be skating-pond, snow forts, and fortresses of stone; cabins—for cooking—for picnicing, for learning the ductilities that belong to the offices of hostess. *Home* is the word; to give great quickening sense to it, to ennoble it, to endear it, to justify it; this is, or ought to be, the aim where roof-trees are planted in the open of God's country. One of the greatest of lacks, as appears to me, in the pretty Bellamy programmes of social fixtures, is that they disjoint and fling apart all old and relishable ideas of home, leaving no place for their development. Such schemes legislate away need for it: for, what is home without its tea-pot singing on the hearth, without its rallying-place at the fireside for family seclusion; without its "table-round," where books, games, singing, talk—unhampered by over-critical ears—fill up the eventide; without, maybe, its household mishaps of kitchen or larder, bewraying the management and compelling virtues of self-denial — of gracious reticence — of quiet, brave reconcilement with the accidents of life?

Gardens, too; what is your country house without a garden? And by garden I mean all those encompassing or outlying things of green which need coaxing, and training, and loving, for their development. There need be no great trail of such—no sheltering quadrangular courts. But surely no mistress can wear so beautiful and so cheap an adornment as a flower. Timid ones need not be frightened with bugbear stories of how B—— raises tomatoes at cost of a dollar each, and his chrysanthemums at

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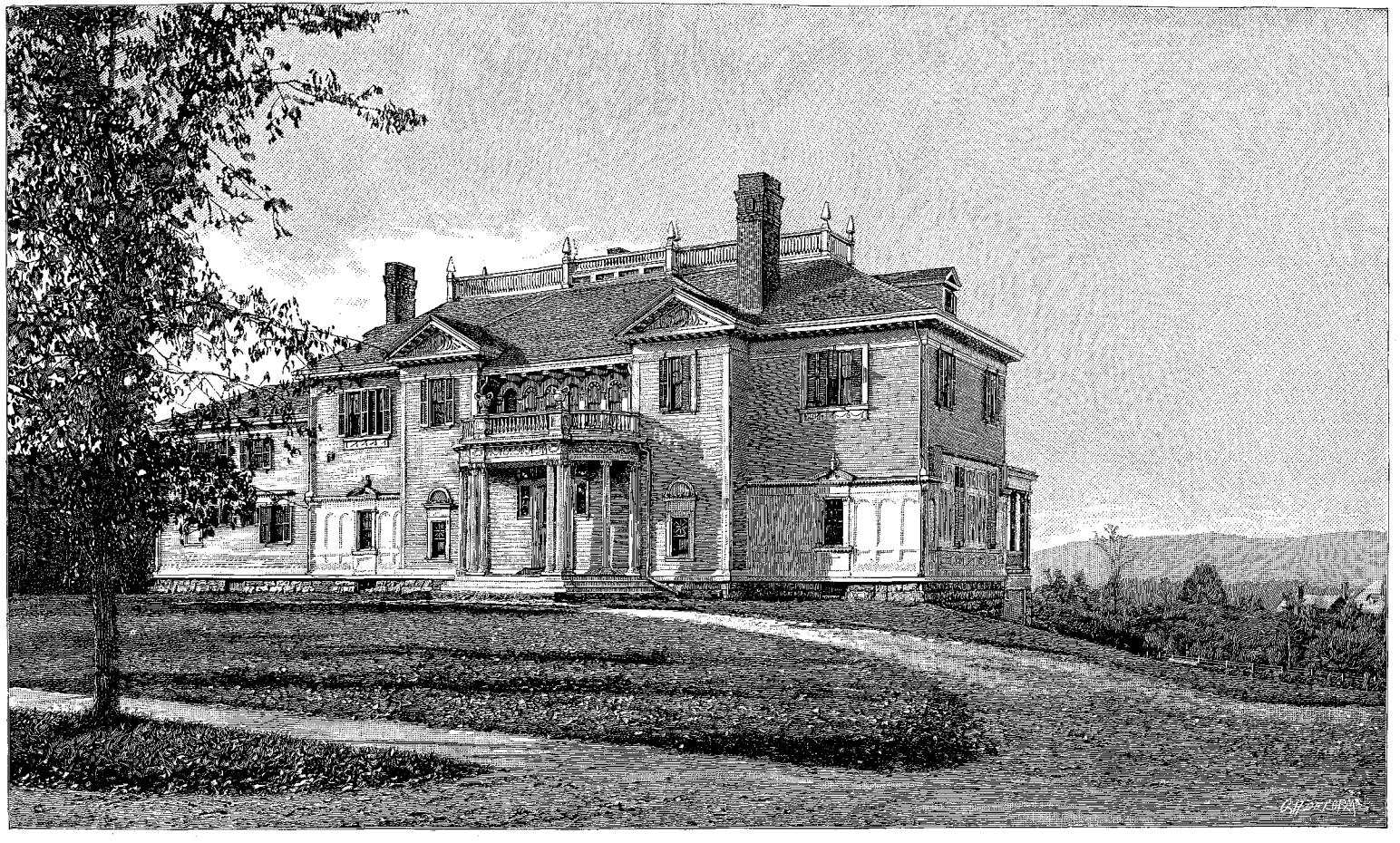

House of Edward Livingston, Lenox. Mass.
(Rotch & Tilden, Architects.)

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cost of his wife's ostrich plumes. A little care and sympathy, and two hours of a morning will do the needful. There is no need for any rioting with moneys; and a flower that blooms responsive to one's training and care carries double it), shows an ancient shaky trellis for a big-leaved vine (is it the "Dutchman's Pipe"?); old-time herbaceous flowers, such as the Fraxinella, white and red, are there; so are lilies of the valley, and tall blue-bells gone astray in grass, and

McAlpin House, Sing Sing, N. Y.
(Hapgood, Architect.)

perfume; and the fruit a man picks from his own "graffing" has subtle flavors that trace back through all the gardens in books.

I do not believe a man can be proper æsthetic master of what belongs to a country house — to its amplitudes or proportions, or harmonies (*pace*, Mr. Architect) — except he see his way to them through alleys of green. Great reach and tale of acres upon acres are not essential. I do not know but the rural instincts are more deeply and certainly stirred by some old half-country half-town house, where the village road brings its *carryall* in shower-time-nearness to the door. I have such an one very plainly in my mind's eye, as I write; the low ceilings (which would make modern fine builders stand aghast), couple cosily with the old-time chairs; the sun is shining through vases that carry dainty blossoms in southern windows; the great sweep of fifty-year-old Norway spruces (which some livers by the sea opinionate can never become great, lusty trees), put their dark fringes of boughs wooingly to the shaven green; the little terraced bit of old garden (a Brobdignag handkerchief would cover giving out perfume like the breath of babes; masses of moss-pink, too, spreading rosy bloom, and hedges of box, with strange mystic scent from their stirred leaves—odors of dead years.

It is only a week since that I came upon record—in the pleasant *London Garden*—of a Gloucestershire parson, who wrote with unction and zeal and knowledge of his *miniature* vicarage ground, and of his rockwork. "Six feet by eight, with twenty-one different species of plants growing in it, and all thriving;" and he goes on to detail other horticultural triumphs, pleasant, fine, and positive, though only himself and a "fag of all work" keep the exterior machinery of the modest country home he lived in on the move and on the make. Not money-making, to be sure; that reckoning were a dishonest way of estimating the subtle pleasures of those who, like the Gloucestershire parson, enwrap themselves—spring-time and autumn—in the delights of a rural home. That figure of the factotum, too, has its country sufficiencies, and touches of familiar regalement for a good many of us who have conspired with sympathetic architects for a home in the country: 'tis not

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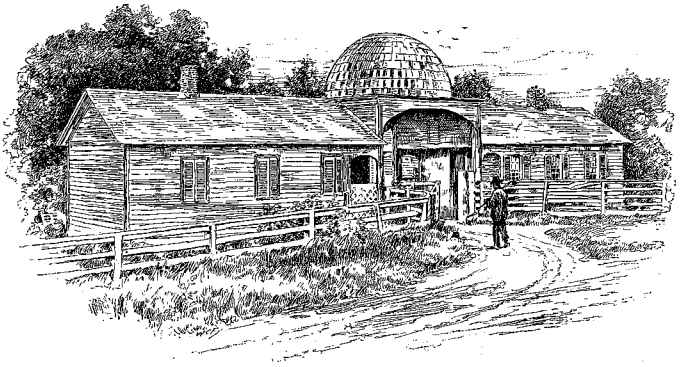
a de Coverley picture, this factotum; lean and slight; cocking his eye with a knowing upturn to read all promises of weather; not pinning his beliefs to newspaper probabilities; scanning the roses, and the beans, and the carrots, with a serener faith in their growing powers than comes of books; doubled-up, odd whiles, with agues; but slouching to his rainy-day plantings under a great cover of draggled clothes; too old to be taught; crowding down your finer knowledges with Solomon-like sayings, and enforcing their wisdom with a sharp catarrhal discharge between thumb and forefinger; honest as the day, and with a humorsome joy shimmering in his face when he sees long-doubted seeds of his saving breaking the ground, and stays his hoe for a new lighting of his brier pipe; old and rheumatic, but finding compensation in his mastery of the ground and the seasons.

If I were to search in a wide New England neighborhood for one who enjoyed most, and made the most of a country home—because of its country-beans, and cares as tenderly for every shrub and blooming thing as for the kittens that frolic at the door.

These addenda, these surroundings, are to be considered in any estimate of the forms which a country house should take, and for the conditions which it should most wisely fulfil. No country house which does not mate with "all-round" country laws can be architecturally good. Strip the vines and the grouped masses of foliage from that old Bartram house, of which we spoke in an earlier page, and there is left only a coarse, bare hulk of wall. Shear away those piles of foliage—those bristling points of firs which approach and environ it, and — by proper occasions of retreat—leave embayments of sunny turf around the great Genesee house, which was figured upon an earlier page, and we should fatally misjudge it. That modest country house—so well known—of Sunnyside, which was for so long, and worthily, a quickener of rural instincts, owes no small proportion of its charm to its *entourage* of foliage and the great



Lodge Gate, Hyde Hall.

ish elements—I do not think I should consider the great show places; but the rather some modest house, half sunk upon a hill-side; its basement windows fronting the morning; greensward coming to the door; the conservatory a window shelf; every slip of a new plant cherished; every spring some modest extension of the flower-patch; a little orchard flanking and protecting the garden where the mistress walks proudly among her nasturtiums and her scarlet vine that enwraps its principal outbuilding. Modest as it is, and inexpensive in its details, it is still a good exemplar of what may be done with homely material. Mr. Irving certainly had the rural instincts strongly developed; long, and very tenderly that image of Wolfert's Roost (his charming home) lay near to his thought, and brooded there through years of Continental travel — brooded there always till the trees were planted, the duck-pond set to its flow, and the

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old Dutch weather-vane put to its spinning over the crow-foot gable that rose above his southern porch. The dogs, the kittens, the doves, the cows, even the pigs of his country home, were all companionable with him; and he loved the things of the garden: not the flowers only, and the little trap of a green-house he had improvised in a corner, but the trim rows of vegetables as well. With what a rare gusto (if I may play the reporter upon the weaknesses of a host) he looked upon the yellowing melons, bathing in the sunshine, and on the purple glories of the egg-plants! "Not like them! (with a wondering lift of the eyebrows) why, a broiled slice of one is richer than a rasher of bacon."

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# AFRICAN RIVER AND LAKE SYSTEMS.

*By Thomas Stevens.*

ASSUMING that a shower of rain, extending over a few hundred square miles of territory in the region immediately southwest of the Albert Nyanza, central Africa, fell when this magazine went to press, such of the rainfall as was not absorbed by the soil is now hurrying oceanward in three opposite directions. Part will reach the Mediterranean by way of the Nile; some will join the Zambezi and the Shirè to the Indian Ocean; and the remainder will help swell the volume of the Congo, which pours a mighty stream six miles wide into the Atlantic. In the light of Mr. Henry M. Stanley's recent geographical discoveries in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, it seems not unlikely that the area of this shower might even be restricted to a very small compass about the headwaters of the newly discovered Semliki River.

The marvellous scope of these African waterways has been thrust upon our notice of late, with other features of African geography, by the interest in the development of the Dark Continent that has been intensified by the rescue of Emin, and the scramble for territory by the European powers.

When the writer left Zanzibar in December, 1889, after meeting Stanley, the European colony there were discussing an interesting item of news that had been received by cable from Mozambique. Two Frenchmen, accompanied by about half a dozen natives of the West Coast, had crossed Africa almost entirely by water. These intrepid *voyageurs*, according to the cablegram, had journeyed up the Congo to its headwaters, and thence down Lake Nyassa, the Shirè, and Zambezi to Quilliane. They had performed the journey in something less than a year; had met with no hostility worth mentioning from the natives, and had done no very difficult overland marching. About the time that these travellers were setting out on their journey, Stanley was making a note of the fact that one could almost cast a stone from the head-waters of the Aruwimi into the Albert Nyanza, — practically, the Nile. And if that stone were buoyant as cork, there would be nothing to prevent it floating to the Mediterranean. "Ten minutes' march took us from the head of the stream draining toward the Ituri (Aruwimi), to the spot where we saw the Nyanza at our feet," are Mr. Stanley's words.

A month after leaving Zanzibar I was in Cairo talking about African trade routes with Mason Bey, who with Prout explored the White Nile and the Albert Nyanza for the Egyptian Government in 1877. We were discussing the best routes into the interior, and Mason stated that it was possible to travel from Cairo to Kavalli, the point on Lake Albert where Stanley met Emin, in fifty days by steamer up the Nile, including portage around the cataracts. At the same time people at home were reading from Stanley that the new Semliki River

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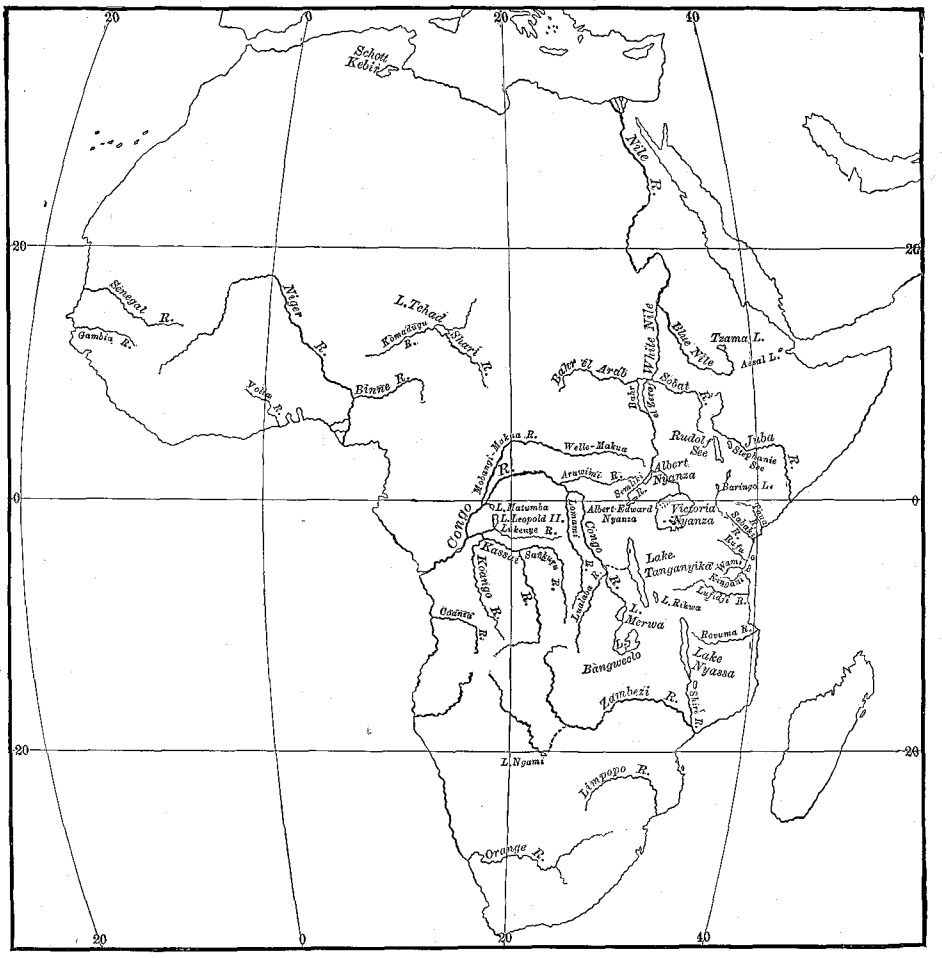


Map of African River and Lake Systems.

connects the Albert Nyanza with the southern Muta Nzigè, thus carrying the ever-elusive source of the Nile a hundred and fifty miles farther south. An extension of the Victoria Nyanza to the southwest was also discovered, which gives that great inland sea an area of twenty-seven thousand square miles, and carries it to "within a hundred and fifty-five miles of Tanganyika."

These several interesting problems of the great waterways of Africa being prominently brought to my notice within a short space of time, suggested this brief paper.

Africa is being discussed and gossipped about in these days from many points of view. Philanthropists desire to abolish the slave-trade; missionaries to convert the negroes; commercial companies, colonization societies, and governments, to develop trade, found colonies, and acquire large portions of its territory. Nor has it escaped us that Africa is ramified by a system of water-courses of great volume, vast length, and extension. Inland seas, second only in extent to the Great Lakes of North America, grow still larger under the impulse of closer investigation, and such rivers as the Aruwimi, 800 miles long and 400 feet wide at the distance of 700 miles from the parent stream, are unfolded to our vision and called but tributaries in the vast riverine system of this New World of the nineteenth century.

Were all these rivers navigable by steamers from the seas, vessels from the

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three sides of the triangular African continent might steam inland from river-mouths 4,000 miles apart and almost bump noses in the centre. Yet, with this magnificent system of waterways Africa has remained an undiscovered world until the latter half of the present century. With one of the oldest and most brilliant civilizations of the ancient world flourishing in its northeast corner, the rest of a vast and fascinating continent has lain in a dormant and savage state from the beginning of human records. Spasmodic efforts have been made to penetrate its secrets from time to time, but it seems to have been left until, the problems of all other parts of the world being solved, the surplus energy of civilized nations could be centred on the task of its subjection. Hitherto little has been done beyond knocking at the doors of the African fortress, but the assault has now begun in earnest and breaches are being made in many directions.

The secret of Africa's isolation from the benefits and blessings of civilization and light that have fallen on the rest of the world, is to be found in the cataracts of her big rivers, and in a lesser degree in the inhospitableness of the climate. The cataracts of the Congo, the Niger, and the Zambezi, however, and the cataracts and *sudd* of the Nile, have been and are the real obstructions. Were the Congo as navigable as the Mississippi, and the Nile as free from obstructions to vessels as the Danube or the Yang-tse-Kiang, Uganda would now be sending us silk-stuffs and calico instead of ivory, and globe-trotters would be picnicing and wintering on the islands of the Victoria Nyanza.

That there would have been a civilization on the shores of the central African lakes as old, if not so advanced, as the civilization of Britain, had the Nile been as open a road to the colonizers of ancient Rome as the way to England was, there is every reason to believe. Eighteen centuries ago the Emperor Nero caught the fever of African exploration, and despatched a military expedition that navigated the Nile to a point 500 miles south of Khartoum, or three-fourths of the way to Emin Pasha's late Equatorial Province. The same difficulties that have often baffled the modern explorer, stayed the progress of Nero's expedition. After successfully overcoming the cataracts between Assouan and Khartoum, they were turned back by the mass of *sudd* that periodically blocks the Nile between the Sobat and the Bahr-el-Zeraf; the same treacherous masses of floating vegetation that in 1881 caught in their pestiferous embrace Gordon's lieutenant, the gallant Gessi, and held him captive to his doom.

This *sudd* region is a sluggish reach of the Nile where it meanders through a low swampy region, favorable to the rank growth of reeds and aquatic vegetation. Vast masses of this swamp-growth encroach on the channel of the river, become detached, and float lazily down stream like great ice-floes on northern waters in the spring. These floating islands sometimes wedge together and form an obstruction to navigation. The water finds its way through the adjacent morasses and under the *sudd* to its destination; but the obstruction grows and is added to by other masses floating down from above, until the river, aided by exceptionally heavy rains, forces the mass to give way. Sometimes the Nile is open through the *sudd* district for many years at a stretch. In 1870, however, Baker's expedition for the suppression of the slave trade in the Bahr-el-Ghazel, experienced the same difficulties that discouraged Nero's explorers, and eight years later a *sudd* obstruction was formed that lasted, in an intermittent way, three years.

In proceeding up the Nile from Egypt proper, for the first thousand miles the river may be considered good navigable water for river steamers of medium draught. The first cataract is encountered at Assouan, but though difficult of ascent in the dry season, steamers readily pass in time of flood, and may be got through at any time. Between Assouan and Khartoum are five other cataracts more or less obstructive to navigation. The most formidable is at Wady Halfa, known as the Second Cataract, through which steamers may be dragged only at high water. For the greater part of the year the Wady Halfa cataracts form an insurmountable barrier to river navigation.



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From Wady Halfa, Sir Samuel Baker's steamers and stores had to be conveyed 400 miles across the Nubian desert by camels, to be launched again near Berber, 200 miles north of Khartoum. The Ismailia, his 251-ton steamer, taken to pieces, together with stores, required a force of 6,000 camels for transport. From Berber the river is navigable, so far as cataracts are concerned, to Gondokoro, 3,000 miles from Alexandria, and steamers have actually ascended to that point the whole distance by water. But midway between Khartoum and Gondokoro begins the terrible *sudd*. For 700 miles the Nile winds through a flat country of interminable marshes, and it is here that the greatest problem of Nile navigation must be solved. The 400 miles of the Nubian desert may be solved by a railway, or easier still, perhaps, by a railway from Suakim to Berber, a distance of 275 miles. But it is thought by experts that the only way to conquer the *sudd* would be to establish a permanent system of patrol boats for the duty of keeping open a passage, as ice-boats are used to keep ice from forming in canals.

In 1870, Baker, with a force of 1,000 men, spent thirteen days in forcing his way through twelve miles of the *sudd*, and after toiling for fifty-one days, and losing many men from the effects of the deadly miasma, was compelled to retreat. In August of the same year, proceeding up-stream again on the autumn flood, he found matters in no sense improved. He says, "The great river Nile was entirely lost, and had become a swamp."

Various minor cataracts occur between Gondokoro, or Lado, and Laborè, one of Emin Pasha's evacuated stations. General Gordon spent two years getting the steamer Khedive (on which it will be remembered Emin proceeded to Kavalli to meet Stanley) from Gondokoro to Laborè. Just south of Laborè is a considerable waterfall that bars all further progress. The Khedive, and Emin's other steamer the Pioneer, had to be taken to pieces at Laborè, and carried twelve miles around the cataracts to be relaunched. From Laborè the way is open to the Albert Nyanza, and possibly on up the Semliki River, which Stanley describes as a "powerful stream from 80 to 100 yards wide, averaging a depth of nine feet from side to side, with a current of from three to four knots per hour."

Of the Nile tributaries, the Blue Nile, which joins the main stream at Khartoum, is navigable for ordinary river steamers for 200 miles. The Sobat was ascended by Junker in an Egyptian Government steamer, in 1876, 190 miles to the frontier station of Nassen. This point is only accessible with steamers of six-feet draught during the rainy season, from June to November.

From the foregoing observations it will be seen that the Nile, with its ancient history and its 4,000 miles of waterway presents, after the first quarter of its length, barrier after barrier to the advance of civilization and commerce. More than a dozen cataracts, and a most formidable area of riverine obstruction, pestilential, poisonous, and deadly beyond power to describe, in the shape of the *sudd*, bar the way. Mason Bey's estimate of fifty days from Cairo to Kavalli, must certainly have been based on the supposition of future improvements, including the Wady Halfa-Berber Railway, and a patrolled channel through the *sudd*.

For our knowledge of the dimensions and navigable lengths of the Congo, the largest, and, next to the Nile, the longest African river, the world is indebted almost entirely to Mr. Stanley, its discoverer, and the founder of the great Free State within its basin. According to Mr. Stanley, the Congo is more than 3,000 miles long; and in size and volume the second river of the world, the first being presumably the Amazon. Like the Nile, the Congo has one stretch of uninterrupted navigation 1,000 miles long, between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. Unfortunately for commerce, however, this magnificent stretch of water is separated from the sea by a series of insurmountable cataracts that compel a portage of 235 miles, or two portages of 85 and 50 miles and many transfers. The largest of all African rivers, and probably the most valuable from a commercial point of view, more promptly and more emphatically than any of the others forbids the upward progress of the steamer. At 110 miles from the ocean

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occur the lower series of the Livingstone Falls. For purposes of commerce and development it is proposed to overcome this difficulty by building a railway 235 miles long to Leopoldville, at the lower end of the long navigable reach of 1,000 miles. The capital for this undertaking is now believed to be all subscribed, and the work of construction is under way.

From Stanley Falls cataracts occur at intervals, but with navigable stretches of several hundred miles between. A reach of 327 miles, no inconsiderable stream on its own merits, extends without an obstruction from Stanley Falls to Nyangivè Falls. Another unobstructed section of about 600 miles extends to the rapids near Merwa Lake. Under the name of the Chambeze, which was crossed by Livingstone, the Congo is still found to be a river from 400 to 600 yards wide, and with a depth of six fathoms, at a point some 2,500 miles from its mouth.

Into the mighty Congo, all along its 3,000 miles of length, pour a system of tributary streams, themselves navigable for distances varying from 20 to 800 miles. The estimate is given of 5,250 miles of uninterrupted navigable water in the thousand-mile reach of the Congo between Leopoldville and Stanley Falls and the tributaries of that section alone. Mr. Stanley's estimates of the navigable lengths and character of the tributaries were based on his own records of the brief runs aboard his little steamer, while engaged in founding the Congo State. That they are more likely to have been under- than over-estimated seems probable in the light of more recent and extended explorations of some of the principal streams.

Three years after these estimates were published, an expedition in charge of Captain Van Gele and Lieutenant Liénart, of the Congo Free State service, explored the Mobangi, which, under the head of "Ubangi River and its Affluents," Stanley credits with 350 miles of navigation. Captain Van Gele's official report says that the first rapids they came to were 450 miles from the junction with the Congo. Three weeks were then required to overcome a series of five rapids, extending over thirty miles —only two of which, however, were impassable by water. Above these rapids was a broad, majestic stream, which for two hundred miles offered no noteworthy obstruction to navigation, and which for long stretches was over a mile wide. The Mobangi is also known as the Welle-Makua, and is said by Van Gele to pour a stream of water into the Congo of larger volume than any European river empties into the sea. Rather a sweeping statement, from which the Danube, at least, might perhaps be excepted.

Stanley gives the total estimated length of the tributaries flowing into this section of the Congo under consideration as 13,865 ; another probable under-estimation, since he credits the Ubangi with 500, while it has since been ascertained to be no less than 1,500 miles in length.

In addition to the navigable waters of this Leopoldville-Stanley Falls section, the Lualaba section, above Stanley Falls, with tributaries, gives 1,100 miles, and the Chambeze section 400. Then the Tanganyika system contributes about the same, which, altogether, including the 110 miles between Boma Station and the sea, gives an aggregate of 7,350 miles of uninterrupted navigable waterway in the Congo River and its affluents.

While dealing with the waterways of the west coast, it will contribute to the scope of the subject to glance briefly at a few of the more important of the lesser streams on that side of the continent. The most important and the largest of these is the Niger, which is to be called a lesser stream only in comparison with the truly African Amazon of the foregoing astonishing estimates. The Niger is near 3,000 miles long, and is one of the great rivers of the world, the third in length in Africa. Its mouth was known to Herodotus and the ancient geographers, who believed it to be a branch of the Nile. It was on the Niger that Mungo Park was supposed to have been drowned or murdered in 1805, while attempting to trace it to the sea in a canoe. The question of its outlet was not settled till 1830, when the brothers Lander marched overland from the coast to the upper Niger, and on the autumn floods successfully floated down in canoes to its mouth.

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The British Government and several commercial companies then attempted to establish plantations, colonies, and factories up the river as far as the confluence of the Binne, but the climate was found to be so deadly to Europeans that the projects were abandoned. Commercial activity was revived, however, in 1852, when the African Steamship Company was organized and several factories established up the river. Since then the Niger Company have entered the field, and at present there is a regular service of river and coast steamers that ply up to the Binne confluence, 200 miles from its mouth. This may be considered the truly navigable limits of the Niger, though in the time of flood, in October and November, steamers may, and do, proceed some distance farther.

Were the Niger deep in proportion to its length, it would be navigable for 2,000 miles instead of 200, when it would probably rival the Nile in importance. It flows through a country of remarkable richness, and along its length are many towns and cities with populations of from 20,000 to 50,000 people. The people are semi-civilized; and at 1,000 miles up the Niger the traveller is astonished to find imposing mosques, and to hear at sunset the melodious voices of the muezzins calling the faithful to prayers. Merchants are found in these cities whose paper is good in Cairo or Tunis for as much as a quarter of a million dollars. Timbuctoo, which may fairly be called the African Nijni Novgorod, is on the upper Niger.

The Gambia River, though a minor stream in comparison of entire length, is navigable for 300 miles from its mouth, to Barrakunda Rapids. Several trading posts have been established on it for many years, the largest on an island about half-way along its navigable length. The Volta, which forms the eastern boundary of Ashantee, is navigable without obstruction for about 100 miles, when the Labelle Rapids interpose with an obstacle that is usually insurmountable in ten months of the year. In 700 yards there is a fall of near thirty feet; but in September and October there is a rise of fifty feet in the level of the river, when steamers may proceed for another hundred miles. On the Gambia is the famous negro city of Paraha, one of the great marts of the West Coast of Africa.

These West Coast streams are of considerable importance commercially, notwithstanding the limited lengths of their navigable waters; much more so, in fact, than any of the larger rivers, proportionately considered. In this connection, however, some allowance is to be made for the different character of the natives, as the people along the Niger, the Gambia, and the Volta are much more advanced in the science of production and commerce than the natives of the Congo basin, the Zambezi, or the upper Nile.

Other streams that may fairly be considered in the navigable category on the West Coast are the Coanza and the Senegal. The former is the water-road of Angola, and is navigable for 140 miles from its mouth. The Senegal is in some respects the most serviceable stream on the coast from a marine point of view, particularly in the rainy season, when steamers of twelve feet draught may ascend for 500 miles. During the rest of the year it is navigable for about the same distance as the Coanza. The Orange River is the last large stream on the West Coast, but though more than 1,000 miles long, and of considerable volume in the rainy season, it contains no navigable stretch beyond about twenty-five miles, and for that very light draught vessels are required.

On the East Coast the rivers are smaller than on the West, and make a less favorable showing as to navigable lengths, as well as present and prospective commercial importance. The chief East Coast river is, of course, the Zambezi, with which the name and discoveries of Livingstone are inseparably connected. It is the fourth river in size in Africa, ranking next to the Niger.

The Zambezi is continuously navigable for 320 miles, as far as the Portuguese settlement of Tettè. It has a delta with many mouths, the outermost of which are a hundred miles apart. Bars are continually forming at the mouths which present troublesome obstacles to navigation, but beyond the delta the Zambezi is a noble stream, averaging a mile in width up to Tettè. Beyond that point a number of con-

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siderable obstructions occur, notably the narrow gorge of the Lupata Hills, the falls of Kansala and Makabele, and the pass of Kariba, and at length the majestic Victoria Falls, three hundred and fifty feet high.

The Zambezi's great tributary, the Shirè, gives us a farther navigable stretch of 150 miles to the foot of the Murchison Cataracts, and from above the falls is navigable again into Lake Nyassa. Here is a portage of forty miles around the Murchison Cataracts, along which has been made a very good road, known as the Stewart Road. The remaining hundred miles or so to the lake is a stretch of still, deep water with scarcely any current, which the natives regard as a narrow arm of the lake itself. In 1878 was organized in England "The African Lakes Company," who now have a flotilla of trading steamers on the Zambezi, the Shirè, and Lake Nyassa. They have a number of regularly established trading stations, plantations, and other improvements, so that it is now possible to proceed up the Zambezi, the Shirè, and to the northern limits of Lake Nyassa in a comfortable and speedy way. From the head of Lake Nyassa there has been opened the Stevenson Road, by which Tanganyika may be reached without difficulty or discomfort worth mentioning. It was probably down this route the French travellers, mentioned at the beginning of this paper, finished their long journey from the Congo mouth.

The Limpopo is the second largest stream that flows into the Indian Ocean, and is navigable for about sixty miles by vessels of 200 tons burthen. There are several other streams along the Swahili and Galla-land coasts of lesser dimension throughout, but some of them with longer stretches of navigable way than the Limpopo. The Rovuma is a considerable stream, which Livingstone in 1861 found navigable for thirty miles from the mouth, and which has been ascended since to some distance beyond that point. The Taua, which reaches the coast at Lamoo, and has its source in the snows of Mount Kenia, has been navigated for fifty miles, and when the writer was in Zanzibar the officials of the Imperial British East African Company were talking of building a light-draught stern-wheel steamer with which they thought it would be possible to ascend for 200 miles. The Sabaki, which flows down from the region of Kilimanjaro to near Mombasa, is navigable for forty miles with a light steamer. The Wami is thought to be accessible by very light steamers for 150 miles, and higher up the coast the Juba, which flows through Galla-land, was explored by Van der Decken, who found it navigable for 180 miles.

Other streams navigable for short distances, such as the Rufer and the Kingani, might be mentioned, but the list of African rivers fairly deserving the name of navigable begins with the Nile, and, proceeding round the coast to the west and south and up the east, ends with the Juba. The mouth of the Juba is on the line of the equator, and for the thirty degrees of latitude between that and the mouth of the Nile, the African coast presents not a mile of navigable river, and, with a few very insignificant exceptions, no rivers at all.

With a brief mention of the lake system, and a summary of the whole, the hydrography of the Dark Continent, as revealed to us up to date, may be dismissed, in so far as the scope and intentions of this paper are concerned. Stanley estimates the area of the lakes in the Congo Basin, which includes Tanganyika, Bangweolo, the southern Muta Nzigè, as distinguished from the Albert Nyanza, and which he renames Albert Edward Nyanza, and several smaller lakes, at 31,690 square miles. Lake Victoria is, with the newly discovered extension, estimated at 27,000, and the Albert Nyanza is, according to Stanley's latest observations, somewhere near 1,500 square miles in extent. Of the Albert Edward Nyanza too little is known to attempt to fix its area.

Lake Nyassa has an area of about 13,000 square miles, and an average depth of one hundred fathoms. In North Africa, Lake Tchad presents an area of 40,000 square miles in the rainy season, but dwindles to a fourth of that size in the driest part of the year. It is fed by a number of streams, the Shari from the east, and the Komadugu reaching it from the west.

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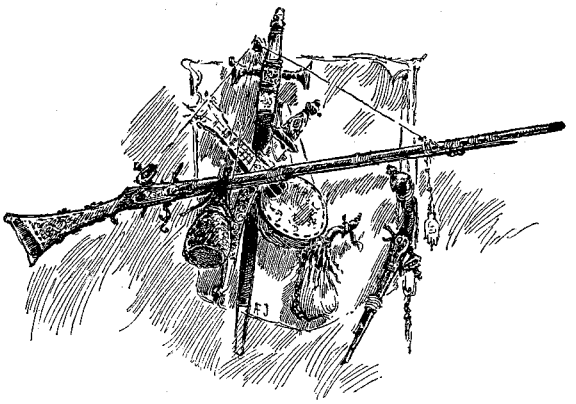
Of minor lakes, the Tzama, in Abyssinia, the reservoir of the Blue Nile, gives an area of 700 square miles, besides which Baringo, Navaisha, and the salt lakes of Ngami, Assal, and Schott Kebir deserve mention; also the Rudolf See and Stephanie See, discovered by Count Teleki in the country of Elgumi, north of Mount Kenia, a couple of years ago. Some of these lesser lakes might fairly be termed navigable, but others, like Schott Kebir, which is a body of water 100 miles long in the wet season, but a mere salt-marsh in the dry, would not come under that head. Assal Lake, in Abyssinia, is the Dead Sea of Africa, being extremely salt, and 600 feet below the level of the Red Sea.

From the foregoing we obtain a total of but 3,375 miles of uninterrupted river navigation, in all Africa, accessible from the sea. The Mississippi system of navigable waters alone gives a total of more than twice this distance. But it is in inland waters, on the elevated tableland within the coast-line mountains and hills, that Africa makes the best showing of commercial waterways. Above and between the various cataracts that have been alluded to in the foregoing pages, are a grand total of more than 12,000 miles of navigable rivers, without including such considerable streams as the Shari, and the upper waters of many large tributaries of the main rivers, which have not yet been explored with sufficient care to justify estimates of this nature. The lacustrine system of Africa gives a grand total of about 97,000 square miles of navigable waters, about the same as the lake-area of North America.

To make the great system of inland waterways easily accessible to commercial exploitation from without would require a system of railways aggregating, perhaps, 2,000 miles in length. The chief lines would be around the Livingstone cataracts, on the Congo, from Vivi to Stanley Pool; a line from the coast to the upper Niger; the long-talked-of line from Suakim to Berber, and a line 500 miles long from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. These four lines would absorb about 1,400 miles of the 2,000 estimate. Minor lines would connect Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, take the place of the Stewart Road around the Murchison Cataracts, on the Shirè, and overcome the difficulties at such points as Stanley Falls, and the cataracts of the upper Nile system. A length of forty miles would be required on the Shirè, a dozen miles at Lahore, and at various points lengths of railway varying from near 200 miles between Nyassa and Tanganyika to a couple of miles around some of the lesser cataracts. The estimated cost of this comprehensive system of small, isolated railways is, roughly, $50,000,000.



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# THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

*By T. R. Sullivan.*

## I.

THE FRETFUL ELEMENTS.

ABOUT thirty miles from the sea, on the shore of a great New-England river, stands the Martingale house, in the centre of its wide domain, which has been held intact by the family through varying fortunes. The dwelling itself, of brick, with a high gambrel roof and tower-like chimneys rising above the trees, dates from the latter half of the eighteenth century, and still bears that day's dignity upon all its architectural features. The first colonial Martingale, cut off in his prime, never occupied, even for an hour, the home he had built so carefully to live and die in; but his son survived him long, and from him the place passed to the eldest son, then to the oldest grandson, until this right of primogeniture became a family tradition; and so descending, the estate was at length inherited, in a day not yet forgotten, by William Martingale, Esquire, better known as "Old Billy Martingale," then the last of his race and name.

He was not old at all as years go, for he had but just turned fifty; yet the adjective seemed as properly a part of him as if he had been christened by it. An only child, brought up in the country, he had always lacked the mirth-inspiring influence of other children. This, aided by a temperament the reverse of sanguine, had given him that peculiar demeanor known as "old-fashioned" in the language of the nursery, and all who could remember his childhood declared he was born old. Later experience of the world at school and college, together with prolonged foreign travel, did much to qualify these traits; yet when in the natural course of events Old Billy entered upon a colorless and lonely life under the ancestral roof-tree, his was certainly not a romantic figure. Neither mentally nor physically heroic, shy in his manner toward strangers, he produced a first impression of eminent respectability unvexed by any of the grander passions. The people of the neighboring town, three miles off, learned, however, that familiarity, far from breeding contempt, tended rather to heighten their instinctive regard for him. He never indulged in confidences, and beyond a certain point of intimacy he never passed. The more one knew, the more one desired to know, and the more likely was he to shrink into impenetrable reserve. As every effect must have its cause, and as a disposition to supply missing causes springs, like hope, eternal in the human breast, a web of romance, vague and impalpable, slowly wove itself about this good man, without his help and without his knowledge. Earlier in life it was said he had been crushed by a great sorrow. The details did not matter, but of course there was a woman concerned in it; So-and-so knew that. If some inquiring mind wondered where this woman could be found, the answer came readily: "Abroad!" That he had lived abroad was not to be gainsaid; that his time there had been spent in love-making was, as Iago says, probal to thinking. So, like a snail, the baffled

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questioner withdrew into himself, pondering and embellishing the rumor, to reproduce it as a fact which every female neighbor firmly believed.

Among these same townspeople Old Billy had formed, years before, one close friendship—the exception to his rule—with a man of his own age whom otherwise he resembled as little as the night the day. When this friend married the two drifted somewhat apart; the loss of the wife brought them together again, but only for a season. Shortly afterward the widower died, leaving one son, who had married, in his turn, an amiable, intelligent girl, extremely pretty, but poor. The father left no fortune; and that Jack Hampton and his wife, with their growing family, found it hard to make both ends meet, was an open secret of the town. He had chosen the legal profession, and had made some success at it; his income increased slowly, but by no means in proportion to his needs. His wife, a good manager, did her best to keep his spirits up and his expenses down; but she could not keep the lines of care from coming in his face.

Adequately to benefit poor gentility is a difficult problem in social ethics, and Hampton little knew with what labor his father's friend strove for its solution. Directly and indirectly Old Billy did him many little kindnesses. He added a codicil to his will, and sighed to think Hampton could not divine that the dim future, at least, would be the brighter for it. The young man's anxious face became a perpetual reproach to him. He racked his brains to devise something of immediate advantage possible for the one to give and the other to take, without offence to the finer feelings of either. Suddenly there flashed into his mind a scheme so simple that not to have thought of it before seemed almost criminal. He lost no time in working out its accomplishment.

By this scheme the lawyer's household transferred itself to the Martingale estate, of which the capable Mrs. Hampton was put in charge, on probation, as she stipulated. Her consent to this was not won too easily. In obtaining it Old Billy dwelt with great tact upon the loneliness of his declining years and the forlorn aspect of the half-closed house, through which he wandered like a troubled spirit. Her husband's father, as he reminded her, had been his lifelong friend; where else, in his hour of need, should he turn for the sympathy and help he had almost the right to demand of her? Yet her coming he should always consider an act of charity to him. By subtle touches of this sort he overcame her scruples, and the two families were made one long before the year's trial ended. Of their own accord her children took to calling the kind old bachelor "Uncle Billy." They brought more sunshine to the house than that streaming in through its wide-open shutters. The light and warmth agreed with him, and he grew happier and younger. To change these conditions voluntarily would have been an act of cruelty that never once suggested itself.

In the first summer of this new order of things Mrs. Hampton's young unmarried sister made her a short visit, and late in the second autumn she came again for a longer and more memorable one. Miss Flora Hallowell had been admired in New York for four seasons. Her beauty was remarkable, not limited to mere regularity of feature, but revealing some fresh charm with each change of its expression. In coloring neither blonde nor brunette, she occupied that vantage-ground between to which all colors are becoming, and for which no descriptive term has been invented. Her gray eyes, large and clear, had a simple, straightforward look that, to tell the truth, belied her. For great personal beauty is a doubtful blessing that subjects its fortunate and unfortunate possessor to numerous small temptations unknown to the rest of us. Even with the old and wise, eternal admiration is a severe strain upon the character. How much harder the test when applied to an inexperienced girl, suddenly given the freedom of a very complex world to lose her rosy illusions of it one by one! Miss Hallowell, though naturally kind at heart, had the defect of vanity; she was thoughtless, capricious, and somewhat spoiled by attention. To enjoy the present hour unfettered seemed her chief aim in life, and this, perhaps, accounted for the merciless indifference shown to-

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ward her suitors, of whom she was known to have rejected many. "Flora, how could you?" demanded her mother time and again. "Mamma, I did not love him," was her quiet answer; "one cannot reason in such matters." And upon being assured, in return, that she would live to die an old maid, the wilful little beauty always declined to view the impending danger seriously.

Margaret Hampton could not be brought to share in this gloomy foreboding of her sister's destiny. She had a blind adoration for Flora, who must be, she thought, the most beautiful of all earth's creatures. That this paragon, whom she had nicknamed "the Princess Royal," would ever fail to captivate the eye of man appeared to her preposterous; equally so was the thought of forcing her into what the French call a marriage of reason. Love, when it came, could not be controlled, and Flora would surely discover that sooner or later. Meanwhile there was no hurry. Flora was far too sensible, she believed, to choose unwisely; if not, only harm would result from interference. Granting marriage to be, as the cynics said, a leap in the dark, love's torch still remained the safest guide to follow. These were not precisely her mother's views, Margaret knew, and fearing the countercurrent she urged this visit upon Flora, for whom the suggestion of country-life in the depth of winter had the charm of novelty. It promised rest, too, from the dull round of artificiality in which she was whirled along. Flora knew the whole thing by heart. One winter in town was indistinguishable from another. She could tell what any given man was likely to say before he opened his lips. In the country there would be fresher air to breathe, with fresher ways of breathing it. There would be men, of course, but men less formal whose formulæ she had not learned. She made a mischievous resolve to turn all their heads before the winter was over; they must be a rude tribe of barbarians if she could not accomplish that.

There was but one of all the tribe excluded from her field of conquest. Her host, the friend of the household, "Uncle Billy," as with the children she insisted upon calling him, escaped solely on account of his advanced age. Toward him her irrepressible coquetry went no farther than a kind of merry warfare wherein he always got the worst of it. In her former visit she had perplexed and distracted him, and upon her return these old relations were at once resumed. "Harum-scarum" he pronounced her under his breath. She retaliated openly with a new title, which flattered him at first, but which, through repetition, he grew to find exasperating; this title was the "Clerk of the Weather."

It had long been Mr. Martingale's custom to observe scientifically all atmospheric phenomena of his region; and as he had lately become a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, the habit was now developed into a solemn duty on no pretence whatever to be neglected. In one window of his study, carefully sheltered by a screen of blinds, hung the wet and dry bulb, the hygrometer, and other instruments of observation, their record being noted thrice daily in a leather-covered folio. From this Mr. Martingale compiled a weekly report, which went by the first post to Washington every Monday morning. The children, who rarely ventured into the study, regarded its darkened window with wholesome awe; as for the folio, which they had been warned never to touch, they believed that magic lurked within its leaves, and when the wind howled at night a little louder than was pleasant they listened with a vague fear that the book and Uncle Billy were somehow responsible for it. The old man, discovering this, amused himself sometimes by predicting climatic changes sufficiently in advance to startle the credulous youngsters when his word came true. In consequence, John, the son and heir of the Hampton family, aged six, turned upon him one morning with a strange question.

"Uncle Billy, where is the broom you make the weather with?"

They were at the breakfast-table, and when the general joy at this had subsided, all listened for his reply.

"So you think I keep a broom, do you?" he inquired, soberly.

"I know," returned the boy. "There has to be one always. Nurse told me."

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And in the broken accents of babyhood he quoted:

"'There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
And what she did there I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' said I,
'O whither, O whither, O whither so high?'
'To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be back again by and by!'

Please, Uncle Billy, mayn't I see the broom?"

"But I haven't one," said Mr. Martingale, smiling. "It is the old woman who does my sweeping for me."

The boy stared doubtfully, unwilling to believe that his good friend was making game of him.

"I have never seen her," said he.

Thereupon Flora undertook to clear up the mystery. "Why, don't you know," she asked in a serious tone, "that the old lady is Uncle Billy's wife?"

But the victim shook his head, declining to submit to further imposition. "No," he said, slowly; "if Uncle Billy had a wife, I know he would have shown her to me."

A shade of annoyance passed over Mr. Martingale's face. "It's all a joke, my boy;" he explained. "You must not believe what naughty people tell you." Then he rose abruptly and left the room.

A day or two afterward Miss Hallowell for the first time provoked the old bachelor into a display of ill-temper. Something called him to town, and, departing, he begged Mrs. Hampton to make the all-important noon record in his absence. She, in her turn summoned away, deputed her sister to perform the office. Flora made the observations with great care, entering them correctly enough, but in flippant terms, entirely at variance with the spirit of the ponderous book. She conceived the joke to be nothing if not harmless, and gave it no further thought. When Mr. Martingale drove up that afternoon she stood at the hall window in new attire so becoming that she felt it should be noticed. But the sky had grown suddenly overcast, and the weather came between them. Passing her by without a word, he rushed into his study, whence, after an exclamation half inaudible that sounded uncommonly like an oath, he returned with a look of intense vexation.

"Who did that?" he asked.

"It was only a joke," she stammered; "I thought it would do no harm."

"What right had you to think so?" he replied, angrily; and without waiting for an answer he went back into his room and slammed the door.

Flora's cheek flushed crimson as she assured herself that Uncle Billy was a brute. Right, indeed! What right had he to treat her so? She would let him see that she was not a subject for such discourtesy. Making no mention of the incident, throughout that evening she wore her sunniest smile and forced herself into the highest spirits—all without a glance at him or any acknowledgment of his existence. This course was rendered possible by the fact that he kept more than usually silent and never once addressed her; thus defeating in part her design, which included a degree of coldness in meeting any advance he might make. As none came, she could only fall back upon the consciousness that she was looking her very best, and that her tones were all of angelic sweetness—even when the talk took a turn which enabled her concisely to express the saving grace in a sense of humor. Men who lacked that, she stated with her lovely eyes fixed on vacancy, were quite unfit to live. No one disputed her, and having made her point most amiably, she did not pursue the subject. At bedtime she vouchsafed a general good-night to whom it might concern. All was well with her, and she wished no harm to any one, however ill-natured he had proved himself to be.

The next day, finding her alone, Uncle Billy was injudicious enough to hint that she should make him an apology. But Flora was much too clever to place herself at such a disadvantage. She looked upon him as the aggressor, and told him so. He asked, with a smile, if she thought the self-accusation should come from him; to which she replied that this, in truth, would be most becoming. Though provokingly good-humored, he declined to humble himself so far as that; and there the matter rested without apology

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on either side. But Flora was seized with a new access of indignation at discovering, a few days later, that her entry had been cut from the record and replaced by a new one in Mr. Martingale's hand. Their former footing of cordiality had been restored, and upon reflection the Princess Royal decided that she could only bide her time. This she did, privately determining to tame the rebellious subject some day, by one means or another.

## II.

### A RISING BAROMETER.

FLORA, taking an active part in all the country merry-making, became immensely popular. The girls looked upon her as a rare exotic, of whom it would be folly to grow jealous, even though their brothers and cousins were charmed by her, much as she had foreseen. She contrived to keep on equal terms of good-fellowship with all the men, and yet to keep them all at bay; so that even the boldest stopped to consider what he had to offer her in exchange for the manifold city life she had always known. True, her sister had abandoned it for the asking. But these two were as unlike as sisters can be. It was safe to conclude that Flora never would bestow her fastidious little hand upon a country lawyer.

The conclusion emphasized itself when one of Hampton's classmates arrived to pass the Christmas holidays. This was Captain Hubert Wise, who had left college during the War of the Rebellion to enter the Northern army as private in a volunteer corps, and had risen to the rank which, against his wish, still clung to him; but he looked like a soldier, and was tired of protesting that he had seen in all but two years' service. Captain Wise, therefore, he would always be. The end of the war had come too soon, leaving him restless and dissatisfied. He had since accomplished little beyond the acquisition of a handsome inheritance, which turned him into a dilettante, dabbling in all the arts, and excelling in none. In person he was a fine fellow, bearing the scar of a sabre-cut that proved a distinction rather than a disfigurement. "Here is the very man!" sighed more than one of Flora's new admirers; and he, having long admired her, was already inclined to think so too.

Uncle Billy, who liked him, made precisely the same reflection one morning, when he found them alone together in the long drawing-room, busy with some scheme of pleasure in which he was not likely to share. His age would have accounted for that, even had he not been at this time peculiarly devoted to a new hobby—an almanac for the coming year. This he had agreed to edit, and the final proofs were passing through his hands, which now held a great roll of them that must be pored over in his study for many hours. He crossed the room, looking at Miss Hallowell and her companion just long enough for the prophetic thought to flash into his mind; they were intent upon an open book held up between them. He noted that, and went on without speaking.

"Uncle Billy," Flora called, "come back; we want you."

He stopped and obeyed her with a doubtful smile.

"What mischief now?" he asked.

"How suspicious you are! It is only for your good and ours. We want you to help us."

He held up the roll of proof in mock distress. "I am so busy," he pleaded.

"Oh, not now—not to-day nor to-morrow. Don't say no; you must."

"Then there is no escape," said he, laughing. "What am I to do, when am I to do it, and where?"

"Here—next week, in our tableaux. We want to make a picture of you."

"Bless my soul!" he cried, with a start. "My dear child, I am too old and too ugly."

"You are very young and very beautiful," returned Flora, gravely; "and you will make a lovely Rembrandt. Captain Wise is to pose us, and he says so. Didn't you, Captain?"

"Yes," answered this high authority, with a laugh. "I used those very words."

"Then it's all settled," said Flora, turning back to the volume of prints they were considering. "Uncle Billy is

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as good as he is beautiful, and the Rembrandt will be our great success."

The subject of these timely compliments went away with a wistful look behind him. "It is good to be young," he thought aloud, while he unrolled the proofs upon his study-desk—a quaint piece of furniture that had come down to him with other heirlooms. "And Wise is a good fellow," he added mentally. Then a line of printed matter caught his eye, and he knit his brows over it. In a moment more the work had absorbed him. Two hours later, when the noon mail arrived, he was still busy with his corrections, making them slowly and carefully in a fine, clear hand. A knock at the door interrupted this labor; it was only one of the servants bringing in a letter.

The envelope bore a foreign postmark with which Mr. Martingale appeared to have associations that were not agreeable. His face flushed angrily, and he assured himself that he was alone before breaking the seal. He read one line, then dropped all, with a faint cry of surprise, and, sinking back in his chair, covered his face. After a time, leaving the letter where it fell, he rose to pace the room nervously. At length he turned to the window and stood still, looking out. The sky was clear, but there had been a storm in the night. Fresh snow lay over all the landscape—on the frozen river, in the clefts of the old elm-trees at the bottom of the lawn. Through these gray arches he could see a hill-top, miles away, glistening in the sunshine. There the peaceful prospect ended; but his thoughts flew far beyond it, leading him into other scenes and other lands. All familiar objects of the present melted away in a mist of tears, and the window where he stood looked only upon the past. A sound brought him back; it was merely an icicle rattling down from the eaves in shining fragments. This reminded him of the hour and of his record, which he proceeded to make and enter methodically with the usual observations. When that was done he returned to his desk, and, sighing, picked up the foreign letter with a trembling hand.

As he did not appear at luncheon-time, Mrs. Hampton sent to say that the household waited for him. The servant brought back his excuses; he was so busy that, with her permission, he would eat luncheon in his study. "Something must be wrong with the weather," suggested Flora. "Is the sky falling?"

"I hope the sky will keep in place a day longer," said Hampton. "We are going out to-morrow after foxes. The snow-shoeing is superb."

"But Captain Wise cannot walk on snow-shoes," said Flora.

"No; but he can learn."

"Between now and to-morrow morning?"

"Why not?" asked the soldier. "I will learn to walk in two hours. A pair of gloves that I do!" he added, as Flora smiled incredulously.

She took up the gauntlet, and when luncheon was over he went off to the stable-yard, where Hampton shod him with the huge rackets, four feet in length, and put him through his first paces; then, driving away to town, assured him that he was in a fair way to win the bet, since all he needed was a little practice.

But snow-shoeing is a knack not to be mastered in an instant. Left to himself in his shady corner, the gallant captain stumbled and slipped down time and time again, until he grew heated, angry, and profane over his awkwardness. The long swinging gait, that is neither walk nor run nor slide, but that partakes of all three, would not hold its own for ten steps together. His feet seemed to be all toes and heels, with these extremities in perpetual conflict. At the end of an hour he was desperate, and perching himself upon an angle of the fence he took a long rest, stared defeat in the face, and smoked a gloomy pipe of consolation. Then, in a final spurt, all suddenly came right; he strode off gloriously round and round the yard, out into the drive-way, across the lawn. He looked at his watch; five minutes of his time were left, and he could walk with all the confidence of an Indian. Turning back he saw Mr. Martingale at work in the study, his hostess and her sister reading in the drawing-room window. The sun had been lying here all day, and his feet sank deeper; nevertheless he pushed on with a triumphant

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war-whoop, coming up to the house in splendid form. Uncle Billy dropped his pen to admire him; Flora applauded in amazement. He put his best foot foremost, tried in vain to get it back, plunged forward wildly, floundered, and fell in a helpless tangle with his face buried in the snow.

He could hear their screams of laughter as he made ineffectual struggles to get up. His position from being absurd began to grow serious, for he was half smothered, when a strong hand grasped his and pulled him to his feet. It was Uncle Billy, rosy, radiant, and trying hard not to smile. The captain sputtered out his incoherent thanks; then shook his fist at the rest of his audience within, now applauding him derisively, and retreated in disorder to the stable-yard again. He had lost his bet, and made a fool of himself into the bargain. It took him another hour's hard practice to recover his gait and his equanimity.

"What has happened to Uncle Billy?" asked Mrs. Hampton, as the rescuer and the rescued retired briskly in opposite directions. "Has he renewed his youth?"

"Upon my word I believe so," said Flora; "he is certainly the younger man of the two."

## III.

### STORM-SIGNALS.

Flora abated nothing from the extravagance of this statement upon discovering at dinner that Uncle Billy meant to take part in the fox-hunt of the morrow—that is, to tramp all day after the hounds over hill and dale, rail fence and stone wall, through swamp and underbrush, with a gun upon his shoulder and snow-shoes upon his feet; for in this native manner only could the mask and brush be won. "The old phœnix!" she thought, while his face betrayed keen joy in the primitive sport he was describing to the captain. "Yesterday I should have called him the last man in the world to scour the wilderness for the whisk of a fox's tail. How his eyes light up! After all, why shouldn't they? he isn't superannuated." Then she fell to conjecturing his actual age, but failed to satisfy herself about it.

The men passed into Mr. Martingale's study for their cigars, and to their hearty laughter the women, consigned to the drawing-room, listened for some time without speaking; the old bachelor's voice could be distinguished even above the others. Flora sighed unconsciously, and letting her hands fall into her lap, stared at the fire as if she found strange omens in it. Her sister offered a penny for her thoughts.

"What was I thinking? Dear me! I hardly know—nothing worth a price. How old do you suppose Uncle Billy is?"

"Yesterday I should have guessed a hundred. To-day, I really don't know. We must look in the family Bible."

"Is there one?"

"Of course. On the lower shelf in the library."

Flora immediately lighted a candle and went to look for the book, which, however, was not to be found. When she reported this, Mrs. Hampton remembered that its place was in the study, after all. Nothing could be done about it then, and they turned to other subjects until the men reappeared bringing their eternal fox-hunt with them. All gave way to that, and because of it bedtime was called much earlier than usual.

As a natural consequence Flora awoke at sunrise. The day promised to be clear and fine; a jingling of sleigh-bells announced to her that the three men had just started for the distant farmhouse where they were to meet the hounds. She watched the merry party glide off down the avenue, along the road, out upon the shining surface of the river, and gave an envious sigh when they were gone. "It's of no use," she thought; "try as hard as we may, we can't enjoy ourselves as men do; they never miss us, but we are poor creatures without them." The reflection was an irritating one. Why need they thus have asserted their superiority by planning an all-day enterprise in which she could not share? Was she not a distinguished guest to whom more than common deference should be paid? The house seemed very still and dull that morning; it might as well have

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been a boarding-school, for all the exhilaration she could find in it. The elements of mischief were at war within her, and when she went to the study in search of the family Bible, she felt a vague desire to play some prank that should stir society to its foundations. The oppressive order of the room filled her with contempt for the pettiness of man. Precision reigned supreme there, and all things stood at right angles as if arrayed for a military inspection. On the desk lay the proofs of Mr. Martingale's famous almanac, neatly folded, with a paper-weight securing them. Flora looked scornfully at the printed leaves defaced by strange hieroglyphics, among which sundry words and phrases were minutely interlined. April—May—June—evidently these months had received their final revision before return to the printer. A wicked impulse took possession of her. She caught up the pen, and at the head of the June page, imitating cleverly the author's hand and stretching the phrase out along the column, she wrote:

*About*
*this*
*time*
*expect*
*snow.*

"Poor Uncle Billy!" thought she, with a shade of compunction for the deed when it was done. "How surprised he will be to read that in print!" But she quieted her conscience, and let the incredible prediction stand.

On a shelf just over the desk she found the Bible—a fine old folio bound in red leather, so heavy that it was not easily taken down. The title-page bore an Oxford imprint of the year 1762, and quaint initial letters attracted her as she turned through the text to one fly-leaf, where the family history lay enshrined in a chronicle of dead names, all unknown except the last, William Martingale. The line looked fresh, as if written yesterday, but the hand had trembled in writing it, perhaps on the very day that he was born—fifty-three years ago! He was really more than twice her age; even now she could scarcely believe it, yet that was not so very old—for a man; a long time to live alone, though! How could men be content to make hermits of themselves? She closed the covers impatiently, lifting the Bible with both hands to replace it. But its weight was more than she had counted upon. The book slipped and fell, striking the desk violently, missing the inkstand by a hair's-breadth, escaping serious injury, as it seemed, by a miracle. When she had fully assured herself of this, and after another effort had put the volume back where it belonged, Flora turned to the desk again, still trembling at the thought of all the harm that might have happened. There was not even a scratch, but in the upper wood-work a small drawer had sprung open—no doubt at the jar of the falling book. This drawer, as Flora could not help seeing, contained a letter with a foreign postmark and the miniature of a woman so pretty that she was tempted to examine it closely. What objection could there be? Since chance had revealed so much, curiosity might surely make one step more without offending. To resist would be to neglect her advantages in a most unwomanly way. She took up the picture, and in so doing touched the edge of the drawer, which immediately closed with a snap, as if worked by a spring. It had shrunk into itself leaving no trace behind, and to her dismay the trick of it was not to be discovered, though she tapped here, there, everywhere—all in vain; the delusive mechanism, having betrayed its trust, now, with double treachery, refused to undo the work. The secret, or at least an important portion of it, remained in Flora's hands.

The miniature, delicately painted and beyond question a portrait, proved to be the half-length figure of a girl, simply but quaintly dressed after no fashion that Flora knew. The features had a foreign look; they were regular and fine, but Flora instantly detected a certain hardness in them, for which, it appeared to her, the painter was not altogether responsible. That this mote might be in her own eye, since one pretty woman's estimate of another is rarely impartial, never occurred to her. She accepted the impression, wondering who the creature was, and turning the likeness over for further developments. Across the back, written in a

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strange hand, now almost illegible, she found a name—Antonia. That had an unfamiliar foreign sound, well suited to the face. Who could she be? How came this painting of her to be treasured here? What was Antonia to this recluse, or he to Antonia? Flora asked herself these questions with a feeling of displeasure, which she would have been at a loss to explain. The indeterminate gossip about Uncle Billy's past had never reached her ears, and she now reflected for the first time that he had a past of which she knew nothing. "What a lover he would have made!" she thought. Uncle Billy a lover? Her fancy refused to lend itself to this impossible flight. Yet here was a suspicious interest in her sex apparently established by this precious bit of circumstantial evidence. It was an awkward thing to keep, but for the moment that seemed the only course to pursue. She put the trinket into her pocket, and retiring to her room considered it again more carefully. That the face was uncommonly pretty she could not but admit; then, in sudden bitterness, she wondered if it could by any possibility be called prettier than hers, and before the glass compared the two solemnly, as if she were a disinterested third person whose judgment would be accepted as final. The result was unsatisfactory. "It's in the hair," she decided; "I wonder if I can put mine up so." Taking time, as it were, by the forelock, in the end she accomplished this, exactly reproducing the foreign coiffure in her own, and wearing it down to luncheon triumphantly. Mrs. Hampton held up her hands in amazement.

"Why, Flora, what *have* you done to your head?"

"The very latest thing, Margaret dear, to which we are all coming. And how do you like it?"

Margaret, by no means sure that she liked it at all, felt much relief at finding that the very latest thing was to be modified before the men came home. As the hour of their return drew near, Flora crept down to the study in a guilty frame of mind. She had determined not to keep the miniature, and after another fruitless search for the spring she thrust her small encumbrance out of sight under some papers in a dusty pigeon-hole where Uncle Billy must discover it some day if he looked long enough. But out of sight was by no means out of mind in this instance. The bit of knowledge she had gained still vexed her unaccountably; and by a strange process of reasoning she argued that knowing a little entitled her to know all.

Meanwhile the sportsmen were having the best of days and the worst of luck. The snow-crust was in fine condition, the pure air of the hills most exhilarating; but the hounds found one scent after another only to lose it again, and at last got lost themselves. Hampton, after whistling for some time ineffectually, started off in pursuit of them, leaving the others to await his return in a clump of hemlocks on the edge of a wide clearing with a brook running through it. When he was gone Captain Wise and Uncle Billy seated themselves upon the trunk of a fallen tree to talk the matter over, keeping on the alert for any fresh sound or sign. The wind had died away, and only Hampton's whistle, more and more remote, broke the restful silence of the woods, which gradually subdued them both. Their pauses grew longer and more frequent. Mr. Martingale lighted a cigar, and the captain, pulling out a tobacco-pouch, filled his pipe to an old waltz-tune, hummed softly at first, then a little louder as his own thoughts engaged him. Suddenly Uncle Billy cocked his head like a bird and listened intently.

"Hark!" he cried, raising his hand with a warning gesture. "The hounds!"

The captain held his breath and heard them too. "In full cry!" he whispered.

"Ah, that's music!" returned his companion. "They are coming nearer. Your gun—quick—that way. I'll wait here." An instant had convinced him that the fox was making toward the clearing to enter it on the farther side. The generous resolve to give his guest the shot followed as a matter of course, and he sent the captain forward to the point he would have chosen.

As he turned for his own gun he saw a gleam in the snow just at the place

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where the captain had been sitting; the object, whatever it was, must belong to him. It proved to be nothing more valuable than the beaded ornament of a woman's dress—Flora's; an odd thing. Uncle Billy had noticed a row of similar ones on her sleeve the day before. He looked at this gravely, then put it into his pocket, and the trifling distraction lost him the game.

In that half minute the fox, with the hounds close behind him, had dashed into the open field. Headed at first directly for the captain's ambush, he had doubled well out of range, and turning into a totally different course had given the shot to Mr. Martingale, who fired—a second too late.

The men rushed in simultaneously, the captain laughing, Uncle Billy much chagrined. There were the tracks and the sweep of the brush upon the snow; but the fox had escaped, leaving the hounds to run this way and that with hopeless indecision.

"He has taken to the brook," said Mr. Martingale. "We have lost him." And so it proved. When Hampton came back, he found them still beating about the bush for the lost scent. The day was far advanced, and they had far to go; they took counsel, and turned home empty-handed.

Hampton devoted himself to the dogs at first, and the two others dropped behind him. After a long silence Uncle Billy suddenly produced the trifle that had brought about the day's discomfiture.

"I found this under the hemlocks," said he; "it belongs to you."

"Yes—that is, no," replied the captain, in confusion.

"It was in your pocket."

"Yes," admitted Wise, as he put it back there. "I see you know whose it really is."

"Yes," said Uncle Billy; "and I don't know that it's a thing to be ashamed of."

"No, it's not that," the captain answered, slowly; then, after an awkward pause, he added: "do you think there is any chance for me?"

"I know of nothing to the contrary."

"You, at least, would not oppose it, then?"

"I?" demanded Uncle Billy, with a smile. "I have no right to oppose Miss Hallowell in anything."

"No; but your approval or disapproval would have great influence with her."

"I do not think so," said Mr. Martingale, gravely. There was another awkward moment of silence, after which, he went on in the same tone, "If a word from me will help you, when the time comes, you shall have it."

"Thank you; it's immensely good of you to say that. And the time will come—at least I fear so."

Then Hampton dropped back and joined them.

## IV.

### STRESS OF WEATHER.

In spite of a severe snow-storm half the town drove out to the Martingale place on the night of the tableaux. It was understood that Captain Wise had them in charge, and that his taste in such matters was faultless. The youths and maidens whom he had invited to take part confirmed the rumor; in consequence there assembled in the drawing-room an eager audience, fluttering its programmes and eying curiously a gilt frame set up in the doorway leading to the library. "Rather small, isn't it?" whispered a rival manager, who, having won honors in this field, regarded the captain's invasive action with a jaundiced eye. "They can't be going to show many figures. And look at the names on the list—Rembrandt, Titian, Terburgh, Raphael—nothing very new there." Then the room was darkened, and in the voice of Captain Wise came the first announcement. "Number One: The Burgomaster, by Rembrandt." A curtain slipped aside, showing the portrait of an old man, more than half in shadow, so deep that it was hard to tell where the dark folds of his cloak ended and the background began. Light slanted in upon one cheek, just touching the golden chain that glimmered upon his breast. The figure was motionless, and breathless too, to all intents and purposes, with gauze before it so cunningly arranged in different degrees

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of thickness that the man looked more like a work of art than a human being. Murmurs of delight spread through the room. "How fine! Can that be Mr. Martingale? Beautiful!" And in the burst of applause that followed Captain Wise's rival joined instinctively, even while he whispered to his neighbor: "Not light enough; I couldn't half see it." But this bit of self-assertion was in reality his confession of defeat.

Mr. Martingale had made a first and last appearance. After retiring to change his costume, he came quietly down and took his stand at the back of the drawing-room, where he would be in no one's way and yet would see admirably. As he went in, Titian's "Alfonso and Laura" was announced and displayed —the woman, one of the prettiest in town, the man, Captain Wise himself, dimly seen, holding a mirror behind her lovely shoulders. Remarkably skilful, Uncle Billy thought it, and wondered if he had posed as well as that. "What comes next?" somebody asked just in front of him. He started at the answer; there was a strange mistake; that could not be possible. Looking about, he found a programme, which filled him with amazement; and immediately confirming it came the captain's voice: "Antonia — painter unknown."

For once there were no shadows. She was one glow of light and color; she lived and breathed, with the spirit of mischief trembling on her lips, flashing in her eyes. Every small detail of the old miniature had been copied with absolute fidelity, so that this looked fearfully and wonderfully like it. Yet this was only Flora after all. His startled cry was drowned by their shout of recognition, in the midst of which he turned away.

When supper was served he came back, and devoted himself to the comfort of others, with all his usual courtesy. But he carefully avoided Flora, who sat at the end of the room holding her small court of admirers and smiling upon all alike. She still wore the radiant costume of the portrait, which gave rise to much searching inquiry. What had suggested it to her? Where was the lovely original she had copied? She parried their questions artfully with many small jests, committing herself to nothing. But her animation had a false note and thinly veiled an unusual nervousness, due in part to her own mischievous audacity, in part to another annoying incident for which she was not to blame.

The crush being over in the supper-room, Mr. Martingale returned to it on his own account. He had hardly taken his first bite when the touch of a hand upon his shoulder interrupted him. It was the officer of the evening, Captain Wise, with a very sober expression on his face.

"Take a glass of wine, my dear fellow; you look tired."

"No, thank you. It's all up with me," said the captain, gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"I have spoken to her—that's all."

"When?"

"Just now—behind the scenes."

"And she——"

"She wouldn't hear of it. I might have known she wouldn't. There is nothing more to be said. I am going away to-morrow morning. A letter—sudden business of importance — you understand."

"I am very sorry—" began Uncle Billy. He would have said much more, but that other men came in and forced the captain to drink with them in spite of himself.

The storm led to an early breaking up of the party, and the guests, as they took leave, repeatedly assured Mrs. Hampton of its success in cordial terms. Even the local manager informed her that all had been "extremely good—though quite different from ours last winter, you know; *we* used the headlight of an engine." When all were gone she and her husband made merry over this significant speech, while Flora listened to them with a languid smile. Uncle Billy had vanished, no one knew where; and the captain was already packing for the early morning train. Jack and his wife regretted this, and said so; it appeared that a letter, received that afternoon, left him no choice. Thereupon Flora complained of fatigue, and bade them good-night.

On her table she found a three-cor-



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nered note addressed to her in a familiar cramped handwriting.

"Please come down to the study as soon as the house is quiet—for one moment. I have a word to say that must be said to-night. W. M."

Her cheeks burned. She deserved a scolding, she knew. She was ashamed of the trick already. He resented it, of course; he had avoided her all the evening. But could not his reproaches wait one night—this one of all others, when she had so much else upon her mind? She would not go down; she would not humor him. Let him speak out if he chose, to-morrow, and tell the whole family what she had done. What was it, after all?

That question proved an impossible one to answer. The mysterious Antonia must have figured in some remote passage of Uncle Billy's life, of which he had been suddenly reminded. Just what the passage was Flora could not guess. She had appeared to him in that likeness partly for the love of mischief, partly moved by the half-admitted hope of pushing him to an explanation. She was forced to admit the hope completely now; her desire to fulfil it became irresistible. Since an explanation of some sort awaited her, why should she postpone it a day, an hour? Since her conscience would compel her to beg his pardon, the sooner it was done the better. How humiliating the pass to which her sense of humor had brought itself! But that could not be helped. She would go down.

Opening her door softly, she watched there a moment to make sure that no one was stirring. The lights were out, and nothing could be heard but the click of the snow against the window-panes, as gliding by them in the dark she tapped gently at the study-door. Mr. Martingale made no answer, but rose and admitted her with a calm face. He did not look so very angry. The thought gave her a moment's relief, which the remembrance of her fantastic costume quickly overcame. Why had she not taken pains to change it? This last infliction, at least, she might have saved him.

"Thank you for coming," he said, moving a chair for her a little nearer to the fire. She took it silently, waiting for him to go on. But he waited too, pulling his moustache with a thoughtful air, as if the next word were very hard to find. Flora leaned forward, and pretended to warm her hand at the flame.

"You wanted to see me," she suggested.

"Yes. The fact is — Captain Wise goes to-morrow morning."

Flora started. "So this is what he wants," she thought. He had not watched for her movement, which was too slight to be detected otherwise. "Yes, he is called home unexpectedly," she said aloud.

"No," replied Mr. Martingale, looking at her sharply now. "That is not the reason."

"He has told you," she returned, coldly, with a scornful toss of her head that told fatally against the captain. But though his cause was lost his champion would not yet abandon it.

"He does not know of this. I speak of my own accord. Wise is a good fellow, a fine fellow. I like him, and——'

"But he has spoken for himself," broke in Flora, with uncontrollable annoyance, "and I have answered him."

"Definitely?"

"Definitely—in one word."

"That is very abrupt. If you were to take time to consider——"

"It would do no good. One cannot reason in these matters. I like him, that is all—and that is not enough."

"No," said Uncle Billy, with a sigh; "but if——"

"But, if you please," she urged impatiently, "we will say no more about it."

"I have no more to say."

She had more to say to him, but now, wilfully neglecting it, she rose and walked to the door, where he detained her by another word of his.

"One moment; will you give back the picture you—borrowed of me?"

"Give back the picture?" she repeated, "I left it here under those papers; there, just at your hand."

He drew out the miniature with a look so reproachful that it brought a flood of color to her face.

"The drawer opened by accident," she faltered.

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"And what you did to-night — was that an accident?"

"No; it was a piece of impertinence, foolish, unjustifiable—cruel too, perhaps. I don't know why I did it. I don't know who she is; I don't care. I only know I hate myself for grieving you."

Mr. Martingale held up the foreign letter.

"Had you read this," said he, "at least you would have known what you were doing."

"Had I read your letter; what do you mean?"

"It would not have been strictly honorable. But it would have spared me the pain of seeing you in that dress. You are the last one in the world who ought to wear it; and you wear it all—all, even to the color of her roses."

With a sudden impulse Flora snatched the flowers from her hair which uncoiled itself and trailed down upon her shoulders. She paid no heed to this, but flung the roses into the fire, and as their petals curled and shrivelled a fierce joy came into her eyes.

"I am not like her any more," said she.

"You could not be like her if you would," he answered, "for reasons which I cannot even hint to you. We do not speak ill of the dead, and of her death this letter has informed me. What she did was all a faint remembrance, until you called it up like a ghost out of the grave."

"Oh, what have I done," said Flora, in a broken voice. "After this, how can you endure the sight of me?"

"After this you will never allude to it again. I forbid you to think of it. As for myself, I shall put it out of sight and out of mind, as I put these."

He tossed the letter and the portrait where the roses had gone before them. The flame leaped up and left them in another moment a heap of glowing ashes. He looked at her, and smiled. She tried to speak, but the words would not come; even her eyes failed her in a blinding rush of tears.

He took her hand in both of his and stroked it gently. "Don't!" said he.

"I thought you meant to scold me," she sobbed. "And you are always so kind—so very kind."

"That is all gone and forgotten," he insisted. "My dear child, we must not distress ourselves a moment longer. Good-night."

"Good-night," was all she found to say. With an old-time gracefulness, gentler even than his words, he stooped to kiss her hand; tears fell upon it, and she knew they were not hers.

## V.

### NATURE'S JEST-BOOK.

LATE in the following spring word came from New York that Flora looked pale and thin and needed a change of air. "Send for her at once," said Mr. Martingale, when Margaret quoted this from her mother's letter at the breakfast-table. "By all means," added Jack, who was busy with his own letters. Then he opened the last one and gave a long, low whistle.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"It's from Wise. He is engaged to Miss Packenham, the heiress, of Chicago. An odd coincidence, isn't it? Do you suppose that can have anything to do with——"

"I suppose nothing of the kind," said Margaret, sharply.

"Oh, very well; only I can't help thinking that Flora——"

"You have no right to think at all; Uncle Billy, please stop him."

Mr. Martingale laughed. "You hear, sir. Another thought, and you are a dead man."

"Of course I may be wrong; but——"

"You *are* wrong, and that settles it," declared Mr. Martingale. "If you doubt us, ask Miss Hallowell when she comes."

Instead of doing that, Jack, after Flora's arrival, very properly fought shy of the subject which the others avoided with equal care. No reference was made to the new engagement for several days, during which Miss Hallowell, who had at first looked worn and tired, began to recover her wonted spirits; at last she took occasion to speak of it herself. One June afternoon, in making the round of the place Mr. Martingale

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found Flora under an elm-tree reading to her small favorite, John Hampton. At Uncle Billy's request they all went on together for a look at the garden. A turn in the path brought into sight a wide reach of the river flowing silently toward the sunset between thickly wooded hills. Far along it a great sturgeon leaped high into the air and fell back in a shower of foam.

"How beautiful this is!" said Flora. "Why are any of us content to live in cities?"

"You like the country, then," said Mr. Martingale.

"That word is not strong enough," she answered. "I have learned to love it while I am here, to long for it persistently while I am away."

Mr. Martingale made no reply, and they walked on for some time in silence. Then, *apropos* of nothing, she asked if he knew that Captain Wise was to be married.

"Yes," said he; "I am disappointed in him."

"Disappointed; why?"

"Because I thought — I could not help thinking that——"

"Did you think that I should change my mind?"

"Perhaps."

Her eyes flashed, but she bit her lip and did not speak just then. After a moment or two she inquired carelessly if the weather of the following day was likely to be fine.

"No," he said; "I think not. There is a storm on the way."

"You are wondrous wise," she replied, satirically, "in weather. Nature is an open book to you. It is a pity that your observation does not go a little farther and take in human nature too."

"Women, for instance," said he, smiling.

"Women—yes, women; of whom it appears you know next to nothing."

"I am not so sure of that," he retorted. "In spite of what you say I am not sure, even now, that you don't regret——"

"Uncle Billy, you are blind!" she cried, angrily, and darting off like an arrow, left him to pursue his walk alone.

The boy had gone on impatiently to the garden, and in much perplexity Uncle Billy followed him. "Where's Aunt Flora?" he demanded.

"She went back to the house, my boy. Let us sit down for a minute or two. What book are you reading?"

"I can't read myself. It was Aunt Flora who was reading."

The book opened at some verses, and in their second line Uncle Billy's glance fell upon two words which Flora had that moment used. He read on, went back to the beginning, and when he came to the end, laughing as though the fable had for him some hidden application, he read it through once more.

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again."

"Uncle Billy, what are you laughing at?" asked the child.

"At this funny book of yours. Has Aunt Flora really gone? Then let us go too."

With an invalid's privilege she kept her room that night, and he saw her neither then nor in the early morning, which was stormy, as he had predicted. He retired to his study, for what purpose was not apparent; since he only paced it aimlessly, sighing from time to time or shaking his head over some grave doubt that occupied his mind. All at once he stopped short before the window in utter astonishment.

"Upon my soul, it has come true!" he cried.

What he saw was a light flurry of snow, melting as it fell, to be sure, but still snow—most unseasonable, even in that northern latitude. With a loud laugh he rushed to his desk and took up a book—his almanac; but as he opened it a sharp knock at the door interrupted him. "Come in," he called; and Flora, all excitement, burst into the room.

"The snow, the snow! Uncle Billy, do you see?"

"Yes," he said, still laughing heartily.

"And I did it—I did it," she continued.

"You did it? What! Are you the Clerk of the Weather?"

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"Don't tell me that you never found it in the almanac—the snow in June."

"On the contrary, I found nothing else. And I should have murdered the printer in cold blood if he hadn't shown it to me in my own handwriting. It was a strange blunder. Who could have ventured to hope the fiend would lie like truth?"

It was now Flora's turn to laugh until the tears came. "Oh, Uncle Billy, you *are* blind! Your own handwriting! I forged it, and you never knew!"

"You? Is it possible? Here it is in the book, almost to a day. It was written, then, that you should be my guardian angel."

She laughed no longer, but looked out at the snow which was still falling. "It is the strangest thing in all this world," said she.

"Nature plays strange tricks with us," he answered. "In her book nothing is so strange that it may not come true. Snow in midsummer—green grass at Christmas time; it is all one to her. Old hearts grow young if she thinks best. She gives eyes even to the blind."

Flora turned and faced him, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously; but she did not speak.

"You have learned to love the country," he continued. "Do you think you could learn to live in it, if I should ask you?"

Still she said nothing, but only trembled, pale and red by turns. As he took her hand to draw her toward him gently, she hid her face upon his shoulder.

. . . . . .

"And will you tell me now about Antonia?" said she.

## WHERE SHE COMES.

*By Charles B. Going.*

With heavy elders overhung,
Half hid in clover masses,
An old fence rambles on, among
The tangled meadow-grasses.
It makes a shade for lady-fern
Which nestles close beside it;
While clematis, at every turn,
And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays
And down a sunny hollow,
By hazel-copse, and woodland ways,
The winding fence I follow;
By rose, and thorn, and fragrant dew,
In search of something sweeter—
The orchard-gap, where she comes through,
And I go down to meet her!

The sunlight slants across the fence,
Where lichens gray it over,
And stirs a hundred dreamy scents
From fern, and mint, and clover;
But though the air is sweet to-day,
I know of something sweeter:
That she can only come this way,
And I am sure to meet her!

And so, while chipmunks run a match
To tell the wrens who's coming,
And all across the brier-patch
There sounds a drowsy humming—
The hum of honey-seeking bees—
I seek for something sweeter:
A gap, amongst the apple-trees,
Where I am going to meet her!



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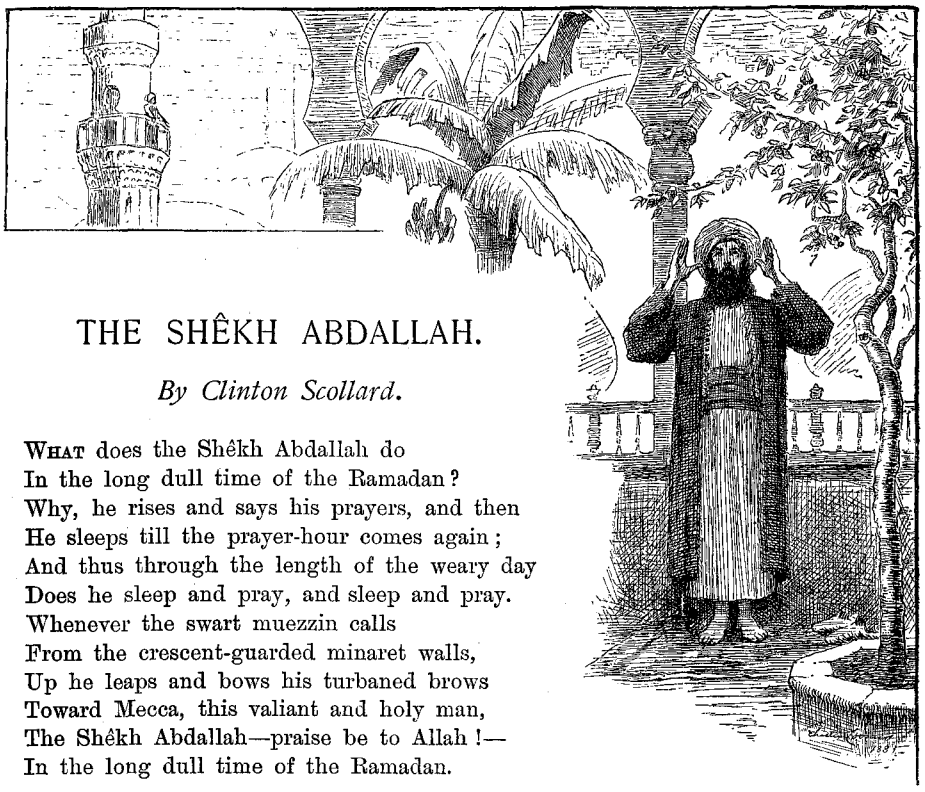
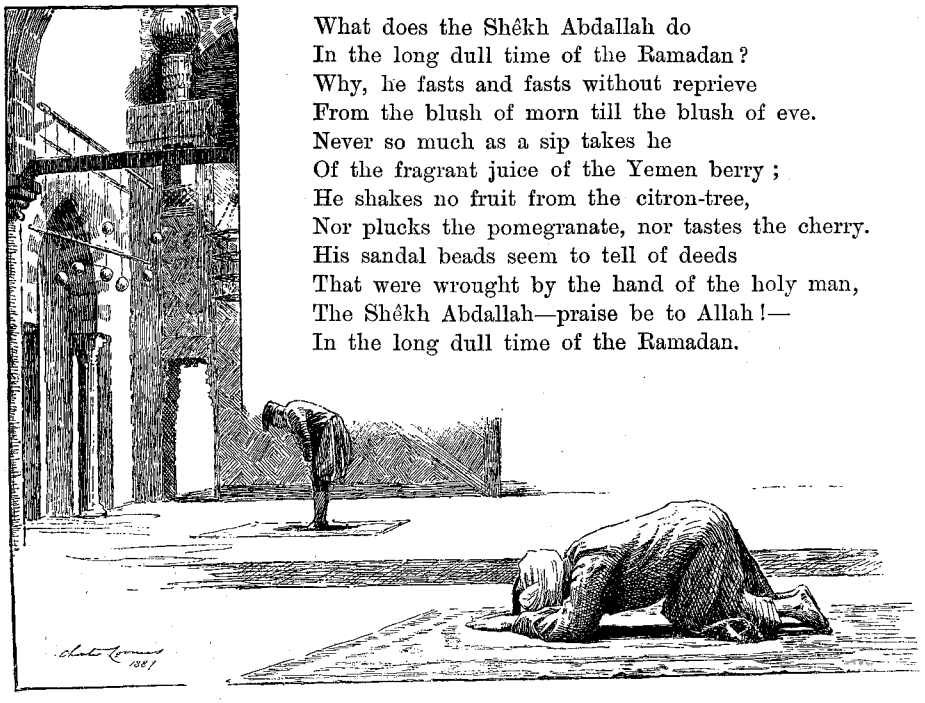


# THE SHÊKH ABDALLAH.

*By Clinton Scollard.*

WHAT does the Shêkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he rises and says his prayers, and then
He sleeps till the prayer-hour comes again;
And thus through the length of the weary day
Does he sleep and pray, and sleep and pray.
Whenever the swart muezzin calls
From the crescent-guarded minaret walls,
Up he leaps and bows his turbaned brows
Toward Mecca, this valiant and holy man,
The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.



What does the Shêkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he fasts and fasts without reprieve
From the blush of morn till the blush of eve.
Never so much as a sip takes he
Of the fragrant juice of the Yemen berry;
He shakes no fruit from the citron-tree,
Nor plucks the pomegranate, nor tastes the cherry.
His sandal beads seem to tell of deeds
That were wrought by the hand of the holy man,
The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

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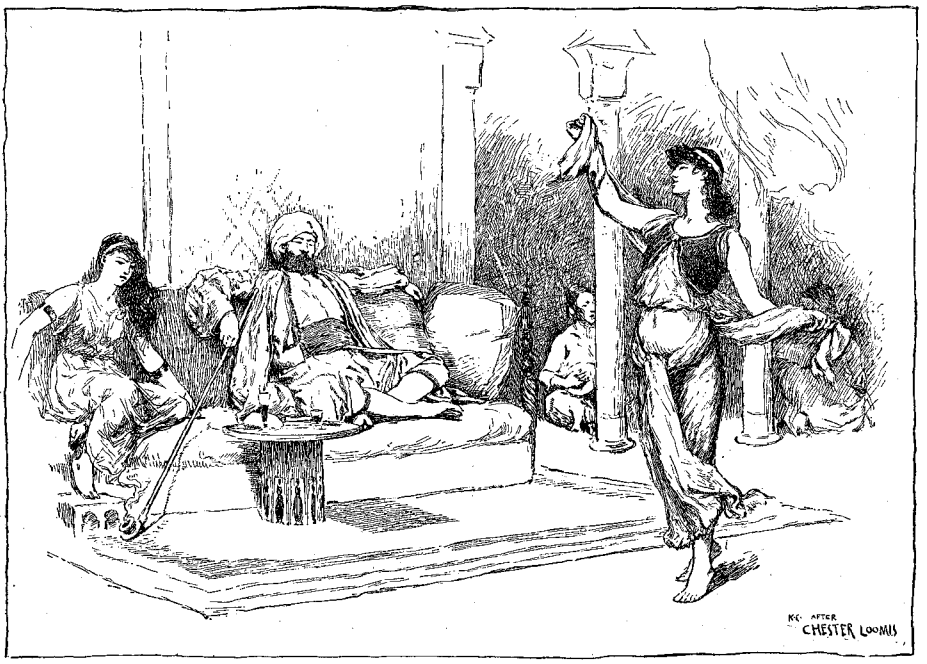
What does the Shêkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he calls his servants, and just as soon
As in the copses the night-birds croon,
A roasted kid is brought steaming in,
And then does the glorious feast begin;
Smyrna figs and nectarines fine,
Golden flasks of Lebanon wine,
Sherbet of rose and pistachios,
All are spread for the holy man,
The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.




What does the Shêkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, when the cloying feast is o'er,
Dancers foot it along the floor;
Night-long to the sound of lute and viol
There is wine-mad mirth and the lilt of song,
And loving looks that brook no denial
From a radiant, rapturous throng.
"Morn calls to prayers, now away with cares!"
He cries (this *faithful* and *holy* man!),
The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

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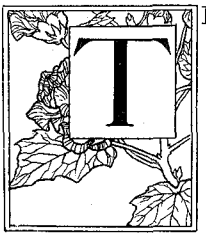
# NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA.

## FIRST PAPER.

*By N. S. Shaler.*

### INTRODUCTORY.



HE advance which has been made in natural science during the last century has led to a great change in our conception as to the relations of mankind to the earth. Of old, men looked upon themselves as accidents upon this sphere. In the light of modern science, we regard our species as the product of terrestrial conditions. We conceive man as the summit and crown of the long-continued progressive changes which have led his bodily structure up from the dust to its present elevated estate.

In the progress of organic advance which has led through inconceivably numerous stages of existence from the primal base of life to the estate of man, the dependence of beings on the conditions which surrounded them has always been very close. The lowliest organism is influenced by the temperature in air or water, by the conditions of the soil or sea-bottom, or the circumstances which serve to bring it the needful food. With each advance of intellectual power the dependence on environment becomes more and more intimate, for with that intelligence the creature seeks beyond itself for opportunities to gratify its desires. It chases its prey, flees from pursuers, herds with its kind, and is thereby educated to a sympathetic life.

When the human state is attained, when the progressive desires of man are aroused, the relations of life to the geography and other conditions of environment increase in a wonderfully rapid way. When the tool-making stage is won, the savage must become, in a certain way, a geologist. He learns perforce to seek for particular kinds of stone with which he may point his arrows and spears, to make the mortars and pestles with which to grind his corn or the clay of his pottery. The next stage, that of agriculture, yet further increases the measure of dependence on the character of the earth. As soon as the rude combats of the earlier man develop into the military art, the work of attack and defence leads to a close relation of the developing savage to the topographic conditions which he encounters. When commerce arises, the dependence of man on the shape of the earth becomes yet more intimate. With the growth of each of these elements of civilization, the arts of the household, of war, and of trade, the chains which bind men to the earth about them is manifolded.

It is impossible to depict in an adequate way the measure of dependence of our modern civilized man upon the world about him. All the functions of his body and mind depend curiously on objects from the ends of the earth. Thus our meals commonly mean many thousand miles of transit to bring the food together; the clothing of our bodies brings the wool of Australia, the cotton of the Carolinas, the silk of Italy or China, the gold of California, the leather of Paraguay, the arts of hands and brains in a dozen different peoples together. Our daily thoughts take hold on the ends of the earth.

The relation of our modern states upon the conditions of the earth is inconceivably greater than that of the ancient tribe. In the wonderful state of Britain the national life functions with reference to the topography of high Asia, the climate and surface of Africa, and other countries, until almost every storm and every drought reacts upon the national life. Ministers, and with them the purposes of the state, are changed by the chance of some battle-field at the antipodes. A drought in the plains of the upper Mississippi means dear bread in England, fewer marriages, and shorter lives; in other words, it

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produces an effect on the whole social status of the country. A disturbance such as our Civil War, which arrests the cotton export of the United States, starves Manchester and sets the rulers of Britain against the cause of freedom in America.

It is, indeed, difficult to present an adequate picture of the physiographical reactions which civilized man experiences through the geographic condition of the earth's surface, for such a picture would have to disclose the infinitely complicated machinery of our society. I must beg my readers to aid me by imagining their own position in relation to the earth's features.

There is, however, one aspect of the increasing dependence of man on nature which comes about through advancing civilization, a feature so new and so important that we should notice it at least in a passing way. The largest element of this growth is found in the gain in the sympathetical motives which have arisen from a larger understanding of the world and a closer application of the human mind to its phenomena. It is a curious feature in the culture of Greece that it never seems to have been sympathetically concerned with the people beyond the limits of the native state. The Greek thought of most things which we think about, but this matter, which now much occupies our mind, did not concern him.

It appears to me that the modern sympathy of man with the world about him which manifests itself in the love of the unseen savage, in the love of the beautiful, in the love of scientific inquiry for the sake of knowledge alone, is the last product of those vast interactions which have come from the extension of the contacts of man with nature, first through commerce and afterward through less economic motives. This interaction is dependent on peculiarities of the earth's surface, on diversities of the lands and seas, and the consequent almost infinite variety in the subjects for curious and profitable inquiry which the world affords.

Although on each land mass the physiographic influences are of the utmost importance with reference to the development of man, we can only glance at certain interesting features dependent on the structure of the lands of Europe and North America, giving most of our attention to the conditions of our own continent. North America is most interesting to us because it is the seat of our own life. Europe concerns us almost as much because it is the cradle of our people, the place of nurture where our race came by its motives and learned how to act its parts in the new theatre of the western world.

The continent of Europe differs from the other great land masses in the fact that it is a singular aggregation of peninsulas, and islands, originating in separate centres of mountain growth, and of inclosed valleys walled about from the outer world by elevated summits. Other continents are somewhat peninsulated; Asia approaches Europe in that respect; North America has a few great dependencies in its larger islands and considerable promontories; but Africa, South America, and Australia are singularly united lands.

The highly divided state of Europe has greatly favored the development within its area of isolated fields, each fitted for the growth of a separate state, adapted even in this day for local life, although commerce in our time binds lands together in a way which it did not of old. These separated areas were marvellously suited to be the cradles of peoples; and if we look over the map of Europe we readily note the geographic insulations which that vastly varied land affords.

Beginning with the eastern Mediterranean, we have the peninsula on which Constantinople stands, a region only partly protected from assault by its geographic peculiarities; and yet it owes to its partial separation from the mainlands on either side a large measure of local historic development. Next we have Greece and its associated islands, which, a safe stronghold for centuries, permitted the nurture of the most marvellous life the world has ever known. Farther to the west the Italian peninsula, where for three thousand years the protecting envelope of the sea and the walls of Alps and Apennines have enabled a score of states to attain a development; where the Roman nation, ab-



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sorbing, with its singular power of taking in other life, a number of primitive centres of civilization, grew to power which made it dominant in the ancient world. Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, have each profited by their isolation of ancient days, have bred diverse qualities in man, and contributed motives which have interacted in the earth's history. Again, in Spain we have a singular cradle of great people; to its geographic position it owed the fact that it became the seat of the most cultivated Mohammedanism the world has ever known. To the Pyrenees, the mountain wall of the north, we owe in good part the limitation of that Mussulman invasion and the protection of central Europe from its forward movement, until luxury and half-faith had sapped its energies. Going northward, we find in the region of Normandy the place of growth of that fierce but strong people, the ancient Scandinavians, who transplanted there, held their ground, and grew until they were strong enough to conquer Britain and give it a large share of the quality which belongs to our own state.

To a trifling geographic accident we owe the isolation of Great Britain from the European continent; and all the marvellous history of the English folk, as we all know, hangs upon the existence of that slender strip of sea between the Devon coast and the kindred lowlands of northern France.

The isolation of Great Britain depends upon such peculiar and interesting circumstances that we may turn aside a moment from the thread of our narrative to see how this strip of silver sea came to be a fortress ditch between the continent and the island. The British Channel is due, in the first place, to the peculiar strength of the tides in the North Atlantic. The energy of these tides is due to the fact that the North Atlantic is a somewhat wedge-shaped basin pointing up between the continents, owing its shape to the fact that the continents are rudely triangular masses pointing south. The tidal wave heaps up in this great re-entrant, as it heaps up in the narrow re-entrant of the Bay of Fundy, Port Royal Sound, Boston Harbor, or any other wedge-shaped passage leading in to the land. Next we note the fact that in the British Channel the tides have a rise of about twenty-five feet, as they sweep through its open waters from the Atlantic toward the North Sea; while in the neighboring bay of Bristol, or the Severn Channel, as it is sometimes called, where the re-entrant is closed at its head, the tides rise to about fifty feet in height. Going back to the last geological period, we are able by divers facts to ascertain that there was a broad isthmus connecting Great Britain with the French coast, perhaps extending seaward as far as the limits of Belgium; there was a bay on the east and a bay on the west. In this state we may make sure that the tides running directly into the Norman Bay, as we may call it, on the west, and the Belgian Bay on the east, were considerably higher than they are at present. Now, the cutting energy of the tide depends upon the swiftness of the streams of water which its movement brings about, and the swiftness of these streams is proportionate in a high degree to the altitude the tidal waters attain in their quick successive rise and fall. No sooner was the geographic condition we have described in existence than the tides began their work of driving their way through the rocks by cutting out and scouring off into the deeper sea the materials composing the shores. In a short time, in a geological sense, this work was accomplished. The Norman Bay broke through into the Belgian Bay, and the waters had a free run through the channel, which we may presume at first to have been narrow. Although the tides then, when the land was severed, lost a considerable part of their height, they were still, as they are at the present time, powerful agents in scouring the shores, operating to work back the coasts at a rate which, in a geological sense, is very rapid.

East of Britain lie two peninsulas which have been the cradle of very important peoples—that of Sweden and Norway is the result of mountain development; that of Denmark appears to be in the main the product of glacial erosion, differing in its non-mountainous origin from all the other peninsulas and islands of the European border. Thus on the periphery of Europe we

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have at least a dozen geographical isolated areas, sufficiently large and well separated from the rest of the world to make them the seats of independent social life. The interior of the country has several similarly, though less perfectly, detached areas. Of these the most important lie fenced within the highlands of the Alps. In that extensive system of mountain disturbances we have the geographical conditions which most favor the development of peculiar divisions of men, and which guard such cradled peoples from the destruction which so often awaits them on the plains. Thus, while the folk of the European lowlands have been overrun by the successive tides of invasion, their qualities confused, and their succession of social life interrupted, Switzerland has, to a great extent, by its mountain walls, protected its people from the troubles to which their lowland neighbors have been subjected. The result is that within an area not twice as large as Massachusetts, we find a marvellous diversity of folk, as is shown by the variety in physical aspect, moral quality, language, and creed in the several important valleys and other divisions of that complicated topography.

The fact that Switzerland has maintained its local life comparatively undisturbed by the powerful states about it for more than a thousand years, is due altogether to the peculiar geographic conditions which environ its people.

The result of the much-divided geography of Europe has been that the continent has become a natural cradle of strong peoples. Almost everywhere the sea is near by; save in Switzerland, all the important centres of population have had contact with the deep and the peculiar enlargement which it alone can afford to man. This nearness to the sea insures also a tolerably large amount of rainfall, which affords the basis of a varied industry and gives the lands a measure of fertility which makes it possible to have a considerable population on a small area. Comparing the conditions of Europe with those of Asia, we find that in that greater continent the isolation of areas is less complete, and the detached masses of land, such as Arabia, Hindoostan, Malacca, Kamschatka, etc., are not well placed to be the cradle of several great races. They are either in or near the tropics, as are the three first-named peninsulas; in high latitudes, as Kamschatka, or made deserts by their circumstances, as in the case of Arabia. The highland valleys of central Asia are sterilized either by cold or drought. The industries of these uplands are so far limited that varied culture is impossible to the folk who occupy them. Only in the peninsula of Anatolia, or Asia Minor, do we find the conditions for the culture of primitive peoples approaching the perfection of those afforded by Europe, and it is only in that section of Asia that we find the natural cradles of peoples such as abound on the European continent.

To see the importance of these conditions to the early races and states, we must conceive the state of primitive human life; we must picture to ourselves conditions very different from those prevailing in the present day. In order to make a people, to elevate a primitive folk to the state where they possess national motives and distinct moral character, and a culture which develops and fits that character, we must give it a seat where varied industries are possible, a station which it may hold against the destructive effect of foreign conquest for centuries, if not thousands of years, while its qualities are undergoing development. These qualities, which for the want of a better word we term national, being developed in a people, the movement of migration derived from the growth of population brings the separate communities into contention with each other.

The curious diversities of European and Asiatic folk in the centuries immediately before and after the birth of Christ were the result of that preparation which had come about through the long isolation of the diverse groups of men in their several cradles. Culture in the arts of war and peace, and increase of numbers, had brought these separate aggregations of men into a state of unstable equilibrium. They were ready to move; one movement of conquest led to another, until in time these peoples were all in motion, after

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the fashion in which the organic assemblages of animals and plants move when the topography and the climate of a continent are disturbed. This process of movement led to the vast contention which brought about the overthrow of the Roman power, and made an end of the dominancy which the Mediterranean states had previously maintained.

It is now the opinion of those best versed in this complicated question, that the Aryan people, long supposed to have been cradled in central Asia, are really the children of Europe; that they were developed in the Scandinavian peninsulas, a field which seems to have been the seat of the strongest men of the world for thousands of years. This view is more satisfactory to the naturalist than the older opinion, which placed the cradle of the Aryans in northern or central Asia. It seemed an anomaly that the most vigorous, and at the same time the most plastic, of the world peoples should have developed amid the limited opportunities afforded by high Asia, where the chance of education in arts and in commerce is very small compared to what it is in Scandinavia, or indeed in any of the European peninsulas. If on *a priori* considerations the naturalist were compelled to pick the natural seat in which our race obtained its qualities, there is no other site which would so satisfactorily meet his needs as the peninsulated district about the Baltic; there, better than anywhere else, men may find a hardy, though not so strenuous climate as to diminish the vitality or send all the energies to immediate needs. There the variation in the seasons, the variety of soil, the contacts with the sea, are all best suited for the training of a folk. From that great nursery of vigor we can well conceive the Aryan people, protected in their infancy by the isolation of their birthplace, going forth in their strength to dominate the world from eastern India to the Atlantic. Thence again, in the Danish Northmen days, went forth a second tide of strength. We look indeed with satisfaction, from the naturalist's point of view, on the fact that in the peninsulas of Scandinavia and in the islands of the British archipelago, we find the point of origin of the dominant people in the world, for there more perfectly than anywhere else is the environment adapted to making strong races.

After a race has been formed and been bred to certain qualities within a limited field, after it has come to possess a certain body of characteristics which gives it its quality, the importance of the original cradle passes away. There is something very curious in the permanence of race conditions after they have been fixed for a thousand years or so in a people. When the assemblage of physical and mental motives are combined in a body of country folk, they may endure under circumstances in which they could not have originated; thus, even in our domesticated animals and plants, we find that varieties created under favorable conditions, obtaining their stamp in suitable conditions, may then flourish in many conditions of environment in which they could not by any chance have originated. The barnyard creatures of Europe, with their established qualities, may be taken to Australia and there retain their nature for many generations; even where the form falls away from the parent stock, the decline is generally slow and may not for a great time become apparent.

This fixity of race characteristics has enabled the several national varieties of men to go forth from their nurseries, carrying the qualities bred in their earlier conditions through centuries of life in other climes. The Gothic blood of Italy and of Spain still keeps much of its parent quality; the Aryan blood of India, though a world apart in its conditions from those which gave it character in its cradle, is still, in many of its qualities, distinctly akin to the home people. Moor, Hun, and Turk, all the numerous folk we find in the present condition of the world so far from their cradle lands, are still to a great extent what their primitive nurture made them. On this rigidity which comes to mature races in the lower life, as well as in man, depends the vigor with which they do their appointed work.

These considerations will be of the utmost importance to us in our study of the effect of physiographic conditions

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found in North America upon the folk derived from other lands, which are to work out their history upon its surface. The Americas, Africa, and Australia have shown by their human products that they are unfitted to be the cradle places of great peoples. Vast as has been the development of human life upon them, these continents have never from their own blood built a race that has risen above barbarism.

Northern Africa early became the seat of Asiatic and European folk, separated from the body of that continent by a region of deserts. The southern shore of the Mediterranean afforded fair opportunities for the independent development of peoples, the result of which is expressed in its history; but the national motives of Egypt, of Carthage, and of Moorish civilization which grew up in northern Africa, are all exotic. These states all represent the development of peoples who were cradled elsewhere. So, too, the semi-civilized condition of Abyssinia is due to the implanting there of peoples not of African origin.

In Australia there has never been an elevation of the people above the grade of savagery. In the Americas, the only movement which elevated the folk above the lowest grades of barbarism is that which took place at certain points in the Cordilleran chain, where mountain districts afforded a measure of isolation and protection such as is necessary for the dawn of any culture whatsoever. All the rest of these continents, so far as we can interpret their human history, have been characterized by the endless disturbed wanderings of savages, tribe set against tribe, making life so precarious that culture was impossible.

A glance at the geographic conditions of North America will show the observer, especially if he will compare the conditions with those of Europe, how unfitted is this continent to be the cradle-place of peoples. North America is in the main a geographic unit. The detached masses which border it are, by the circumstances of climate or of surface, unfitted to give the isolation necessary for the nurture of people. This will be evident on a brief review of the continental geography.

Beginning with the southern extremity of North America, we find in that region a limited measure of isolation by mountain barriers. Central America and Mexico are to a certain extent protected by such natural defences, but in this region the climate is not suited to the best conditions of man. Although our species came from tropical creatures—the anthropoid apes—men need the stress of high latitudes, the moral and physical tonic effect of cold, to drive them into those interactions of activity which constitute civilization. Going up the eastward face of North America, we find in the Antilles an assemblage of lands which, but for their tropical climate, might have favored the growth of civilization. Next we come to Florida, a geographic unit of considerable importance. This area has, however, a subtropical climate, and a surface by no means favorable to primitive agriculture. It demands the resources of the modern farmer to win crops from the soil. Moreover, there are no barriers save those of swamps and forests to this field. Every part of the surface could be ranged over by nomads.

From Florida to eastern Nova Scotia and Newfoundland there are no well-isolated fields on the coast line of North America. Cape Breton and Newfoundland, the island of Anticosti and that of Prince Edwards, have something of the geographic unity which belongs to the cradle-lands of Europe and Asia; but in the aboriginal days of North America these regions were too far north for agricultural industries. Maize, the principal agricultural plant with the Indians, would hardly develop there. The barbarous folk were therefore retained in the state of hunters or fishermen, conditions which do not permit peoples to emerge from the grade of savagery. Needs cannot advance in those lowly states of existence; there is no basis for commerce, no foundation for the progress of the desires on which all high culture depends. The man is what he seeks, what he desires, and must obtain. All civilization is the outgrowth of strivings which go beyond momentary physical needs, and, therefore, until agriculture affords a firm foundation for subsistence, until life is by the soil made

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something more than a struggle for momentary support, the foundations of culture cannot be obtained. North of Newfoundland and through all the part of the continent which faces the ice-bound seas, the conditions are too rigorous to permit the development of agriculture, and therefore the geographic environment could not secure the cradling of well-developed races. The same is true of the region of Alaska. Maize culture is impossible until we advance southward on the Pacific coast, to the region which is beyond the peninsulated district of eastern America. The coast is rather uniform in its physical and climatic character, until we come to the vast promontory of southern California. This latter district is in form not unlike that of the Scandinavian peninsula, but it is an arid country, affording no basis of agriculture, remaining to this day essentially an unknown desert. From lower California to the isthmus, the shore is again without isolated areas of land.

The interior of North America is even more undivided than its shore-line. Along the eastern coast extends the great mountain system of the Appalachians, the highest point of which rises to about six thousand five hundred feet above the sea, but the structure of the ranges is such as to make no inclosures of well-defined mountain-walled basins. Every part of the Appalachians is open to the free movements of savage men; the best protected valleys would offer no immunity to a nascent civilization in its struggle with more barbarous folk. We see something of the unfitness of this shore-line of our continent for the cradling of great races in the history of European settlements on this shore. Every colony which was planted in North America had to enter into combat with a host of savages. There were no natural strongholds, such as abound on the coast of Europe, and such as afforded the foundation of the Greek colonies all along the coast of the Mediterranean, or to the Northmen all the way from their own land around to the shores of Sicily. So the European colonists, until they came to gain strength by numbers, were, despite their superior arts and arms, their stronger morale and training in the art of statecraft and war, in jeopardy for generations after their coming to the massive continent. The valley of the Mississippi, the great central trough of the continent, is unbroken by barriers from the Arctic Circle to the Southern sea.

The Rocky Mountains, by their greater height and certain peculiarities in their construction, afford a good many inclosed valleys which under more favorable circumstances might have become the seat of a vigorous life. Unfortunately this region is excessively arid. There can practically be no tillage within its limits except by devices of an engineering sort, by which water is led from scanty streams upon the land; and even with this resource the population cannot readily attain to the numbers which are necessary for the development of culture.

It seems to me that it is rather to the physical conditions of North America than to any primal incapacity on the part of its indigenous peoples to take on civilization, that we must attribute the failure of indigenous man within its limits to advance beyond the lowest grades of barbarism. The Indian shows us in many ways that he is an able person. We may judge any folk by their greater men, and there can be no doubt that the ablest of our American savages rank high in the intellectual scale. It is, it seems to me, to the ceaseless disturbances of nascent civilization that we owe the failure of this folk to attain to a higher grade. Each tribe which retained its primitive savage impulse of migration became, as did the Shawnees, a kind of Hun, to sweep away in their foragings the beginnings of the higher state to which other folk might have attained. As long as a race is purely savage, dwelling in isolated communities, it does not seem endowed with any considerable mobility. When by the arts which constitute the next advance, and bring the people to the state of barbarism, they become dangerous to their neighbors, their motives are stronger, and they are commonly numerous enough to make war successfully. Not tied by systematic agriculture or by architecture to any particular piece of ground, they prey upon their better-provided neighbor

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and so break up their incipient states. Little as we know of the tribal movements in America, we have yet learned enough concerning them to see how certain bands of barbarians swept to and fro, sometimes in the course of a century, making marches comparable to those of Goths and Huns of the old world, and bringing equal destruction in their path. The Goths and Huns were perhaps abler people than our American Indians in their best estate; moreover, they devastated states which were so strong as to not be utterly destroyed by their movements; the first effect of their coming was in good part to overwhelm society, but there was enough left, as we all know, to subdue the savages by the arts of peace; but if southern Europe had been struck by the northern invasion a thousand years before the tide broke upon them, the Goths would have had to invent their own civilization in place of appropriating and being appropriated by the earlier culture.

If the problem before our race on this continent were that of cradling civilizations, we should have no right to draw a bright picture as to the future of American life. Fortunately, however, the question is that of disseminating race characteristics bred elsewhere, of bringing those characteristics into interaction on a field favorable for their best development. For this purpose the surface of North America affords peculiar advantages. The nature and limitations of these conditions we shall now have to consider.

## I.

In considering the physiographic conditions of any area, with reference to the development of organic life upon it, the life of man as well as of lower beings, we have to note not only the circumstances of the given field, its soils, climate, and shape of the surface, but also the relations of the area to the neighboring districts, which in the process of geographical change, brought about by the development of mountains and continents, may send contributions to its inhabitants. We must therefore now turn our attention to the relations of contact between the continent of North America and the other land masses of the world, particularly those of the northern hemisphere.

A glance at the map shows us that North America is geographically related to the old world, both on the east and west. Geological history tells us that from time to time the measure of this relation of our country to the lands of Europe and Asia has varied greatly, the present condition being only one state of those connections. In the preceding geological ages, although we cannot as yet construct the ancient geography with any accuracy, we can still discern that the relations of the continent, as regards the freedom of its organic intercourse with Europe and Asia and South America, have varied much.

The American continents seem, from the record of the rocks, to have been better constituted for the nurture of plant than of animal life. A good measure of this difference may be had from the contribution which America has made to the animals and plants which are domesticated by man. It needs no argument to show that in order to meet the requirements of man's uses, animals and plants must be highly specialized, having peculiarities of strength as in our horses and elephants, a tamable nature as in almost all our domesticated animals, highly organized fruits, seeds or fibres as in the most of our cultivated plants; in other words, it is in general from the highest members of each organic series that man selects the forms which he is to domesticate in his barnyard or his tilled fields. With this point in mind, it is interesting to note that North and South America and Australia, though they have about as many species of vertebrates as the old world, have contributed but one animal to the domestic uses of civilized man, namely, the wild turkey; while the old world has given more than a score to such service. On the other hand, the contribution of plants to domestication from the Americas has been most important. Indeed, we may say that the plants which the new world has afforded have been sufficient to make something like a revolution in the economic conditions of our civilization. The potato and Indian

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corn have profoundly altered the agriculture of Europe. Tobacco has changed the habits of men throughout a large part of the world. The species of cinchona, whence comes quinine, have been of an invaluable advantage to human life, and a score of other American species, such as the tomato, have come to play a more or less important part in human economy. All these species of plants are highly elaborated forms, and the number of them which have been contributed to man's needs from the new world shows the relatively high differentiation of plant life in the American continents.

The geographic conditions which determine the relations of America to the centres of human development in the old world are determined by the position of the lands and the currents of the sea. By both these sets of circumstances, North America is more clearly related to Asia than it is to Europe.

Since the coming of man upon the earth the geographic relations of this continent have pretty certainly been more intimate with the Asiatic land mass than with that of Europe. It is possible that during the glacial period the region about Behring's Strait was lowered beneath the sea, but the subsidence was probably of a temporary nature. We may reckon that the continents have generally, at least since the beginning of the tertiary period, been nearer together in the northern Pacific than in the northern Atlantic. The great depth of the ocean basin between the coasts of America and those of Europe points to the conclusion that the great lands in that part of the world have long been widely separated. Moreover, the ocean currents of the northern Pacific favor the movement of man as well as the migration of animals which may float on chance rafts from the region of China and Japan to western North America, while they oppose the westward movement of peoples from Europe to the American shore; the set of the atmospheric currents operates to the same end. It is a well-known fact that the sailing voyage, even to our modern ships, requires very much longer time from western Europe to eastern America than in the direct passage from this country. In the earlier states of the navigator's art, before the invention of the keel, it was well-nigh impossible for the primitive craft to find their way across the northern Atlantic to the European coast, while the chance of currents in ocean and air tended to bring vessels from the eastern shores of Asia to the western coasts of North America; hence, it came about that the first men planted on the American continent were probably Asiatic in their origin, and these peoples remained for many centuries unaffected by the higher races bred in the more favorable conditions of Europe. This point, however, is disputed by some recent writers, but the position still seems tenable.

It is barely possible that some chance drifting of ships containing people blown away from about the mouth of the Mediterranean may have found a lodgement on the coast of South America, to which they were brought by the equatorial stream. The distance is, however, so great, and the time of the journey so long, that it is improbable that a ship scantily provisioned as were the vessels of old, should have borne living voyagers across this wide field of waters. The Peruvian traditions appear to point to the coming of their royal house from the East. It has been conjectured by fanciful interpreters of those myths, that this race was of European origin. It appears on inquiry that there is nothing which may be called evidence to support this opinion.

It is easily seen that, in the case of the lower animals, chance wanderers to any land would have great difficulty in establishing themselves on the newfound shore. Difficulties arising from the lack of reconciliation with the environment, the unaccustomedness of the food, the unfitness of organization and habit to withstand the attacks of native enemies, would, in most cases, lead to their destruction. The history of North America shows very clearly how this principle holds in the case of human settlement as well as that of the lower animals. The first European colonies to be planted in North America, though reasonably well provided with the resources necessary for the colonist, had a hard battle to fight with their

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new conditions. Disease and native enemies brought many of these settlements to destruction. Chance voyagers, in drifting ships, cast upon the shore without provision for their immediate needs, would have a yet more arduous battle before them. Therefore, though we may have had accidental immigration of European men to our American shores, we need not be surprised that none of these accidents led to the establishment of the higher races of the Old World on this continent.

As long as North America was unoccupied by man, its settlement from Asia would have been relatively easy. As soon as it had been filled with the descendants of Asiatic peoples to the point where the population was as dense as savagery permits, any further settlement would have been difficult, for the same reason that it was hard for the Europeans to make good their lodgement on the Atlantic shore. History makes us familiar with the fact that the colonies which came to the Atlantic coast from the Old World, except certain settlements in Pennsylvania and some of the early French establishments, found themselves in immediate hostile contact with the aborigines. The struggle for existence between the two kinds of men would in all cases have led to the extinction of the new-comers, were it not that their ranks were fed by continuous reinforcements from the Old World. Thus, as soon as the continent was peopled from Asia, it stood out against further settlements, whether they came by chance or by design. In this way we may account for the failure of Asiatic colonies representing the higher life of Japan and China to establish themselves on the Pacific coast. It is almost certain that America was peopled before those civilizations were developed, and so there were tribes of savages ready to oppose the occupation of the country by the higher life, which in time grew up in the western part of the Indo-European continent.

We now come to the effect of the geography of North America on its savage tribes.

The effect of the physiographic conditions of North America upon the development of the aboriginal peoples is so obscure as not to warrant much more discussion than we have given to it. There are, however, certain points which repay inquiry. We have already noticed the fact that the massive geographic form of North America did not favor the creation of those divisions between people which are such a striking feature in Europe and Asia. The several tribes, developing evidently from the family relation, could only attain a limited measure of separate growth. If any of these ancient peoples could have found shelter such as a Swiss valley or a Scandinavian peninsula affords, the original differentiation dependent on the family tie would have readily extended into the larger bond of the state, but from the lack of geographic isolation, war, and various other accidents naturally arising in this massive and undivided continent, led quickly to a limitation in the measure of tribal development. In Mexico and in certain other sequestered parts of the Cordilleran region, where the people were in part protected by natural defences, the folk advanced to a somewhat higher grade of civilization than that which generally characterized our American savages; but even in these regions the protection was incomplete and the folk were at all times liable to destructive incursions from neighboring less civilized tribes.

It appears from certain fragments of evidence, that some of our American Indians, a few centuries before the coming of the whites to the shores of the continent, were in a rather higher state of advance than that in which they were found by the first Europeans. Thus in the Mississippi Valley the people were evidently more sedentary, some time about a thousand years ago, than they were when their conditions first became a matter of historic record. This is shown by the fact that the people had attained to a point where they constructed extensive earthworks both for the purpose of defence and to indulge themselves in the expression of certain religious ideas. The Ohio and the upper Mississippi valleys abound in the tumuli and fortifications which apparently indicate that the people had been more numerous than they were when our race first knew them; they depend-

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ed more upon agriculture and less upon the chase.

For a long time these aboriginal monuments were esteemed sufficient evidence to prove that the country had been inhabited by a peculiar race, to which the name of "Mound-Builders" was given. We now know that these works were constructed by the immediate ancestors of our American Indians, and that, indeed, in the more southern parts of the Mississippi Valley, as for instance in northern Mississippi, the people had not quite abandoned the mound-building habit when they came in contact with the whites. The cause of this decadence is interesting. The explanation seems to be as follows: In the state of savagery men depend altogether upon the products of the chase, or upon the untilled resources of the vegetation about them. As the population increases the game becomes less abundant and the folk are gradually driven to tillage. They become sedentary; they exercise the forethought which agriculture requires, and so advance to the next higher stage in development, where they depend in the main upon the resources which the soil affords. Each further increase in the population diminishes the relative value of the hunter's art and tends to separate the people from the vagarious and ensavaging habits of their ancestors, who lived by the chace.

In the higher state of development, such great constructions as Fort Ancient or the Picture Mounds of the upper Mississippi and the Ohio valleys become possible, and to this state the peoples of the Ohio and neighboring valleys appear to have arrived some centuries before the advent of Europeans. Then came a peculiar biological accident which shows us how dependent man is upon the other living tenants of the earth he inhabits. In the pre-European state of the country, probably down to some time after the year 1000, the American bison or buffalo appears to have been absent from all the region east of the Mississippi. It is doubtful if the creature existed for any distance east of the Rocky Mountains. There had been an earlier and less plentiful species of bison in this country, but he appears to have disappeared many thousands of years ago, perhaps before the coming of man to this continent. Our well-known species probably was developed in some region far to the west of the Mississippi, whence it gradually spread to the eastward. The Mound-Builders apparently did not know the creature. We determine this point by the fact that we do not find bison bones about the old kitchen fires, and we fail to find any picture of the beast in the abundant delineations of animals made by these ancient people. They figured all the other important forms of land animals, including birds, snakes, and also many of those from the far-off waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; but they have given us no representation of this, which would have been to them the king of beasts. We therefore justly conclude that it was unknown to them.

When in his westward movement the buffalo came to the semi-civilized inhabitants of the Mississippi system of valleys, he brought a great plenty of animal food to the people, who had long been in a good measure destitute of such resources, for they had no other domesticated animals save the dog. Not yet firmly fixed in the agricultural art, these tribes appear, after the coming of the buffalo, to have lapsed into the pure savagery which hunting brings. To favor the pasturage of these wild herds, the Indians adopted the habit of burning the prairies. These fires spread to the forests on the east, killing the young trees which afforded the succession of wood, gradually extending the pasturage area of the wild herds until the larger portions of the western plains eastward to central Ohio and Kentucky, probably even into the Carolinas, and southward to the Tennessee River, had been stripped of their original forests, making way for the vast throngs of these creatures which ranged the country at the time when we first knew it. With the rehabilitation of the hunter's habit, and with the nomadic conditions which this habit necessarily brings, came more frequent contests between tribes and the gradual decadence of the slight civilization which the people had acquired.

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Thus the deforested condition of our prairies, which gives a very peculiar physiographic condition to the central basin of the continent, is probably to be accounted for by the interference of man. It is an effect, though unintended, of the savage's action in relation to an important wild beast. If the advent of European folk in the Mississippi Valley had been delayed for another five centuries, the prairie country would doubtless have been made very much more extensive. Thus in western Kentucky a territory of about 5,000 square miles in area had recently been brought to the state of open land by the burning of the forests. All around the margin of this area there were only old trees scarred by the successive fires, there being no young of their species to take the place as they fell. It is probable that with another five hundred years of such conditions the prairie region would have extended up to the base of our Alleghanies, and in time all the great Appalachian woods, at least as far as the plain land was concerned, would probably have vanished in the same process.

In the region south of the Tennessee the Indians long maintained agricultural habits in a measure not common with their northern kindred. Indeed, when the settlements of the Creeks and the allied tribes about the Gulf were destroyed by the advancing tide of European life, the sedentary condition of the population which prevailed perhaps in a higher state of development at one time in the Ohio Valley, had not been destroyed by the invasion of the buffalo.

In general, north of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence the climate is such as to make the development of people beyond the stage of savagery quite impossible, for the reason that agriculture is not possible in that country. We therefore find in the considerable Indian and Esquimo population of the high north of our continent much less trace of advance than in the southern section. We may say, indeed, that the possibilities of culture are in a descending scale from the subtropical districts of Mexico to the northern fields of the continent; the measure of advance depending on the ratio between the proportion of food-supply derived or derivable from hunting and from tillage. Still further we note on this continent, a feature better shown in the old world, that the stronger and more militant people develop in tolerably northern stations between the tropic heat and circumpolar cold. The conquering tribes among the Indians were those which lived south of the great lakes and north of the Ohio River. In that district some agriculture was possible—indeed it was imperatively demanded in any considerable aggregations of people—in order to meet the trials of the winter. The rigor of climate tends to breed vigorous, somewhat forethoughtful men; such races as the Iroquois, or Six Nations, the Normans of America, appear to have acquired their soldierly qualities in these northern climates, as the conquering folk of Europe were bred in winter lands.

In a general way it is true that the North American aborigines, through the lack of geographical isolation, never attained the state when the physiography of the region they inhabited would do the most to develop the original tribal groups into states. The natural divisions of the continent did not come to have much importance in relation to man until North America became the seat of European settlements. We shall therefore, without further consideration of the aboriginal peoples, give our attention to the history of European immigrants on this continent.

The history of the earlier settlements of Europeans in North America is one of the most interesting chapters in the records of man. The discovery and the Europeanization of America depended in the first place upon the ancient commerce of Europe with the far East. This trade, which began in very ancient days, had attained to considerable importance before the growth of the Mohammedan religion. The development of this faith in the eighth century and the consequent combats between the Christians and the followers of Mohammed, made the intercourse of Europe with the Orient soon more difficult and costly than it had been in earlier times. The commercial men of Europe as well as the statesmen were anxious to find a new way

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to the great, though somewhat fabulous, wealth of southern and western Asia. Then came the important scientific conclusion familiar to the ancients, but new to modern people, that the earth was a sphere, and with it naturally appeared the project of attaining to the Orient by sailing around by the west, so escaping the barrier which Mohammedanism interposed to the path of commerce. Neither of these conditions would have been sufficient to push the explorers across the Atlantic, but for the great advance in the art of navigation which the Normans had brought to southern Europe. The classic ships of the Mediterranean, or their imitations in other parts of Europe save Scandinavia, were probably all flat-bottomed. They had to go with the wind. The Northmen had invented the keel, which alone makes navigation something better than waiting for the chances afforded by variable winds. Taking advantage of the trade-winds, even a Roman ship could have sailed to America, but it is doubtful if any vessel without a keel could have compassed the return voyage save by the rare opportunity of continued westerly winds, which blow only in the North Atlantic. Moreover, in Roman times, water was conveyed with difficulty. The vessels were the skins of animals, or for water-carriage earthen jars, necessarily frail and generally of small size. The invention of the cask, one of the most considerable elements in the establishment of the economic conditions on which civilization rests, came in relatively modern times. The cask as well as the keel was, it seems to me, a device of northern Europe, and the two together did more to make long distance navigation possible than any other inventions.

After the middle ages there was a rapid increase of population in Europe, due to the consolidation of states and a consequent steadfaster condition of the conditions of life. With this increase in numbers the commercial spirit became stronger. The conflicts with Mohammedanism developed a measure of missionary ardor which, combined with the commercial motive, supplied the strong incentive which pushed European peoples on the ways of western discovery.

It is not surprising that the first of these movements, save the accidental voyages of the Scandinavians to the northern coasts, came from the Spanish peoples. The reconquest of Spain to Christianity had served to develop the military motives of that people. A part of the conquering population of Spain was of Gothic blood, holding something of the seafaring impulse of the Northmen; furthermore, Spain is near the parallels of the trade-winds. As soon as a vessel is a little way from its shores, it feels that great western-setting breath which will carry a ship straight forward to the Antilles. If Columbus had sailed from the British Channel, the conditions of the "roaring forties" would probably have insured the failure of his adventurous voyage. The trade-winds determined, in a way that was most fortunate for our race, the fact that the Spaniards came to the tropical districts of America. These regions they possessed before the more northern peoples of Europe began to have an interest in the western empire. When the French and English entered into the scramble for the new lands of the west, Spain had already lain its strong hand upon about all the countries south of the straits of Florida and north of the Equator. The English and French were fended from the tropical parts of America by the preemption of those lands by Spain, whose claim was fortified by the decisions of the Pope, and even more effectively excluded from them by the currents of the air and sea. The Gulf Stream makes a strong opposition to the mariner seeking to find his way to the Gulf of Mexico by cruising down the coast of the continent. To the slow-sailing ships of the colonial days, vessels which under the most favorable conditions did not generally make more than five or six miles an hour, this stream was a considerable barrier to the southward movement along the shore of North America. The only easy way to the lands about the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico was one pretty thoroughly guarded by the Spaniards; hence the French and English were practically limited to the country north of the Straits of Florida. Thus we see the fact that the trade-winds and their current, which led Columbus to America, helped to bar the

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French and English from the tropical portions of that country.

We must now note that the French, owing to their geographic position, shared with the Spanish in the missionary motive which was so large an element in continental Europe at the time of American discovery. The French at first and mainly sought America, not as a territory in which to plant their race, but as the Spaniards sought it, as a place of commercial dominance and of spiritual domain. It is sometimes the fashion of Protestants to contemn the spiritual element of the Latin colonists in America, and to consider that the missionary portion of the enterprise was hypocritical, and that the commercial and national supremacy was the only end sought. History as well as a fair respect for human motives opposes this interpretation. We must regard the missionary element of these enterprises as of great value in directing the westward movement of the Spanish and French empires. In England, owing to circumstances which we cannot discuss, the Crusade motive was never as strong as on the continent, the divisions in the church already rife, had led to a loss of such proselyting spirit as may once have existed. In this period England, though much less peopled than at the present time, already felt the stress of over-population; moreover, the much regretted loss of her continental possessions had given the people a desire to secure new lands. The commercial and colonizing motives, unaffected by the spirit of religious proselytism, were also stronger than on the continent. The result was that the English colonies in the new world were planted with a very different motive from those of France and Spain. They consisted of people who came to stay, to breed upon the ground, and to found New Englands on the foreign shore. Though in part led by religious convictions, seeking a haven for peculiar creeds, they were on the whole commercially minded, true colonists in their intent as were the Greeks in their time, or their ruder imitators, the Northmen, in a later age.

The conditions which determined the first seats of French and English settlements on the coast of North America may be termed accidental; or, in other words, we cannot perceive that physiographic conditions in any distinct way affected the location of the colonies. It came, however, to pass that the French obtained control of the region about the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and thence they extended their settlements up that wonderful valley, the great eastern gateway of the continent. At the same time the region about the mouth of the Mississippi was held by the other Latin people, the Spaniards, through the fact that they possessed the gateways which led to the Caribbean and the strength to maintain that empire of waters against intruders. The English and their kindred folk, the neighboring Dutch, found their way to the shore and founded settlements from the Bay of Maine southward to and beyond Cape Hatteras.

It is difficult, in the present state of our control over this continent, to conceive the importance which lies in the facts concerning the original sites of the French and English settlements on the American shore. We now traverse this land in every direction with perfect ease; as for the mountain barriers of the Appalachians, with their great forests and unnavigable streams, they now demand but a ton or two of coal to carry in one railway train a greater population than was ever at one time imported to our coast before the beginning of the eighteenth century. In those old days the Appalachian system of mountains constituted a really impassable zone extending from Georgia to the far north, broken only at one point by a navigable water-way and the great valley it occupies, the St. Lawrence basin and river. It is true that the Hudson in its principal tributary, the Mohawk, in a fashion divides the Appalachian axis, but it opens no pathway into the Mississippi Valley. The Mohawk is unnavigable, and the region about its head-waters contained perhaps the densest part of the Indian population north of the Ohio, composed of very vigorous and combative tribes.

Although the Appalachians have peaks of no great height, their ranges are singularly continuous, and the passes formed by the streams in the numerous wall-like ridges afforded in early days no natural ways whatever. From Maine

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to Alabama the woods were unbroken and impassable. This great Appalachian forest was in primitive days an exceedingly dense tangle. At a few points the aborigines had worn narrow footways through it; but these trails were not adapted to pack-animals, the original means of transportation brought by the Europeans, but for the use of men who journeyed on foot, and could thus climb steeps inaccessible to a burdened beast. A large part of the district from central Pennsylvania northward was bowlder-strewn, affording no footing for horses. Even in the present state of New England, where the superficial layer of glacial erratics has been to a great extent cleared away, it is easy to conceive how impassable the surface must have been in early times. It required a century of enterprising, unrecorded labor to open the paths across the stony and swampy fields of New England to the valley of the Hudson. The undergrowth of this forest country is far more dense than that which is commonly found in European lands. The shrubby plants, and the species of smilax or green briar and other creeping vines, make the most of our Appalachian forests very nearly impassable, even at the present day. Only once during the civil war, viz., in the retreat of George H. Morgan's army in 1862, from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio, did any considerable body of troops make an extended march through our trackless forests, and this redoubtable enterprise was accomplished in a portion of the Alleghany district where the woods are far more open than they are in the more eastern part of the country. Although this march extended for only two hundred miles, and was partly over roads, it wore out the army.

The Appalachian barrier of forest and mountain was to civilized men almost as impassable as the Alps. It had a width of about three hundred miles; it was long before its geography was known, and therefore we need not be surprised that nearly a century and a half of growth had to take place in the English settlements before they fairly broke their way through it and obtained access to the Mississippi Valley; and then another fifty years passed before the central settlements were closely united with the sea-port by ways which trade could traverse.

It fell to the lot of the French to secure in the St. Lawrence River possession of the only practical access to the fruitful interior of North America. Although there are some difficulties of navigation in the St. Lawrence system of waters, as in its rapids and in Niagara Falls, that channel affords, for more than half the year, by far the most natural way into the heart of the continent. Along this path the French extended their settlements and their influence over the aborigines into the Mississippi Valley, before the English colonists or those of the Hollanders had penetrated beyond the lowlands of the Atlantic shore.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the historian, in making a survey of the conditions existing in North America, would have most likely declared that the Latin folk had vastly the advantage over the English in their control over the continent. On the south the Spanish possessed all that portion of the continent which was blessed with what is commonly esteemed a fortunate climate. On the north and west the French, by their control of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi Valleys, over which they claimed and in a fashion exercised dominion up to the western base of the Appalachians, had apparently secured a hold upon all the fairest fields of the country. The British and the Hollanders, on the other hand, occupied a narrow strip of shore lands which were only moderately fertile. Back of them lay an almost impassable barrier, separating them from the heart of the continent. On the north and west they were wrapped around by the French. On the south they were hemmed in by the Spanish possessions.

A closer view would have shown the investigator that there were certain conditions affecting these diverse peoples which were destined in the end to give dominance to the English folk. In the first place, the British settlements of the Atlantic coast were tolerably ready of access at all times of the year to the old world. It was only about five weeks voyage from Great Britain to any part of the coast, while it was a six month's journey from France to the outposts of

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the French settlements along the upper great lakes or in the Mississippi Valley. Moreover, the northern way, that by the St. Lawrence, was closed for nearly half of the year, while the Mississippi, even after its channel was well known, was a difficult path for ascending navigation. The French settlements in the valley of the St. Lawrence were ill placed for a successful agriculture. Their crops were scanty and won with much labor. As before remarked, the continental peoples never seriously proposed to transfer a large body of their population to the new world, making there the homogeneous equivalent of the European state. Their scheme was more of a missionary nature; they proposed to incorporate the native people into the state after the fashion of the Roman colonists. This idea of obtaining control over the native population appears to have had some small share in the plans of the earlier English settlers. The scheme was however quickly abandoned. The settlers soon came to the plan of exterminating rather than domesticating the savages. The results were that the Latin settlements became in general the seats of a mongrel race, neither savage nor civilized, while the English and Dutch settlements were developed as true off-shoots of the parent folk.

There was a certain advantage arising from the hemming in of the British colonies in North America by the Appalachian boundary. In place of the detached settlements which characterized the Spanish, and more particularly the French, colonies, the British colonial establishments were by their geographical conditions compelled to develop in a more connected way. It was possible in 1700 to ride from Portland, Me., to southern Virginia, sleeping each night in some considerable village. If our ancestors on the continent had secured a ready access to the interior, it is likely that a hundred years would have gone by before the colonies became sufficiently dense in population to permit the interactive life which prepared the way for the American revolution.

Although the Atlantic coast presents no very great diversity in its psychical conditions, its range in climate is sufficient to afford a considerable variety in agricultural products, and the geographic divisions serve in a measure to intensify certain regional differences of character in such a measure that the inhabitants of the several British colonies on this coast became tolerably distinct in their character. This process was aided by the fact that most of the earlier settlements were composed of somewhat diverse peoples, each of the colonies coming to the possession of individual motives either through peculiarities of religious faith, peculiar social habits, or other original varieties in the parent stock. The long-continued absence of any political association between the separate colonies kept them in a good measure apart, and thus served to foster the development of diverse character in different sections; so there came about a state of society in which the New Englander, the Hollander of New York, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Catholics of Maryland, and the churchmen of Virginia were somewhat different from each other.

These characteristic differences between the several peoples of the Atlantic coast were due in part to physiographic circumstances of their environment. The development of the American colonies, their rapid growth in the century preceding the American revolution, depended in a large measure on a botanical accident, viz., on the introduction of tobacco into the commerce of the world. No contribution from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious weed. No new faith has ever travelled so fast and far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe, its use had spread to nearly half the peoples of the old world. The eastern coast of America, from the Hudson southward to South Carolina, is peculiarly well suited for the growth of the tobacco plant, and the rapid extension of the British colonies in America, which brought their population at the time of the Revolution to a point where they numbered about one-sixth part of the English people, was largely due to the commerce which rested upon the use of this plant. It was a source of a vast income in the tobacco

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growing states, and in a secondary way it served greatly to promote the growth of New England and New York. It is true it in good part laid the foundations of the American slave trade, on which the culture of cotton built a vast structure, but at the same time it served to promote the growth of our race on this continent in a very important way, for it provided the means for an extended trade with the old world, and thus gave a degree of wealth to the new.

The effect of the Appalachian axis on the development of the English people might also be traced in the protection which it afforded against the more powerful bodies of the aborigines. The tribes which originally dwelt between the sea and the mountains were relatively weak; although they held some intercourse with their western kinsmen, they were so far separated from them that at no time did the eastern peoples, save in the valley of the Mohawk, have to meet any considerable body of warriors who were bred in the inland parts of the continent. Hence the struggles of the earlier settlers on the Atlantic coast with the savages was a relatively unimportant matter; though it more than once brought the feeble colonies into great jeopardy. But for the Appalachian barrier, the English, owing to their rude ways of contact with the savages, would necessarily have met the hostility of a vastly greater body of warriors. A Pontiac or a Tecumseh would have effected what the feebler King Philip vainly essayed. It may well be doubted whether the Puritans of New England or any other of the settlements, except perhaps the Quakers, could have held their own against the aboriginal folk of this country, but for the protection this barrier afforded.

It is in good part to the commercial growth of the British colonies in America that we owe the speedy overthrow of the French empire, which at the beginning of the eighteenth century seemed likely to control North America. The New England settlements developed rapidly and were pushed up toward the north, and from them as a base it was easy to capture the strongholds of the St. Lawrence Valley, and thus make the great scheme of France impossible.

The settlement of the Mississippi Valley by the English people was first accomplished through Virginia and its western extension beyond the mountains in the then district of Kentucky. It is at this part of the Appalachian system that we find the most practicable path for a wagon road from the coast to the navigable waters of the Ohio. Following up the great valley of Virginia, that known as the Shenandoah, thence to the broad open basin of the upper Tennessee, thence over the low gap in the Cumberland Mountain to the westernmost of the Alleghanies, it was easy to take pack animals, and with a very little labor to make a wagon road from the Virginia settlements to the most fertile portion of the Mississippi district. The process was easy because this country is south of the glacial belt, and thereby not encumbered with bowlders, and also because a succession of breaks in the mountains make a natural way, the sole moderately easy passage from the Virginia district to the centre of the continent. Thus it came about that the first settlement in the Mississippi Valley, the settlement which gave character to a large part of that basin, came from Virginia and took with it the institution of slavery into the Mississippi Valley, establishing the black line on the banks of the Ohio. If the conditions had been slightly different, if the way from the Hudson or from Pennsylvania to the west had been as easy to traverse as that from Virginia to the Ohio Valley, the fertile fields of Kentucky and Tennessee might well have been occupied by people from New England and New York; in which case the boundaries of the slave-holding States would have been drawn much further south, if indeed the institution had ever obtained a firm foothold in the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley.

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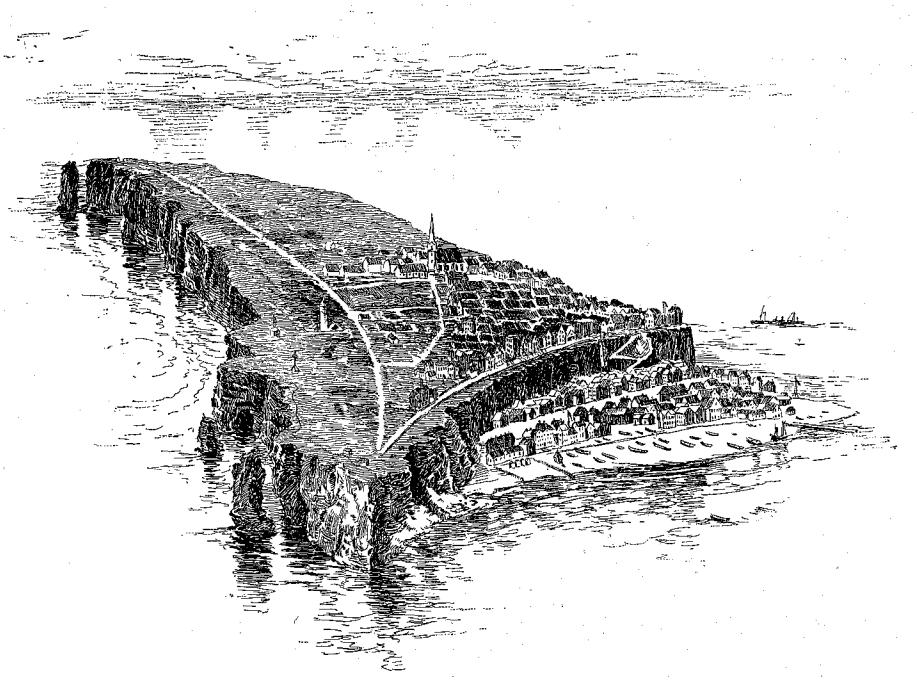

A Bird's-eye View of Heligoland.

# A CROWN JEWEL.

## HELIGOLAND.

*By C. Emma Cheney.*

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea."

IN the very thoroughfare of summer travel there is a snug little island, until recently unknown to fame, which is unique in physical conformation, rich in tradition, admirable in *morale*, tenacious of individuality, and in patriotism without a peer.

Not far from where the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Eider pour their waters into the North Sea—yet invisible from any coast—the island of Heligoland looms boldly up, to the vertical height of two hundred feet. So small is it that a sentry might walk around its natural battlements, and take no longer than forty-five minutes to complete his beat. But three-fourths of a mile in extent, and of no great use to any country, this bare, red rock—a little Frisian captive in German waters—has belonged to the English for more than eighty years.

It is not much of a possession after all, its very existence, probably, being unknown to half the realm until in June last it was proposed by the British Government to cede it to Germany in exchange for concessions in Africa. Still, if there had been need, the whole British navy would have been ordered to its defence.

Heligoland may be reached on a summer's day, with time to spare, from Hamburg or Bremen. Both lines of steamers touch at Cuxhaven, which has also railway communication with Hamburg. The sail down the ever-widening Elbe is by far the prettiest route. Hamburg's busy harbor, with its thicket of sail from the four corners of the globe, affords a fine view of the city itself, and we catch a glimpse across the river of its military neighbor, Altona. Further on the north bank is rather



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tame, but the south shore presents many vistas of gentle landscape and villa-crowned, wooded heights. Cuxhaven, a pleasant watering-place near the river's mouth, whose ancient castle is distinctly seen, is the last port on the mainland. Only the island of Neuwerk and a few light-ships now lie between us and our Mecca.

The Freia is staunch and steady, so the North Sea's fretful temper need not be dreaded in the thirty-six miles which lie between the island and the main—a journey usually accomplished in two and a-half hours. Scarcely is the last painted buoy passed when an eager look-out begins. Glasses sweep the horizon until a speck appears on the throbbing bosom of the ocean. Hardly larger than a fisherman's dory at first, it grows with every moment. Even without a glass its form and colors are discernible soon after it appears in sight. As each new feature is disclosed one feels a growing sense of proprietorship in the little rock, and when it finally comes out in bold silhouette against its blue background, it becomes the very "substance of things hoped for."

Shaped like an inverted flat-iron—the broad end toward us—its sheer red walls are crowned with tender green. At its base a white line of narrow, sandy beach widens at the point nearest us to a considerable area, which is called the "Unterland," and is crowded with white houses, whose red-tiled roofs are the color of the cliffs behind them. Here is the only landing-place. Another village, sociably huddled around the church and light-house, looks down from the "Oberland;" and can only be reached by a flight of stairs called the "Treppe," or by a "lift" of ample proportions. Half a mile to the eastward lies the Düne, a sister islet, upon which one sees a cluster of houses, a pavilion, and a little orchard of green bathing-machines, such as are used at English watering-places.

Heligoland has no harbor, and scarcely had the Freia cast anchor on the lee side of a spit of sand that serves the purpose of a breakwater, when she was surrounded by a swarm of large open boats, each flying the island's flag, and manned by eight men. On each boat was plainly marked the number of persons it was authorized to carry. A landsman needs a dash of courage to be transferred to such small craft in a boiling sea; but these stalwart oarsmen accomplish the feat with wonderful dexterity, and we were soon handed up a flight of stairs to a long pier, called, for obvious reasons, "Misery Walk," to encounter the jeering scrutiny of a staring throng, who perhaps seek the company which misery loves. When a face of especial pallor

The Unterland.

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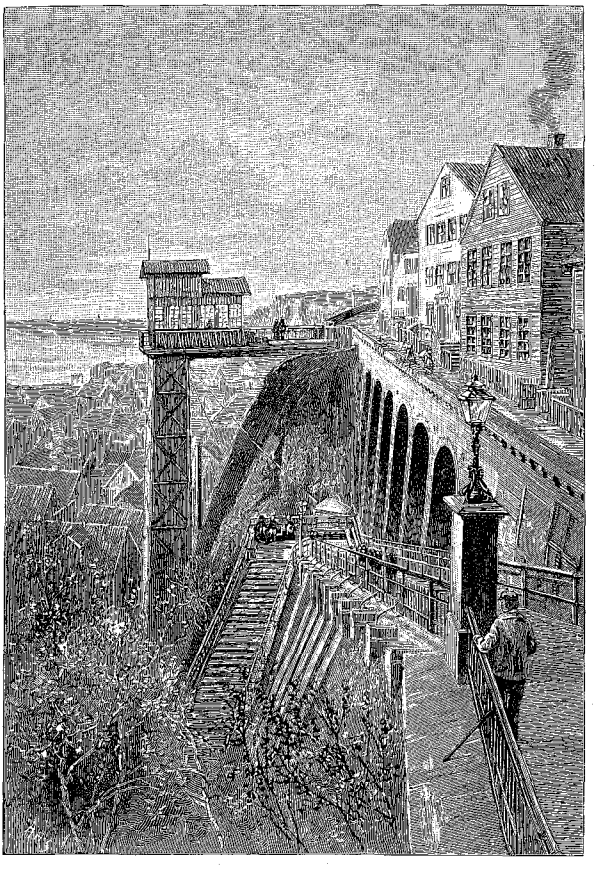
betrayed the roughness of the voyage, one was heard to proffer service as a guide to the apothecary. The jest was condoned, however, in the grim reflection that its perpetrator must himself cross that same water again; for there were few natives in this harmless gantlet.

Picturesque, rosy-brown sailors relieved us of our hand-baggage, and carried our trunks on their broad shoulders with perfect ease. Horses and carts there are none. The wheel-barrow constitutes the only rolling-stock of the island. Following our guide, we threaded our way through narrow, well-paved streets, past neat cottage-restaurants, the Post Office, shop-windows filled with feather-wares and colored maps of the island, the Conversation House, the chemist's, the bookstore, and, refusing the lift with many a backward glance we mounted the winding steps of the Treppe.

Our first impression was a consciousness of color. Everything suggests the Heligolandish motto:

"Green is the Land,
Red is the Rock,
White is the Strand;
These are the colors of Heligoland."



The Lift, and "The Treppe" or Stairway from the Unterland to the Oberland.

Clean white houses, red-roofed and trimmed at door and casement with vivid green, repeat the colors of the island. Gay flags of green and red and white, fly from mast and flag-staff. The seats at the angles of the Treppe are the more inviting for their coat of patriotic paint.

Once on the Oberland, we linger on the Falm, or narrow street which runs along its edge, for a long look across the roofs below, past beach and pier, beyond the Düne, to the vast, unbroken stretch of sea. Even the water near the strand is tinged with the all-pervading Pompeian red. Here and there the shore is dotted with black hulks, drawn up for caulking. Myriads of boats are darting about in the bay. Now and then, in the offing, a red sail crosses the foam-flecked blue. It is a pretty picture, Venetian in coloring, with wider than Venetian scope. Turn where we will, as far as the eye can reach on every hand is water.

The plateau of the Oberland gently slopes from west to east. A mile in length, it is but a quarter of a mile at its widest part. It is said that the slight irregularities of surface, unobserved by one not "to the manner born," are real hills and valleys known by their proper names to the Heligolander, who loves every foot of the soil. The upper hamlet is perched on the brink of the cliff, and the houses below are nestled close to its foot. There are no straggling cottages on the Oberland. All the land

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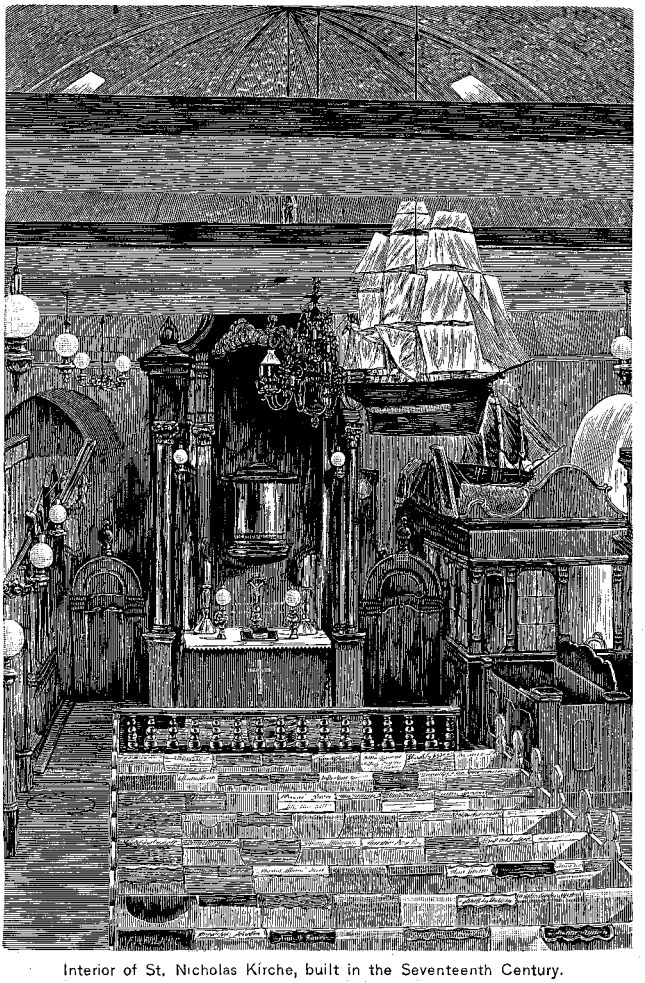
outside the town is used for pasturage for two hundred tethered sheep, or for the cultivation of cabbages and potatoes. Indeed, the lonely walk from the South well-furnished military stronghold. The crabbed rock is a miniature Gibraltar, able to assure its own defence in peaceful times.



Interior of St. Nicholas Kirche, built in the Seventeenth Century.

Horn, past the light-house to the fog-station at the northern extremity of the island, is called "Kartoffel Allee," or "Potato Walk." The fog-station has neither bell nor steam-whistle to indicate, in case of necessity, the position of the island; but instead, rockets are sent up, as often as once in ten minutes, while the fog lasts. Close to the edge of the cliff, a wire fence girdles the entire plateau. The only residence of any pretension in Heligoland is the Government House. In a battery and its powder magazine there is just a hint of a once

Although the light-house is one hundred feet in height, and stands upon its rocky base two hundred feet above the sea, many a winter's storm dashes spray and sea-weed against the lantern. And yet the cold is less extreme here than elsewhere in the vicinity. There is a saying that when water freezes in Heligoland, the Elbe is frozen over.

There are no native trees, but even on the Oberland a few have been, with true Frisian persistency, forced to survive the storms. In the parsonage garden there is a mulberry-tree, whose fruit

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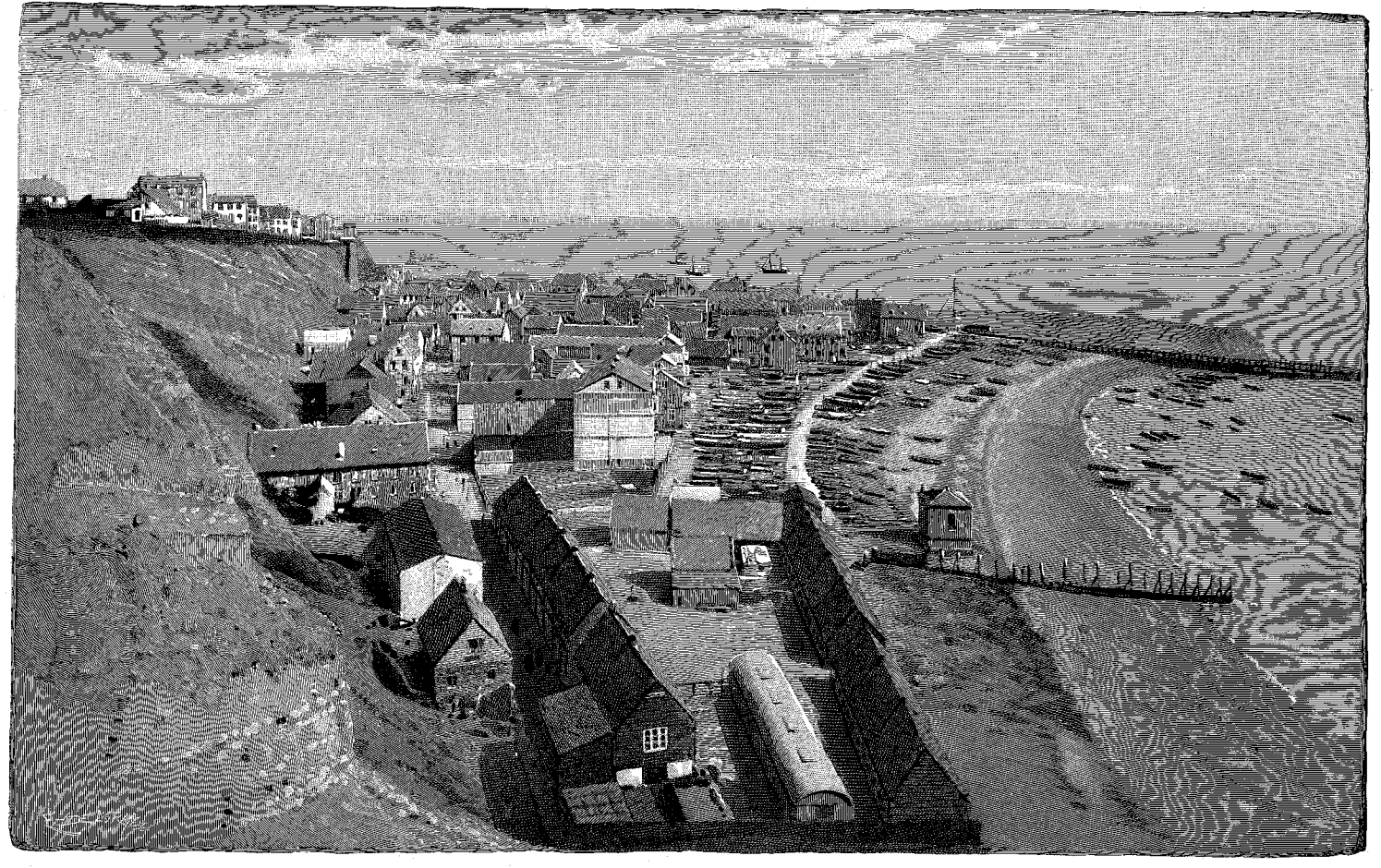

The Unterland and Oberland.

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ripens. In the Unterland, trees grow with less resistance. Some limes at the foot of the Treppe, and a cherished elm, are the pride of the Heligolandish heart. In summer, however, plants and flowers thrive in every possible nook and crevice, with the smallest encouragement. Heligoland roses have few peers in fragrance and beauty.

Fresh water was formerly supplied by cisterns, but within a decade several wells have been bored. A few cows are kept here during the season. At its close, to save keeping, they are usually converted into beef. For a prolonged visit, however, it is not uncommon for guests to bring their own cows, and take them away again. So great a luxury is cow's milk considered that it is sold by the apothecary.

Although but two kinds of birds build on the island, at the time of migration

Heligolander in Costume of the Island.

it swarms with every variety of feathered fowl. Attracted by the light-house the poor little bewildered things come and go, beating their wings against the lantern in drifting clouds. "On some nights," says Mr. Seebohm, "as many as fifteen thousand sky-larks have been taken on the island." It is a fine time for the study of ornithology, and the natives are sure of an annual feast of the daintiest food.

Hotels are few, but every cottage has its guest, who depends for refreshment upon excellent *cafés*, in both Oberland and Unterland. From July to October, the entire visiting population are "roomers and mealers;" spending the day on sea, or Düne, or Unterland, and seeking the quiet of the Oberland for sleep at night. Heligoland is then one vast pic-nic ground. The Unterland is especially bright. Its shops and restaurants are always full. At intervals during the day the orchestra plays in the pavilion on the beach, and in the evening in the Conversation House. There is a small theatre under the immediate supervision of the governor, and there are numerous dancing-halls, principally patronized by Heligolanders, but where the presence of a stranger is by no means resented. Although early hours are kept, by day and night the streets are echoing to the merry laugh or song. There are no rich; none are very poor. There is a house on the Oberland, known as the "Long Lament," which was intended for a poor-house, but has rarely had an occupant. Drunkenness, beggary, and crime are scarcely heard of.

English domination has been chiefly manifest in the names by which the alley-like streets are called. It strikes a stranger oddly to see "Princes Street," "Victoria Street," and "George Street," and never to hear a word of English from the lips of those who live in them. Sometimes houses are fancifully named, as the "Villa Louise," but oftener they are known by the owner's name, as, "Hanson's," or "Janssen's-by-the-Church." No cottage is too mean to have its clean white curtain and its window-garden, or, where there is room, its flower-plot. Many a door-yard has its clothes-line hung with small fish to dry, instead of the family washing. Both schollen and haddock are thus preserved for the winter use. Indeed, a seafaring Heligolander is more likely

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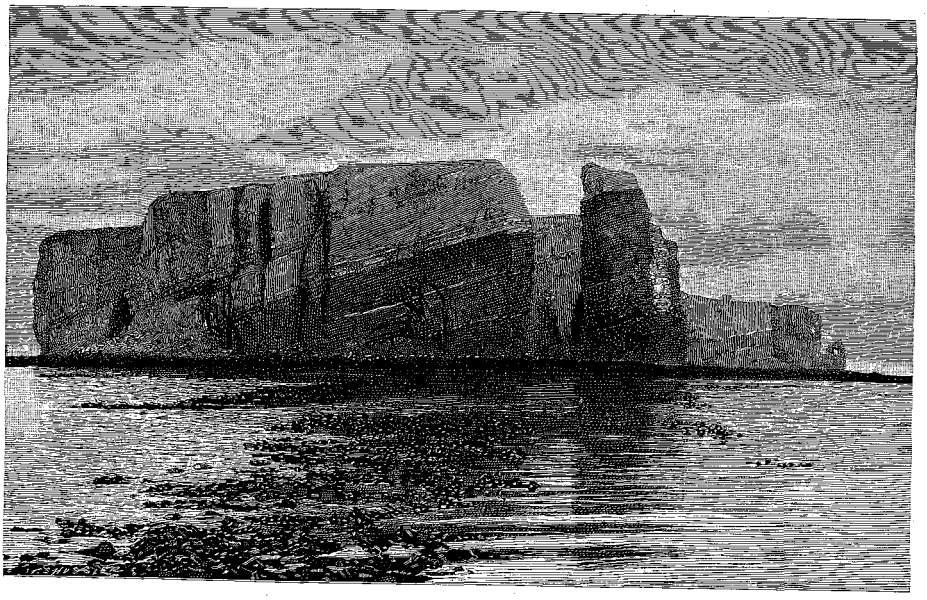
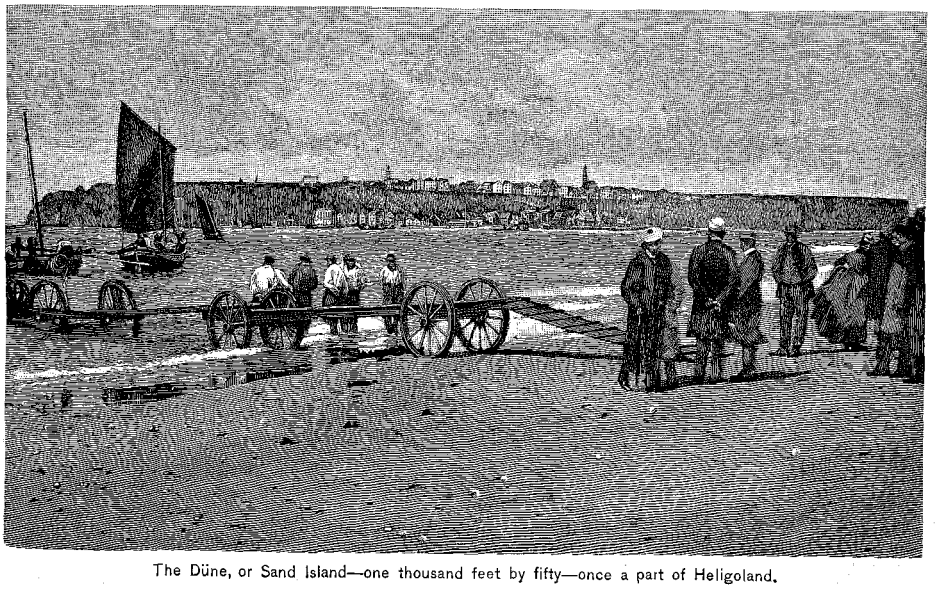


The North Horn of Heligoland.

to put a dried fish in his pocket for luncheon, than a bit of bread. Hospitality is a common virtue among the poor. People who shrink from the entertainment of a friend are usually high enough in the social scale to foresee the preparation it involves, and selfishly shirk the trouble or the expense. These simple folk ungrudgingly share the loaf and sup with one another. They are frank to ask, glad to give, and grateful for what they receive. When the day's work is done, the Heligolander raises his "sou'wester" and prays, "Thank God for this day, to-morrow more."

Sunday begins with the sunset of Saturday. In winter everybody goes to church. In summer—perhaps from the necessity of serving their guests—the natives leave the visitor to do duty



The Düne, or Sand Island—one thousand feet by fifty—once a part of Heligoland.

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for both. The St. Nicholas Kirche may well boast its claim of long descent, dating, as it does, from the seventeenth century, and even then erected on the ruins of a church still older. It is built of brick, faded now, but not dingy. Within and without it is in perfect harmony with the place, as it stands among the dead of past centuries. Wide-spreading buttresses reach tapering to its very eaves, giving it the look of a mother-hen brooding over her young. A loyal Heligolander rebuilt the tower at his own cost, in the eighty-seventh year of his age—so the tablet

A Woman of Heligoland in the Island Costume.

reads—and "in the twenty-fourth year of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria." The whole church is queer and quaint, with a flavor of the sea about it. Its arched and ceiled roof is painted in conventional design, and in the centre the Danish shield, from which depends a full-rigged ship—the gift of a former governor of the island. Great transverse beams support the roof. Across the sides and rear a gallery runs, and in panels entirely surrounding its base may be seen the pictured story of the Bible, from Genesis to the Gospels, painted in an emphatic and realistic style by Andrew Amelink, in colors that have defied the ravages of two hundred years. To one subject, especially, is the stranger's attention directed, in which the devil's cloven foot is represented by a "peg-leg," which would have been the envy of Silas Wegg. At the eastern end of the church a shallow chancel rises a step above the floor, and is flanked by two glass-covered box pews, set apart for the use of the government officials. Behind the altar, with its crucifix and candles, and above it, there is a tall wooden structure like a screen, from the centre of which juts out a small curved and highly polished pulpit, which the pastor enters by parting the curtains, as he ascends unseen from the robing-room in the rear. A fine portrait of Martin Luther surmounts one of the state pews, and a small ship spreads every sail over its neighbor. Other portraits occupy the spaces between the windows—and such windows! Beginning with a Gothic intention, they terminate abruptly in an arch; adding to the squat effect of the church, and giving it a nautical appearance when seen from within.

The pews are divided into several sittings, each painted to suit the individual owner, and marked with his name, which is an equitable arrangement, since it is reckoned as part of his personal effects, and may be transmitted like other property. A sitting, with the right to entail, may be purchased for five pounds. Three or four colors are seen in many a pew, but the softest tones are

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invariably chosen. In some cases, upon the book-board in front, beside the name and date, is placed in large, black letters, a text of Scripture, or a verse of some hymn, to fix the wandering thought perhaps, or to serve as an aid to devotion. Ancient dates bear witness to a long succession of the faithful followers of Luther.

The service is usually rendered in German, although an English Sunday comes once in the month; the same pastor being equal to both occasions. A choir of fresh young voices leads the congregation in singing time-honored hymns.

The Düne, or sand island—one thousand feet in length by fifty feet in breadth—was once a part of Heligoland. Upon discovering that the wall which united them could be quarried, little by little it was so sacrificed that the sea came in one night and claimed its own. So only a shifting sand-heap, that has been the woe of many a ship, is left to tell the story.

The islanders are chiefly pilots, and the best of sailors. The lad who aspires to the profession must pass examination by four pilots and two councilmen, who must also have been pilots. A pretty penny is also made by lobster-pot, and seine, and hook. Since 1826, however, when a wide-awake Heligolander started a very primitive bathing establishment on the Düne, the income of the island has grown larger with every year, until the bathing is now reckoned its chief source of revenue.

There is an actual population of two thousand, and the average number of guests annually entertained is now estimated at twelve thousand. During the season, Heligoland is on pleasure bent. Every morning all the world migrates to the Düne, to enjoy its unrivalled bathing. Indeed, by the Germans, who are the principal patrons of the island, this stimulating sea-bath is thought to surpass all others in Europe. The high temperature of the water in this northern latitude is remarkable. Traversing, as it does, a wide area of submerged sand, it loses its chill before it comes bounding in to enfold the bather in its embrace. How salt it is, and how sparkling! The pulse leaps at its touch, the palest cheek glows with its kiss. How soft and warm is the yellow sand!—for the "Sonnebad" goes with the dip in the sea, as naturally as

> "The shovel and tongs
> To each other belongs."

How blue the sky above us bent! and yet that same sky sometimes wears a far different complexion. Sudden storms are common in the North Sea. Happily, however, the boat-service is regulated by law; no stranger being permitted to sail by himself on this dangerous coast.

Many years ago, a party of girls were overtaken on the Düne by a sudden squall. It was easy to find shelter, and a morsel to appease hunger; but the air grew dark, and the storm rose to a tempest. All day long they waited for the boats that dared not venture out to them. Night fell, and deepened, and wore away. By morning their supply of food was exhausted. Cold and hungry—no doubt well scared—they passed a second anxious day, and only at night-fall, bedraggled and half-famished, did they reach the rock in safety.

There is a curious contrivance used here, serving the purpose of a pier for small boats, which consists of a series of wheels, fastened by a long reach, and furnished with a plank or bridge, upon which one can walk dry-shod when the apparatus is pushed out into the water.

A tariff of four marks each week is imposed upon all strangers, reduced in proportion to the size of the visitor's family; and is remitted to physicians and their families, and to those who stay less than three days, or longer than four weeks. The use of bathing-machines is also positively required. The law takes cognizance of these simple folk almost as completely as the Austrian government watches over the city of Vienna. All tariffs have been under the supervision of the English government. A tax for public improvements is levied on boats and houses. While the summer-visitor has become a recognized means of profit, no unfair advantage is taken of him, as every service has its prescribed price—"*trinkgelt*" being unknown.

The people are hardy, frank, honest, independent, and friendly. The veteran native could ask no better description of himself than Longfellow's picture of



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the "old sea captain who dwelt in Heligoland:"

> "Hearty and hale was Othère,
> His cheek had the color of oak,
> With a kind of laugh in his speech
> Like the sea-tide on a beach"—

With no conception of the caste-idea, the Heligolanders treat comrade and stranger upon a free and equal footing, and believe in the principle as heartily as did the framers of our Declaration of Independence. The Heligolander's love of country is strong. Its customs and legends are dear to his heart. To him no tropic verdure is so fair as the scraggy trees reared in great tribulation on Heligoland. He loves the bare, red rock with a mother's love. No tints compare with the colors of the Heligolandish flag. Even the English government has graciously respected the sentiment of patriotism by employing them on postage-stamps; and local enterprise has produced cards bearing a tiny view of the tiny island, in green and red and white, which only lack a stamp to make them legitimate postal-cards.

There are many theories concerning the derivation of the word Heligoland. The fact that it was a place of pilgrimage to the temple of the goddess Hertha, gives color to the belief that it was originally named Holy Island, for that reason. Professor Hallier traces it directly to its etymology, from *Hallig*—a sand-island, and *Lunn*, meaning the land, or rock, thus comprehending both Düne and rock, before their separation. However interesting such speculation may be, we only know that heathenism dominated Heligoland in the reign of King Radbod, the Dane, when St. Willibrod, "the Apostle to the Frisians," began to preach Christianity there. This was in the seventh century; and before and after that it was fought for by sea-rovers, changing hands very often. Sometimes it belonged to Denmark, oftener it was in pawn to the city of Hamburg for the debts of Schleswig or Holstein.

In the fifteenth century, owing to the value of its fisheries, and the influence of its powerful Hanseatic allies, the island acquired a fictitious political importance. As long as the herring stayed Heligoland "waxed fat and kicked;" but the little fish that had been its making became its undoing. The legend goes that one unhappy spring, according to their custom, the Heligolanders had begun "the procession of the Cross" around the island, to insure a successful fishing season, when the fish appeared, and the procession was impiously abandoned; so for penalty the herring left the coast.

For the next two hundred years Heligoland was a shuttlecock between its old masters. In 1807 it happened to belong to Denmark; and as she took the part of France in the Napoleonic war, England seized it as lawful prey. The island was lighted, fortified, and garrisoned. It soon became one vast storehouse for English goods, and for seven years was a half-way house where smugglers carried on a thriving business. In the "Treaty of Peace," however, the commercial prosperity of Heligoland received a death-blow. Once more traders turned their backs upon it. The garrison was recalled, and fortifications dismantled. The people, who had hitherto been too busy to resent the lack of interest manifested by foreign governors unable even to speak the Frisian tongue, now refused to obey laws which they had no hand in making, and which the new government had not the means to enforce. It was natural that after treading such a royal road to wealth, the islanders found their old pursuits irksome; besides, many of their fishing-smacks were gone; so they turned their attention to wrecking. It is said that within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," a pastor of the little church has been heard to pray that the wind might strew the coast with wrecks, which, by euphemism, were called "Gifts of the Sea."

Unhappy as was this state of affairs, there seemed to be no remedy until a new constitution placed Heligoland on the footing with any other British colony, amenable to a governor and the counsellors whom he chose to appoint. Indeed, the governor has been practically an absolute monarch here, making his own laws, and with his single voice able to annul any act of either council. In the present emergency Sir Henry Maxse proved himself equal to the situation.

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Despite opposition, many changes were made and reforms instituted. Lighthouses, both on the island and at the mouth of the Elbe, made navigation less perilous, and the introduction of the life-saving service still further diminished the power to profit by the places where danger lurked. So, by degrees, the trade of wrecking was abandoned.

It was at this crisis that the bathing began to grow in popularity. It is curious to notice that every recurrence of prosperity in this small island has been the result of the development of its own natural resources. The fisheries, the geographical advantage of its position, and finally, its peculiar superiority as a watering-place, have been providentially employed to avert the misfortunes which have threatened its ruin.

The latest English governor, His Excellency Arthur C. G. Barkly, Esq., has had the reputation of being friendly, honest, and conciliatory. The position is not, however, one to be coveted, receiving but half-hearted allegiance from a reluctant people, in a country cut off from the outside world for nine months in the year; for in winter, Heligoland is only accessible when the weather is propitious, twice a week. There are no English residents; few go there even in summer. To an American, it sounded oddly to hear a white-haired English tourist exclaim: "It has been the dream of my life to see Heligoland." We could not understand why he had so long put off the realization of his dream, when to us who had come so far the island seemed very near its foster-mother.

The "Court" language, in which debates in council are carried on, is Heligolandish-Frisian. Every North Sea island has its own peculiar variation of the Frisian dialect, which in this case has also been modified by the English and German languages, and bears a similarity to both.

There were three ancient festivals common to all the Frisian islands—that of Weda, which marked the end of winter and the beginning of the fishing season; of Thor, the god of the harvest; and of Yule, or the new year, sacred to the lovers' goddess, Freia, which was—and still is—the time for marrying. December 6th is the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen; when presents are universally exchanged among the children.

Once every summer the rocky coast of Heligoland is illuminated. Preceded by the band, and those in authority, the entire available population make the circuit in a procession of open boats. It is a curious voyage by day; by night, it is weird and wonderful. The wave-worn cliffs, now ablaze with lurid fires, are quenched in blackness—only to glow again in ghastly opalescence. If the spectacle chances to fall upon a night when the water is phosphorescent, every drop seems a grain of luminous gold, scintillating at the touch of oar or prow. We approach the North Horn, salute its ghostly sentinel, shuddering at the uncanny shapes that writhe in the agony of their fiery ordeal; and we follow the western shore, past Monk and Nun, back again to the starting-point, where "God Save the Queen" appears in burning letters, and the band plays it with a hearty goodwill.

The national costume is not yet discarded in this Arcadian isle, but it is generally reserved for holidays and Sunday. Women look demure in red petticoats fringed with yellow, dark jackets, aprons of snowy white, and black poke-bonnets. As a fact, however, the bonnet is seldom seen except on dowagers, the head-gear of young women being a light colored shawl, worn Spanish fashion. The men wear top boots, blue trousers, white linen "jumpers," and sou'wester hats. But even they are seen more often in a quiet, conventional dress of some serviceable stuff. A bride's toilet is surpassingly strange, the chief feature being a tall hat or crown, elaborately ornamented with pins, and from which falls a fringed mantle. Even her personal finery, however, is secondary to the trappings of the bed, which is decked by herself and her friends in the bridegroom's house. The whitest of linen, plenty of lace, and doubtless a mountain of feathers, go to make it sumptuous. Guests are bidden by the lovers together, in person. After the marriage ceremony in the church, the party repair to the new home, and partake of a national cake, eaten with a

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sauce of syrup and melted butter. When the merry-making is over, the whole party go in procession over every street on the island. More eating and drinking and dancing, and at last home.

Women in Heligoland do not reach their majority until the age of twenty-one; while the law recognizes a man at twenty years. A daughter's share in an estate is only one-half the portion of a son.

When an islander dies, the body is wrapped in white linen embellished with black bows. If the grief of the survivors was not excessive, a grim play used to be enacted, called "The Game of Death." To be invited to carry a coffin or to lend assistance at the grave-digging, is esteemed an honor. When a man has presumably perished at sea, for the space of a month, prayers are offered for his return; and should he not then appear, the funeral takes place, deprived of none of its mournful accessories. There is a small plot of ground on the Düne reserved for the burial of shipwrecked strangers — a drowned mariner's snug-harbor, "environed with a wilderness of sea."

In connection with the rite of infant baptism, there is a time-honored ceremony peculiar to Heligoland. At the proper point in the morning service, a procession of children enters the church during the singing of a hymn, each bringing a mug of water and pouring it in turn into the ancient font at which the child is to receive admission into Christ's flock. Who shall say that the child who thus takes part in this ordinance is not kept in mind of the solemn vow, promise, and profession, made in his own behalf? Just such little strands as this make the cable which binds this people so closely together.

In Heligoland, exhausted nerves find the most favorable conditions. A week here is like an ocean voyage deprived of every drawback. Nowhere else is it possible to combine such perfection of neatness, such cheeriness and simplicity, such freedom, such quiet, such sweet air, such fresh sea-food, such luxurious salt baths, such vistas of sea and sky, such healthful exercise to those who need it, such a lazy life for those who want repose, such a sense of friendship with Nature, and such nearness to God.

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# PITY, O GOD!

*By Grace Ellery Channing.*

I.

Pity thy deaf, O God!—thy helpless deaf,
Only whose ears perceive the music's birth;
The fair, glad, mirthful melodies of earth
Or sea, or wind-kissed trees in forests dim;
Life's morning anthem, nature's vesper hymn,
The hum of bees about a bursting flower;
The blithe down-patter of a summer shower;
The lull of water and the lisp of wave;
The rush of sea-foam from a sea-bound cave;
The wafted breeze whose airs Æolian
Murmurously rise and murmurous die again;
The tender cry of bird which shuns the light
For joy, not dole!
Or the Belovèd's voice on moonlit night
Whereat dead hearts rise whole!
Who hear these sounds, but only with the ear,
Whose souls are deaf—make them, O God, to hear!

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II.

Pity thy blind, O God! thy sightless ones,
Unseeing! whose purblind eyes alone left free
Behold the limitless and changing sea;
The heaven of stars, the power in beauty furled;
The sun-illumined and cloud-shadowed world;
The night adorned and day magnificent;
The meadows with a million flowers besprent;
The fields all warmed, caressed, and played upon
By the great, glowing, lavish lover-sun
Bathed in drenched clouds, swept by the airs of heaven
Evening to morn and morning unto even;
The dim sweet gardens where the languorous roses
To swoon begin;
Or the Belovèd's face when twilight closes
And shuts sweet Love within!
Who see these only with the eye's dull light,
Whose souls are blind—O God, give them their sight!

III.

Pity thy dumb ones, God! thy speechless ones,
Only whose tongues free and unfettered are!
Whose lips the secret of the morning star
Shall ne'er unlock, no wingèd word of fire,
No fancy and no freedom, no desire
Thrill from the throat in song, steal from the fingers
In subtler speech which burns and glows and lingers
Through thousand forms wherein divinely wrought
Into divinest life divinest thought
Stands fashioned; whom the Pentecostal flame
Hath never touched; in whom nor joy nor shame
Nor Liberty, nor truth's self clearest shown
Hath utterance stirred!
Nor the Belovèd's heart upon their own
Wooed forth one whispered word!
Speechless!—whose tongues speak only—make them whole
O God! unseal the dumb lips of their soul!

IV.

Pity thy poor, O God!—thine outcast poor—
Thy poor who only are not poor of gold—
Who have no part in all the stores untold,
The largesse which a liberal past hath lent,
No wealth of power, no riches of content;
No jewelled thoughts riven from the rarest mine;
No pleasure palaces of fancy fine;
No gardens fair where sweet caprice may wander
No lavish hoard of happiness to squander;
No halls of hope; no peaceful green domains;
No brooks of joy and golden-memoried plains;
No holy temple guarding its white portal
For one belovèd guest;
No consecrated feast whosé cup immortal
Love's lip hath prest;
Who have but gold—dear God, how poor they be!
The beggared souls!—succor their poverty!

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# MILLET AND RECENT CRITICISM.

*By Walter Cranston Larned.*

MILLET stands forth perhaps more clearly than any other modern artist as an idealist in painting. The power of his pictures is undoubted. Their great influence upon the world of art is not questioned, but they are criticised because this power is said to be of a literary quality, and not what is properly called artistic.

Undoubtedly the subjects chosen by Millet have had much to do with the value and permanence of his works, because they were noble, dignified, and poetic; but choice of a worthy subject seems to be unnecessary according to the teaching of the modern critics. If it be true that the subject has no value which is essentially artistic, then it matters little whether an artist paints a Madonna or a bunch of carrots; for in either case the only question of consequence, from the artist's point of view, is, whether the technique is good or bad in itself. The question is an old, but, after all, a vital one:—is technical facility valuable in itself as an end, or is its worth to be measured by its power of expressing something which appeals to man's mental or emotional side? Is a picture good enough if the eye of an animal would recognize the imitative truth, or is it better if the spirit of man finds in it something congenial?

The need of technical skill is not to be disputed. As well decry the value of style to a poet. But does the art of painting differ from literature just in this way, that ability to paint is enough in the one case, whereas ability to write correct sentences is not enough in the other? If the subject has *no* part or lot at all in the artistic value of the picture, the parallel would seem not unfair; but even the most radical realist would hardly take such a position. He would say, perhaps, "paint anything in nature as faithfully as you can—just as the eye sees it, so far as art permits such reproduction. Do this so that beautiful harmonies of color and form result, and you will have achieved all that a true artist can hope to accomplish." But the idealist would go further, and contend that reproduction of surfaces and shapes is not enough, no matter how harmonious or charming to the eye. There must be something in the picture which does more than tickle the sense of sight. It must appeal to the mind, the heart, the soul, besides pleasing the eye, if it is to be called a really great work of art. And if the idealist is right, the choice of subject becomes of an importance akin to what it has in literature.

Millet's choice of subjects was one of the most potent elements, and in a strictly artistic sense, that joined with other and more technical qualities to give his pictures their peculiar charm. Looked at from the stand-point of a technical realist it may be said that the figures in "The Angelus" have not their proper envelope of air, and that the landscape is "laid in heavily and without that observation of the effect of air on distances, and of those delicate photometric phenomena which have occupied the attention of the great landscapists from Claude Lorraine, down to Theodore Rousseau and the moderns." But the idealist would say Millet was

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seeking to paint prayer rather than air. Why complain of the lack of an air envelope and photometric phenomena, if the artist has successfully embodied the spirit of prayer, which is the task he set for himself? What picture, ancient or modern, presents to the mind more truly and powerfully than "The Angelus" the very spirit and meaning of prayer? The whole canvas fairly pulsates with the emotion of supplication. Before the picture was even named, when Sensier saw it in Millet's studio, he said "I hear the tones of the Angelus bell." Before he could have painted this picture Millet must have entered into deep communion with one of the grandest ideas which can come from human life —the eternal nobleness of humble labor brightened and made cheerful by the spirit of faith and hope. In treating his subject he has emphasized whatever would make his meaning clear. He places in strong relief the attitude of prayer. He emphasizes that which goes to show the deep need of an unseen blessing, a help from a higher power — the toil-stiffened limbs, the bodies made angular and unlovely to the eye by unremitting labor. He harmonizes the environment with the figures, making his sky softly, but tenderly radiant, not with brilliant tints but with colors subdued in brightness, restful, yet suggestive of the clear light of heaven, while the earth, whose fields exact so stern a toil from these peasants, sinks into deep shadow, giving the chief place in the picture's exquisite harmony to the heavenly light, with its promise of rest and peace beyond. The power of such a picture must endure so long as men know what prayer means. It can only pass away when that spirit prevails, whose exponent is Mr. Saunders in "The New Republic," when he says, "I know that in their last analysis a pig and a martyr, a prayer and a beefsteak, are just the same — atoms, and atomic movement." Surely art cannot be denied such an appeal to the immaterial in man, nor can it be inartistic to use the technique of painting for such ends. Nor is the value of "The Angelus" of a literary quality only. The technique must be artistic, or the effect could not be produced. If there were any falsity in the conventions employed the critic would have just right to complain. But this is not what is said. The complaint is, that qualities purely technical are not elaborate enough — that the drawing is too abbreviated and the coloring too summary.

It is possible that Millet could not paint in the purely scientific manner of some modern artists. It is probable that he would not have done so if he could, when the end and aim of his art are taken into consideration. It is certain that the technique he did adopt was admirably adapted to make his meaning clear.

The necessity of selection in applying an artist's technical resources must be admitted. It is impossible to depict nature exactly as she is, for the scale of the artist's palette is not commensurate with nature's scale. Indeed Hamerton says that from deepest black to most dazzling white on the artist's palette may be represented by the number forty, while the same interval of color in nature is represented by one hundred. In color, then, no artist can compass the half of nature's facts, and the argument of the realist falls to the ground when he says, "Depict nature as she is, and whatever of the ideal or the poetic she has to suggest in reality will also be suggested by the picture." Since it is impossible to do this, the only remaining question is whether it is better to aim simply at the closest accuracy in surface reproduction which is possible, or whether an artist may choose for emphasis such natural facts as best help express his poetic or ideal meaning. If Millet, when painting "The Angelus," had sought *primarily* to envelope his figures correctly in an air envelope, and accurately to measure the photometric gradations of his landscape, it is not unlikely that his supreme ideal might have been missed; for he would have been obliged to lay such emphasis upon the material details of his subject that the limits of pictorial art would not have permitted a sufficiently stronger emphasis upon the immaterial, ideal, and poetic elements. As it is, his landscape and his figures are not untrue in the deepest sense, though a critic may claim that they are insufficient in surface representation. They are broad and ex-

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pressive, bringing out such facts of nature as are needed with artistic power and beauty. To the eye of a poet the picture is deeply true in every part. To the eye of a man like Manet, who fails to see anything below the surface, whether in art or life, it is incomprehensible, and therefore he laughs and calls it "*La bénédiction des pommes de terre.*"

Lessing in his Laocoön says of the Greek: "His painter painted nothing but the beautiful, even the common type of the beautiful, the beautiful of an inferior kind was to him only an accidental object for the exercise of his practice and for his recreation. The perfection of the object itself must be the thing which enraptures him; he was too great to require of those who contemplated him that they should be content with the cold satisfaction arising from the successful resemblance or from reflection upon the skill of the artist producing it; to his art nothing was dearer, nothing seemed to him nobler than the object and end of art itself." Nor was Lessing speaking only of that merely sensuous beauty which appeals to the eye alone. He meant also the beauty of dignity and poetry which the Greek too, with all his love of that which is only beautiful to the senses, did not fail to appreciate.

In an article in Scribner's Magazine, on "Realism and the Art of Fiction," Mr. Arlo Bates, in speaking of the ideal in art, quoted Mr. Alfred Stevens's saying, "Painting which produces an illusion of reality is an artistic lie," and added: "The reason is obvious—such painting would mean no more than the reality it duplicated." "The mission of art," said William M. Hunt, "is to represent nature; not to imitate her," and he might have added that it pictures nature not for the sake of nature, but for the sake of the emotions which are aroused by the message of which such representation is the vehicle. Fromentin said: "It would be idle to be a lofty spirit and a grand painter if one did not put into his work something which the reality has not. It is in this that man is more intelligent than the sun, and I thank God for it."

It is idle to talk about the lofty and the ideal in an art unless the subjects upon which that art is exercised are worthy. There must be a subject which demands the artist's best powers for its expression, the treatment of the subject must be in a measure governed by the emphasis laid upon its poetic elements, and the artist himself must have that seer's insight which reveals to him the deeper meanings in all that his art is exercised upon.

It is said that Millet imposed upon himself a "mission;" that he felt impelled by strong convictions of duty to paint the sadness and dignity of agricultural life; that he read his Bible nightly and believed what he read. That a man should paint under the influence of such impulses, and paint pictures of striking power, seems to a technical critic not only distasteful but incomprehensible. Indeed, one of the modern critics, in despair at such a phenomenon in the French art-world, is driven to express his opinion that this peasant with his Bible-readings, his convictions, his love of the laborer, and his wooden sabots, must have been a good deal of a charlatan, and all these things a kind of pose. But if Millet had a "mission," let us hope that more artists will be inspired in the same way. There are none too many prophets willing to go into the wilderness and endure hardship for the truth's sake. The world needs such in art to protest against mere cunning imitation, and to insist upon offering to man's love of the beautiful something better than sensuous beauty, something which is not only beautiful to the eye, but lovely to the thought, inspiring to the imagination, charming to the fancy, and uplifting to the spirit.

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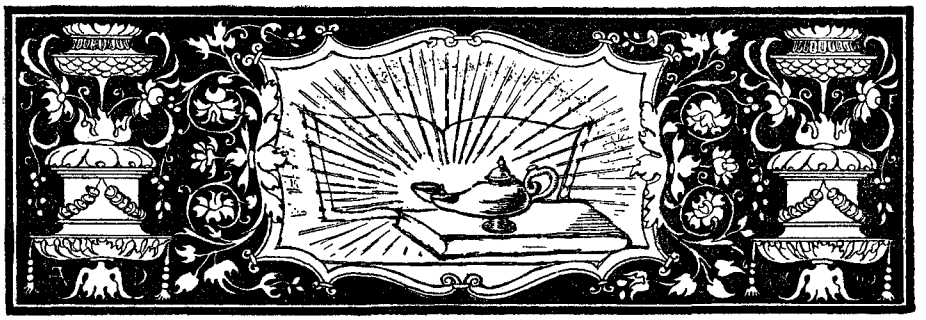

# THE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Coventry Patmore has recently lent the weight of his fastidiousness to the well-known theory that there is something antagonistic between democracy and distinction, that they are mutually exclusive. The question is essentially perhaps one of definition, and Mr. Patmore, to be sure, defines neither democracy nor distinction for us. This may be, after all, a detail, and we may need a definition of neither term because we all understand exactly what is meant by each. But the ground would be cleared a little if Mr. Patmore and those who think, or rather feel, with him would recognize that what they mean by "democracy" is that political, which secures a social system innocent of artificial distinctions; and what they mean by "distinction" is a synthesis of qualities rare enough to be sharply distinguished from the mass, to secure salience from the environment. If this were done the discussion would not include the dispute whether democracy is or is not conducive to general good manners. Too much is made of this subordinate division of the discussion as a matter of fact. It obscuringly obsesses the minds of all who sustain Mr. Patmore's side of the general question.

But even if it be admitted that in general, in the mass, democratic manners are the worst in the world—and that the circumstance is not half readily enough recognized or half deeply enough deplored by those most interested—it must equally be admitted that this is so because under a democracy so many people have bad manners who in an aristocratic society do not count at all. There may be just as many people in a given number of Americans, for example, whose deportment is irreproachable, as in the same number belonging to an aristocratic society, and yet the total impression be inferior owing to the evident and obstreperous activities of the mass in the former case, whereas in the latter the mass is in the state of absolute effacement to which, in aristocratic societies, it notoriously is reduced. In other words, saying that a democratic society is, in point of fact, less sensuously agreeable, on the whole, to a person of taste, than an aristocratic society, is quite another thing from saying that democracy is unfavorable to good manners. People who, like Mr. Coventry Patmore, argue these matters *à priori* should be reminded that as Mr. Henry James has astutely remarked, "an aristocracy is bad manners organized;" or, if they ever incline to the *à posteriori* method, they may be referred to his portraits of the English "remnant," which, in respect of manners, no one, not even Thackeray, has exhibited in so searching a light.

Manners in general aside, however, is democracy unfavorable to the evolution of individual distinction? Is distinction anywhere else admired so much, and therefore, by natural selection, developed so quickly? We admire everything in America so cordially, so eagerly, so intemperately that we do not even exclude distinction. Is not *traditional* distinction a contradiction in terms? Is there not an inherent opposition between true distinction and artificial distinctions? Is it not true that in distinction, as in other things, *la carrière* can only be



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*ouverte au talent* under democratic auspices? The whole question is here. A fellow-countryman of Mr. Patmore, and a poet of equal distinction, though of incontestably less fastidiousness, long ago remarked that "what man desirith gentil for to be" must "alle his wittes dresse." And surely unconscious distinction must be distinction of an order only to be found in fairy-land—that esoteric country peopled by the jaded imaginations of poets whose muse is mainly occupied in kicking against the pricks of life and reality. To cite Chaucer again:

> Vyce may welle bee heyre to olde richesse,
> But there may no man, as ye may welle see,
> Byquethe his sone his vertuous noblesse;
> That is approperid into noo degree.

Would an American of anything like Mr. Coventry Patmore's "distinction" permit himself to write of England in the same vein of naive, vague, and wholly factitious exacerbation as that in which, confusing distinction with daintiness, he writes of us? We are certainly more responsible, less whimsical, "nearer the ground" of fact, more in key with Chaucer, for example. Distinction surely consists in rising above, not in sinking below, the "rationality" which Mr. Patmore's querulous æstheticism reprobates, and of which — having never heard of Valley Forge, perhaps—he calls Washington the insipid personification. It would be interesting, by the way, to have the opinion, say, of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette—an excellent judge, of necessity, according to Mr. Patmore's hypothesis — as to the "bumps" of an æsthetic poet who found Washington lacking in "distinction."

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One of the standing complaints of American practitioners of any of the fine arts is the lack of a public sensitive to art impressions. This is a grievance which they are wont to cherish with more jealous care even than the lack of artistic material, for which they hold our utilitarian and unpicturesque civilization responsible. Both complaints are very likely well founded. Our artists and our æstheticians — who outnumber them, alas!—are undoubtedly rubbed the wrong way too often, too constantly, indeed, for their own and for our good. They do not meet with the sympathy they seek and need, the sympathy that is stimulating and sustaining. But they may be reminded, by way of consolation, of an effect they do produce, a kind of recognition they do meet with, which is a score of times more disastrous to them, to us, and to art itself, than they seem, in their innocence, to be aware of. It is this, that in common with all other persons and phenomena they are the victims of invincible American tolerance and good-nature. The public may not be acutely sympathetic in an intelligent sense, but it is certainly—more than any public to which artists have ever appealed and on which they have ever depended for sustenance and inspiration—indulgent. And to artists indulgence notoriously means appreciation.

A very striking attestation of this was furnished by the now universally discredited, but on the part of some people sincere, attempt to produce American artists by protective tariff which has for some years made us an object of derision and dislike to foreign peoples. But it is, of course, not this sort of extravagance to which reference is here made. It is the immediate, spontaneous, and enthusiastic recognition which awaits every American artist—painter or littérateur, sculptor, architect, or poet—who does anything at all, who shows any signs whatever of possessing a temperament, who exhibits industry, even. No one who occupies himself at all with such things can have failed to note how instant, when an accomplishment of any merit whatever is in question, is the comparison of the American executant with Donatello, with Velasquez, with the very greatest poets, painters, romancers, architects. It is the fashion to abuse the National Academy of Design, but it is doubtful if any body of painters was ever "appreciated" like the Society of American Artists; any sculpture admired as naïvely as the occasional meritorious accents among the mass of mediocrity which distinguishes our parks and squares; any architecture so eulogized as that imitative and purely "tasteful" *genre* of which latterly we are supposed to have discovered the secret; or any novel, any poetry, any criticism, any short-story is elsewhere as sure of its effect.

On the whole, however—and this is the justification for directing attention to the matter—the artists and littérateurs are essen-

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tially, though not perhaps very sapiently, right in complaining of the way in which they are treated, and, in the actual situation, there is less consolation than may be imagined for their condition. Just appreciation is, in the first place, more profitable in a dozen ways than mere enthusiasm; and, in the second place, what art of all kinds, in this country as elsewhere, must depend upon is a proper notion on the part of the general public of the ideal. Nothing is really so hostile to the interests of art, and therefore, in the long run, to artists, as the loss, on the part of the public, through good-nature or otherwise, of the sentiment of what is really and absolutely fine, of a standard, of a measure. If, out of a desire really to believe American artists the equal of French, Dutch, English, or German artists, or even merely to brace them up and fill them with self-respect, the American public should come to have a factitious, a misleading, a false notion of what art and beauty are, an eccentric conception of the ideal, in a word, it would be the artists themselves, would it not, who would finally suffer? When one sees—as it is impossible to avoid seeing on every hand—pictures, statues, books, and even "articles" praised out of all proportion merely because they are American, it is difficult—if one have the interests of American art and letters at heart at all—to avoid reflecting that the first requisite to excellence in any department of the fine arts is absolute independence of such "appreciation" as greets pure experimentation in them, because such good-nature as this implies also a perfect lack of feeling for the very thing with which, solely, art of any kind is concerned, namely, in some or other of its manifestations, the ideal. The best thing, in short, which our artists could —in their own interest—ask of our public is, that it should think more constantly and closely of the standard and less exclusively of inadequate approximations to it, whether American or foreign.

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"WHAT shall I say to my partner?" asked a very young woman, the other evening, on her way to make the summer night more lovely by dancing out a part of it under the glimpses of the moon. One who heard her found himself recalling the unconscious sharpness of humor with which the Gordian knot was cut, years ago, by an old acquaintance—a man of science, famous in his day. He lived habitually so much apart from the world that he had no practical knowledge of its tricks and its manners; and, being drawn forth into it on some supreme occasion, he stood mute as a school-boy before the first young girl he met. She, in awe of his mighty presence, not unnaturally waited for him to speak first, until their embarrassed silence had been painfully prolonged. Then the instinct of self-retirement overmastered him, and he fled from her with these memorable words: "Finding that you have no facts to communicate, I will bid you good evening, madam." Poor, unwilling victim! The grass of many summers has grown over his head; the world is better for vast discoveries by which he will be long remembered; but this one problem he left precisely where he found it. The need of an invisible prompter, ever on the alert to bridge over possible lapses in our graceful small talk, is as apparent in our day as it was in his.

If there were only some clever little book to be studied in the inevitable hour appointed for Greek to join Greek—or, better still, to be carried into the heat of contest, hidden away in the palm of one's hand! The letter-writer has fallen into disuse, but new books on etiquette still keep us abreast of the times more or less profitably. A guide stored with communicable facts would have to all the charm of novelty, and would be hailed with joy by young and old alike. Furnished with this mental "compactus" the dullest of our sons and daughters might be made to shine. We should find that group of aimless and anxious youth which always hangs about the doorway much diminished; and to the blank spaces of the room fewer wall-flowers would cling. Our hostess would no longer be compelled to accumulate rare orchids and unique embroideries by way of subject-matter for us when our minds refuse to work. She might receive us in a barn-chamber, should the fancy please her; we should enter it forearmed if not forewarned. Who knows? In the end, we might even conquer the dreary tendency to personal reminiscence into which, sooner or later, all our talk now declines. We could make up our brains as skilfully as actors do their faces, and go on

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playing leading juvenile with them for any number of years.

The fact that the proposed work need only concern itself with headings makes the scheme entirely practicable. One of Balzac's delightful phrases describes the inclination of Anglo-Saxons to *mechanize themselves* in their pleasures. The main thing is to set the mechanism going; after that it is a poor contrivance that will not take care of itself. We all know how hard it is to begin agreeably when the duty of beginning is suddenly thrust upon us—at a five o'clock tea, for instance. For a moment, the leaf of our intelligence becomes a blank. Could we but turn it down at a classified list of ideas, all those meteorological prefaces that now afflict us might be omitted once for all. Under W our author surely would set down nothing about the Weather. Why will not some amiable writer reap his reward from this suggestion? He who collects our thoughts for us in advance will confer a priceless blessing upon mankind.

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A CURIOUS outgrowth of the rivalries of American cities, is the practice that obtains so generally of offering bonuses and pecuniary inducements to manufacturers to move their plant. After a fire that burned down part of a sewing-machine factory the other day, the owners received so many proposals from aspiring cities that wanted to take them in, that they were obliged to publish a notice to the effect that only a small part of their works had been burned, and that they were not open to proposals for adoption. Any factory or established business employing labor can have its choice, nowadays, from a long list of cities, new and old, any one of which will give it a site for a factory, pay the expenses of moving, and perhaps contribute substantially toward the construction of a new building. People who own land, or are engaged in business in cities, realize that it pays them to have their cities grow, and they are willing to hire desirable inhabitants to come to them. They rely upon getting their money back in the increased value of land, or the general increase in business. The result is that the migratory disposition already so pronounced in these days is intensified, and it has become a familiar thing not merely for individuals to move, but for great aggregations of working-men to shift the scene of their activities from one city to another, sometimes thousands of miles away.

Time was when where the average man found himself living, there he continued to live, unless circumstances of exceptional urgency impelled him to change his residence. It is different now. Transportation has become so cheap, and travel so easy, that the ties of locality sit very lightly on the average American, and the fact that you find him settled this year in New York or Pennsylvania, affords you a very uncertain basis for expecting to find him next year in the same place. When you hear of him again, if he hasn't moved to Texas, or Tacoma, or southern California, or Maine, or North Dakota, you feel that he must have had some exceptionally good reasons for staying at home. Men used to wag their heads, and croak about the inability of rolling stones to gather moss. We have changed all that. Moss is at a discount, and there is a premium upon rolling.

There are disadvantages about this way; but on the other hand it tends to destroy sectionalism, and helps toward the evolution of a homogeneous American population. It is a passing phase. The country is big, but it will become settled after a while. Travel will go on increasing, but it will be the sort of travel that includes a return ticket. People will go away, but they will come back again; the advantages of continuous residence somewhere will reassert themselves, and *cœlum non animum* will again be remembered as a sound sentiment.

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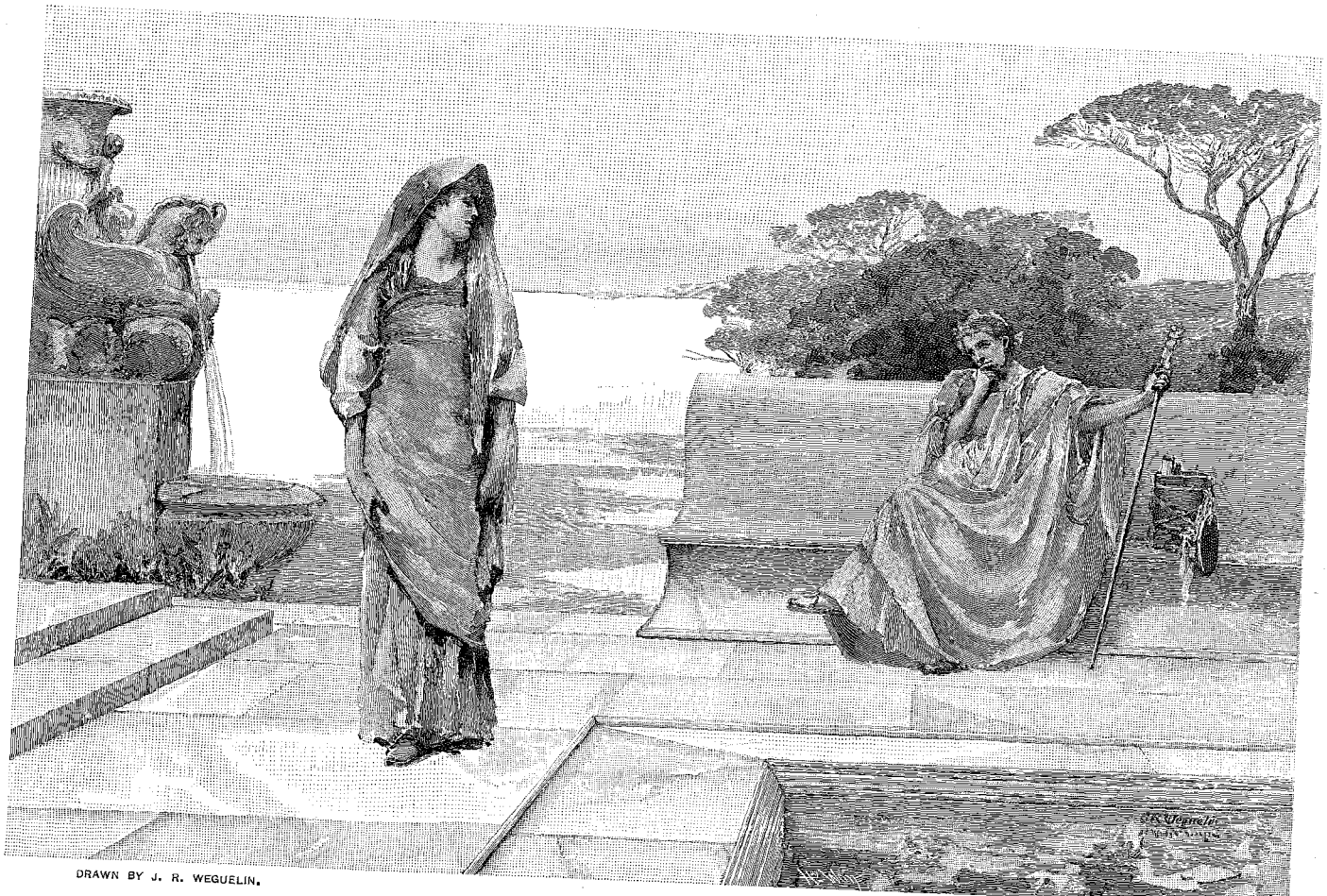

DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

[Horace, Book III., Ode IX.]

(See page 415.)

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

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